THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJAB

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FOREWORD

Sir Richards Temple is a name too familiar to the Indian scholars and students of Literature in general and Punjabi writers and critics in particular. The renowned European Scholar has made substantial contributions to the Punjabi folk lore and has a manumental work entitled 'Legends of the Punjab' to his credit. The book has gone down in the history of Indian Literature as a classic in itself and its study is largely coveted by almost all research scholars and students.

But to the utmost despair of these scholars, the book has, for the last so many years run out of stock and is not to be seen any where in the market. Its popularity is, however, assuming enormous proportions with the lapse of time and is being considered as one of the rarest books. The Department had consistently been receiving pressing demands for the book. It was, therefore, considered essential to have book reprinted & included in the programme of publications under our Development of Modern Indian Languages Scheme.

We are glad we have succeeded in this errand and are to day in a position to present to the literary world a reproduction of the above rare and valuable work, which we are sure, would fulfil a longstanding need of the Punjabi scholars & students. We do hope the work would prove quite useful for the scholars & writers in prosecution of their research & studies and they would derive the fullest benefit therefrom.

We would feel too glad and duly rewarded if the book finds its well deserved place in the shelves of the libraries of the lovers of Indian Languages and literature, since we are sure it would go a long way to add to the richness & profundity of the Punjabi Language and Literature.

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PREFACE TO VOLUME I.

It has been said that old wives' tales are but memories of the recitations of ·bards, and that in countries where the bardic element has died out, they contain in a form of simple narrative, suited to rustic ears, the poetic effusions of earlier times. If this idea be a correct one—as I believe it to be—then it follows that where the folktale and the bard's poem exist side by side, as in the Panjâb, the latter is the older and the more valuable form of the same growth, though, of course, the influence of the folktale will react on the poem. It follows again that it is even more important, from the point of view of the folklorist—to use an Americanism which seems to be steadily gaining ground all the world over—to gather and record accurately the poems than the tales. Hence the task I have set myself in this work.

There is another point about a folk-poem that renders it more valuable than a folktale as a true reflex of popular notions. Neither are ever recorded on paper by those who preserve them, and both the old wife and the bard almost invariably trust to memory, with the inevitable result that their individuality comes into play and no two reciters narrate alike. The rhythm of the verses—and where the poem is rhymed the rhyme more especially—limits the vagaries of the bards to a wholesome extent, whereas there is nothing but the poverty of the rustic imagination,—which is very much greater than is generally thought,—to limit the variations of the village story teller. It may be fairly stated that half a dozen bards singing the same story in the same metre to the same accompaniment will sing it in the same way, occasional verbal variations excepted; but any one who has experience of collecting folktales knows, that the only satisfactory way of getting down a story is from the mouths of many persons and recording that form which is mostly in vogue. Now I hope to show here abundantly that the bardic poem and

the folktale are constructed on precisely the same lines as far as the pure story goes, even where the former is fastened on to really historical characters and mixed up with the narrative of *bonâ fide* historical facts. The folktale is very often in fact a mere scene, or jumble of scenes, to be found in the poem, where only the marvellous story has been remembered, while the names and surroundings of the actors to whom it was attributed has been forgotten. Hence, again, I would urge the importance of accurately and comprehensively collecting popular poems wherever found.

In some ways it is an easier matter to collect versified legends than folktales, for, having caught your bard, all you have to do is to take down what he says, whereas it is only from the lips of many witnesses, and after the exercise of infinite patience, that you get your folktale. But it is not nearly such interesting work, and hence, perhaps, the reason that the latter has found so many more votaries. The folktale is always quaint, interesting and pretty, for that is why it has been remembered, and did it not possess these qualities, children and rustics would rapidly cease to retain it, whereas the bard's poem is remembered and appreciated for quite other reasons. He sings at stated festivals, on great occasions of conventional enjoyment, and for remuneration, being often paid according to the amount he knows and the time it takes him to get through his repertory. Consequently his recitations are prosy, long drawn out and full of irritating and uninteresting repetitions, but they are valuable in so far as the inflexible nature of their matrix, as it were, has obliged generation after generation to reiterate the same stories in much the same words. How closely the modern legend repeats in form that of the classics on the same subject may be seen by a comparison of the stories of Nala and Damayanti (Râjâ Nal) and of Bhatrihari (Râjâ Gopî Chand) and of the Holocaust of Snakes (Princess Niwal Daî) as found in these volumes and in the classical authorities.

In a country like the Panjâb the process of the bardic legend breaking down into the ordinary folktale is constantly

met with. The first story of all in this collection is a case in point. The 'Adventures of Râjâ Rasâlû' is a discursive aggregate of tales fastened on to that great legendary hero and told in prose interspersed with frequent verses. Later on in the work are given at length versified legends relating the details of these stories, and there can be little doubt to the careful reader of both that the story in prose arose out of the story in verse. Again, in these 'Adventures' it is to be observed that many of the verses are unnecessary as it were, not being introduced, as is usual, to point a moral or to raise a laugh, or for reasons of style: and much that is in verse might just as well have been in prose —in fact ought to have been in prose, unless we concede that the narrator recorded as many of the verses of the original poem as he could remember, and told the rest of the story in everyday language. By far the best parts of the story are the portions recorded in verse, and it is to be observed that the couplets are all in the same metre and in the same language, *viz.*, the rough local dialect, which is always that of your true bard, whereas the prose is the ordinary current Urdû of the day.

In the Panjâb the folktale is abundant everywhere. It lives in every village and hamlet, in every nursery and zenana, and wherever the women and children congregate. At the same time the folk-poem is still very far from dead, but that the wandering bard is beginning to die out is becoming clear in many ways. Already he has begun to leave the towns, and confine his peregrinations to the villages. In Paṭiâlâ, the headquarters of the Native State of that name, I could find no bards at all, although they were specially searched for. In former days they were honoured visitors and often pensioners of the native chiefs and nobles, and now I find that these people are rather ashamed to own that they have any about them. But if you only know how to recognize them when you see them, and to catch them when you have lighted on them, you will find the bards still wandering over the country by the score, so the harvest still to be gathered is a very large one.

There are several kinds of bards. There is the bard proper, kept at the courts of native grandees who sings, *inter alia*, national legends and warlike feats, and is the depositary of the genealogy and family history of the local chief, which alas! he shifts and changes to suit the exigencies of the hour, till a mushroom family develops a lineage adequate to its present position. He is not always a very reputable personage, and is a fair representative of the lower classes that hang about an Indian chief's palace. Then there is the priestly depositary of the sacred legends of the Hindus, who with his company sings *swângs*, those curious semi-religious metrical plays that are partly acted and partly recited, and are of such unconscionable length. He is called in—on payment always—to perform at the various stated festivals—at the Holî (in Spring) and at the Dasahrâ (in Autumn) especially. Of the same description is the wandering devotee who attaches himself to some saint—Hindû or Musalmân—and sings laudatory legends at the festivals peculiar to his hero. He frequently makes it his business to collect alms for the benefit of his patron's shrine, often situated at a great distance from the scene of his labours, which alms are faithfully collected and clubbed with those of others similarly engaged, and then divided between themselves and the shrine. There is also the professional ballad singer or *mirâsî*, who accompanies dancing girls, and sings for hire at the various joyous ceremonies connected with marriages and the like. He will sing any kind of song, from a fine national legend to the filthiest dirt imaginable, and he is invariably a most disreputable rascal. Quite another kind of being is he who performs, as one of themselves, at the feasts and festivals of the low 'out-castes' of India—in imitation of the Brahman reciter of the true *swâng*. With a prodigious memory and some notion of verse and metre he will drone away in language suited to himself and his humble audience through hundreds of lines of legend, sometimes a story picked up from the regular professional singers, and sometimes a tale connected with the object of worship peculiar to his class or sect, and always valuable. And lastly, there is the rough villager—especially in the hills—with a turn for poetry and

recitation, who relates stories strictly local in their scope to an admiring crowd of his friends and neighbours, in language that is at once the joy of the philologist and the plague of the folklore collector.

This is hardly the place to enter into details of the personal appearance of these people, as no amount of description would be equal to a practical acquaintance with them, and no one who reads these pages would benefit by it except those who meant to follow up the same line of research, and these hardly need it, for they would necessarily have an extensive acquaintance with the native of India in his myriad varieties. Suffice it to say that my methods of proceeding to catch my bards have been as follows:—I have attended at festivals and fairs and feasts and marriages and *swângs* and shrines, in fact at all places and times where it was likely that a bard would turn up, and made successful overtures to the performers to play for my private benefit. I have had cases before me which turned on disputes arising out of such occasions and have succeeded in unearthing the singer who officiated, and inducing him to sing to me, and sometimes, in the case of a literate performer of *swângs*, to send me his private MS. copy of his plays. I have met—only in the *hot* weather by the way—the wandering *jogî*, the *mîrâsî*, the *bharâîn*, and such folk in the streets and roads, and stopped them, and in due time made them divulge all they knew. It has often been my lot to receive and converse with the agents and emissaries of native chiefs and nobles—a class of persons always ready to do anything to ingratiate themselves,—and a hint to that effect has produced more than one legend for me. And lastly, personal interviews and correspondence with all kinds of people, black and white, likely to help, has procured me much, and I take this opportunity to acknowledge gratefully the courtesy and kindness with which my appeals have always been received.

But as in the old English cookery days the cook had first to catch his hare and then to make his soup, your labours have hardly begun when you have caught your bard. The next thing is to induce him to sing. He performs, of course,

for payment, but, many as the vices and faults of these people are, avarice is not one of them. The *bhâṭ*, the *mîrâsî*, the *bhaṛâîn*, the *jogî*, the *faqîr* and all of that ilk are in truth but a sorry set of drunkards as a rule—tobacco, opium, and a little food sufficing for their daily wants, and I have found that a small payment, say one or two rupees for each separate song, and their keep in food and an abundance of their favourite drugs while employed, has amply satisfied them, and in some cases has been inducement sufficient to send other of their brethren to me. One man, whose stories are duly recorded in the pages of this book, would recite nothing until he had imbibed enough opium to kill an ordinary human being. In the case of the more respectable people, as the Brâhman *swâng* singers and the priests of the low castes—a small payment and a *chit*—that letter of commendation in which every native seems to have such an extraordinary fanatical faith—is all that is necessary. Sometimes the latter only suffices, and when the performer is the paid retainer of a chief it is a necessary adjunct to any payment that may have been made.

We now come to the actual recording. By far the largest portion of the Legends have been recorded under my own superintendence, but several have been communicated through the kindness of others duly acknowledged in the proper place. All these last have been sent me in vernacular MSS. taken down by a native, and I have reason to believe them to be accurate. My own procedure is this:—when once the bard has begun there is nothing for it but to let him go straight through his poem and write down after him whatever he says, sense or nonsense. To stop him in order to make him explain himself is fatal. He becomes thrown out and confused, and is apt to lose his head and forget the verses. In any case he would have to hark back before he could go on again, and much time would be lost over each interruption. A bard will go through about 300 to 400 lines at a time and then have a rest, and this, by the way, is as much as an ordinary man can with comfort write at a sitting. The recitation done, the MS. is carefully read over to him, and then

is the time to go into unintelligible words and passages, but if you expect much in the way of elucidation from him you will be disappointed, for he is always very ignorant and often very stupid to boot, having learnt his task purely by rote, with at best but a traditional knowledge of the meaning of obsolete words. I have found by experience that the surest way to solve a knotty point is to trust to strict philology and a literal translation of the words, never however neglecting the bard's traditional rendering if there be one, for after all he may be right. Now it is clear that the above procedure involves a very tedious process and would inevitably take up much time, would fully occupy indeed such leisure as a busy Indian official like myself can never hope to have. I had therefore to vary it, and as a matter of fact I carefully trained *munshîs* of my own to the work of recording, in itself by no means an easy task, for the Indian *literati* have an immense contempt for the language of the vulgar and will never acknowledge it on paper if they can help it. Indeed the itch they possess for 'improving' the language of the bards is so great, that it requires much patience on the master's part to see that they successfully resist it, and added to this difficulty is the inbred mental langour of the ordinary native that makes him slur over everything difficult. At first, of course, I had to see everything done under my own eye, but when I became satisfied that the *munshîs* could be trusted to record accurately, the procedure finally adopted, and that now in use is to have the recitation taken down roughly as related, then carefully copied out in a clear Persian hand, and corrected and explained by the bard, his explanations being marginally noted. I then transcribe the whole into Roman characters myself, and translate it. The Roman transliteration and the translation is then gone over by the *munshî* who heard the song sung, and both are revised by myself finally in consultation with him.

In case it may be thought that the above savours too much of mere egotism, I would point out that the contents of this work purport to be based on *facts that cannot be verified*, and therefore those that do me the honour to read these pages are

entitled to be expressly told on what grounds my claim to accuracy rests. As to the relation of my method of procuring legends and stories, I have been so often asked by others desirous of labouring in the same field, how I set to work, that I have thought it advisable now to state my procedure at length at the risk of the charge of egotism.

This is no place for a dissertation on the historical bearings of the Legends, even if the time had arrived for their adequate discussion, nor in the absence of proper libraries—a standing want in India—can an enquiry into the relation of the stories to general folklore be satisfactorily taken in hand. All that will therefore be attempted here will be to show that the legends are *bonâ fide* Indian folklore of the ordinary modern sort, and for this purpose they will be compared with the four chief collections of folktales of the present day, viz., *Old Deccan Days*, *Indian Fairy Tales*, *Folktales of Bengal* and *Wide-Awake Stories*.* These four books cover nearly the whole area of the Indian Aryan population, and contain between them over 120 tales, so that they serve the purposes of comparison very fairly. It should be remarked here that owing to the necessities of the case, no systematic order has been observed in recording the Legends. No. I., 'The Adventures of Rajâ Râsâlû,' No. IX., 'Princess Adhik Anûp Daî,' and No. X., 'Sîlâ Daî,' belong to the heroic class, and to what may be safely styled the Rasâlû cycle. To the same class belong No. XV., 'The Legend of Safîdoṅ' and No. XVI., 'Princess Niwal Daî,' but these must be included in the cycle represented by the *Mahâbhârata* in the classics, and which may be styled the Pâṇḍava cycle. No. VI., 'Legend of Gurû Guggà,' is of the same nature as the above, but occupies a place as it were between the heroic and the hagiological classes of legends. Nos. II., III., IV., V., VII., VIII. and XVII. are pure hagiology, but of these No. II., 'Sakhî Sarwar' and 'Dânî,' No. IV., 'Three Fragments about Sakhî Sarwar,' Nos. VII. and VIII., 'The Ballad of Îsâ,' belong to a set now so numerous as to form

* Mr. Swynnerton's *Râjá Rasâlú* was advertised, but not procurable when this was written.

what may be styled the Sakhî Sarwar cycle, while No. III., 'Dhannâ the Bhagat,' No. V., 'The Marriage of Ghâzî Sâlâr,' and No. XVII., 'The Genealogies of Lâl Beg,' relate stories of miscellaneous saints. Nos. XI. to XIV., inclusive, the stories of 'Râjâ Mahî Parkâsh of Sarmor,' of 'Syâmâ Lord of Sohinî,' of 'Negî Bahâdur' and 'Madanâ the Brave Lord of Chauṛâ,' belong to the class of local heroic legends.

In examining these legends with a view to extracting the folklore the first subject to attack is the actor. We find that these include the hero and his companions, ogres or giants, serpents (Nâgs), saints, *faqîrs* or religious mendicants, and witches or wise women, much in the same way as do all the sorts and varieties of folktales in India. Thus Râjâ Rasâlû in the first legend starts off with three companions, two human and one non-human, to seek his fortunes, just as in the *Bengal Folktales*, the sons of the prime minister, of the chief constable, and of the richest merchant of the place, go off together, and in *Wide-Awake Stories*, the hero and his three friends, the Knife-grinder, the Blacksmith and the Carpenter, start in company. In Râjâ Rasâlû's case it is a Goldsmith, a Carpenter and a Parrot that accompany him, and it is the Parrot that is faithful to the end. In all folklore the companionship of animals with human beings is based on the supposition that they can talk, and accordingly, all through these Legends, wherever the non-human animal creation appear in this capacity, they always talk. Later on in the same story of Râjâ Rasâlû's Adventures we find that he leaves a parrot and a *mainâ* as guardians over his faithless queen as *her* friends. The *mainâ* plays the part of the foolish friend, and openly remonstrates with her, and is killed for her pains, but the parrot by a trick escapes from the queen and flies off to Rasâlû and informs him of her proceedings. Again, in *Old Deccan Days*, the companion of the hero is born on the same day and in the same hour as himself, and agreeably to this notion we now find that Râjâ Rasâlû's favourite horse and constant friend was born in the same place and at the same time. This same horse, when the Râjâ gets into hopeless difficulties in his gambling match with his enemy, shows

him the way out of his troubles: but this is going into the question of the *deus ex machinâ*—which I take to be the 'miraculous deliverer'—to be treated later on. One of Râjâ Rasâlû's great adventures is his victory over the *râkshasas*, the proper rendering of which is ogres or giants. The ogre of these Legends is the ordinary ogre of Indian folklore in appearance, attributes and doings. The tale told here, too, is but a variant, and that a slight one, of those told in *Wide-Awake Stories*, *Bengal Folktales* and *Indian Fairy Tales*. The main story is that the ogre eats up one inhabitant of a city in turn daily, together with a cake and a goat, varied as a basket of bread and a buffalo. It comes to an old woman's turn to go, so the hero offers himself in her place and thus fights and kills the ogre. And there is one chief variant of this tale which turns on an ogress swallowing one of seven companions every night while on their road to fortune, till she comes to the hero who conquers her. This is essentially the story told of Râjâ Rasâlû. His adventures open with a variant of the old old tale of Potiphar's wife, common enough in India, though not to be found in the other collections under review, because these are told for children, and not because it does not exist. Here the tale is that the hero's father's young wife falls in love with him and detracts him when rebuffed. Not so unlikely a tale in Indian as in European life, because Râjâs were always marrying as long as they lived for many reasons—mostly political—and the wives were always young girls who had no sort of interest in their husbands, and hence troubles with the younger members of their husbands' families. These stepmothers appear in most collections of tales, and generally as the enemies of the hero and heroine. Sometimes they are surviving co-wives and sometimes successors to deceased wives, and I fear that in some at least of these latter cases the Christian notions of the translators have been brought into play. The serpent is common enough in Indian folklore, and obviously must be so if it be considered how large a part the ancient serpent races played in early Aryan History in India, the totem probably being confused with the race. Here they appear in the stories of

Râjâ Rasâlû, of Gurû Guggâ and of Niwal Daî, and always with the same characteristics, having power to kill and restore to life, with power of metamorphosis, of flying through the air, and of scorching with their breath. The humanity of the 'serpent race' very clearly comes out in the tradition alluded to in the Legend of Safîdoṅ, which attributes the leprosy still found in the Panjâb to the effects of the sacrilegious acts of Râjâ Bâsak, the King of the Serpents. (A large proportion of the legends of the East is taken up with hagiology. Saints and holy men are still a living power in the India of to-day, and miracles are worked all round us as a matter of daily occurrence and of not much wonder. I have conversed with a man who fully believed that his *father* had been raised from the dead (see page 68) as an ascertained fact of general notoriety. Miracle-workers must therefore be of constant occurrence in the folklore of the period, and we accordingly find them in all the collections under review. They perform any and every miracle that man can conceive or want done for him, from raising his dear ones to life to giving him a lump of sugar for his breakfast. Of celebrated miracles recorded in these Legends may be mentioned restoring a dead child to life and also a dead horse, curing a camel's broken leg, restoring a blind man to sight, a eunuch to full manhood, and a leper to health, all performed by Sakhî Sarwar; speaking from his mother's womb by Gurû Guggâ; restoring a dead calf to life by Nâmdev; and vivifying an idol by Dhannâ the Bhagat.) There is yet another class of actor to be dealt with, the witches. In Indian story the use of the witch is almost always to capture the heroine for her enemy, though she sometimes acts as the wicked stepmother and the supplanter of the calumniated wife, but always as the enemy of the hero or heroine. She sets about her work in the usual diabolical ways, can perform wonders of a malicious sort, and has unlimited powers of metamorphosis. She can find anything on earth, can open the sky and patch it up, can restore to life, set water on fire, turn stone into wax, and so on. Her appearance is very various, an old woman, a beautiful girl, a white hind, and any kind of animal she chooses to

become. She compasses her object by any foul means in her power, especially by mean and dirty tricks, and nearly always succeeds. Here she turns up in the story of Sîlâ Daî as the go-between sent to the heroine by her enemy to tempt her, but is eminently unsuccessful after plying her usual arts.

Having got your characters wherewith to start the tale, the next thing is to set it going. A very common *motif* is seeking fortune. For many and various reasons, but always merely preliminary circumstances unconnected with the movement of the real tale, the hero or heroine starts off to seek fortune in folklore all the world over,—sometimes alone and sometimes with the companions above described. Râjâ Rasâlû, starting off in an aimless way with his Carpenter, his Goldsmith and his Parrot, is a case in point, and it is only by this device that his many adventures, really a miscellany of unconnected stories, are held together. Another common device is a dream, and for this purpose there are warning dreams and prophetic dreams. Thus in the Legend of 'Princess Adhik Anûp Daî' the hero, Râjâ Rasâlû, dreams of his future bride, and the story is fairly started, for she, of course, has to be found. The effects of a dream often also form the *motif* of a tale, or an important incident, and usually thus: the hero has a dream and follows it up religiously, bringing himself into dreadful trouble, out of which he is eventually rescued. This is very frequent in *Old Deccan Days*, and comes into play in the story of Niwal Daî here. Another universal device is to summon the absent, which is done by many different means, but these may be summed up as follows: enchanted articles, as a fan, a bell, a flower, a pin in a bird's beak, a drum, a horse, flowers floating on the water, a flute, or a ring; crying in the streets and proclaiming feats, as that hero or heroine will play at dice with anybody, is a great physician, is selling wonderful plums or wood at fabulous prices, varied as answering a proclamation to do an impossible task; requesting the performance of an unintelligible request, as the finding of '*sabr*,' of the 'sunjewel box,' or of 'Râm'; and lastly miscellaneous devices. In his adventures Râjâ Rasâlû takes up Râjâ Sirkap's challenge to play at *chaupur* with him for his head, and wins,

and the serpent Tatîg, after killing the heroine by poison in the Gurû Guggâ Legend, proclaims himself a physician that can heal her, and does so. A very important item also in the construction of folktales is the notion of temporary death, for based on this are the innumerable tales involving the death of the hero or actors, and their restoration to life and the means taken both to slay and make alive. The persons most affected by this notion are the hero and heroine, and the sleeping beauty wherever she occurs; sleep being eminently the twin brother of death in her case. The methods of restoration to life are various and frequent in these Legends. They are usually restoration by effigy,*—the ashes or bones of the dead being collected and made into an image into which life is breathed,—occurring in *Indian Fairy Tales*, *Wide-Awake Stories* and *Bengal Folktales*: by granting extension of life after death, in *Indian Fairy Tales*: by causing the slayer to restore to life, serpents being made to do so, both in *Wide-Awake Stories* and in *Panjâb Legends* (Râjâ Rasâlû and Niwal Daî): by miraculous cures generally, of which examples abound in this book in the stories of Saints. A curious rider to this idea is the healing and revivifying powers of blood, of the little finger for choice, which runs through the whole of Indian folklore and crops up here in the story of Sîlâ Daî. A corollary also to the idea of temporary death is the notion of the life index, which may be defined as an object very difficult of access existing outside the life of every human being which faithfully indicates his fortunes and the restoration of which, when injured, to its pristine condition, restores to life. It may be anything, a bird which droops when the connected life is in danger, loses a wing to an arm, a leg to a leg, feathers to skin, and so on, and dies when the life dies; or a sword which rusts when the life is diseased and falls to pieces when the life dies, but when it is put together the life comes back and when polished up the life is again healthy. This idea runs through all the collections, but in the *Panjâb Legends*

* Of which burning in effigy still practised in civilized Europe is no doubt a survival.

it peeps out only as a survival in a very interesting custom (page 50). When Râjâ Rasâlû has won a bride from Râjâ Sirkap, he is given a new-born infant and a young mango-tree which is to flower in twelve years, and when it flowers the girl is to be his wife. Here the tree is obviously intended to be her life index. Lastly, the calumniated wife is a world-wide incident, and in India she turns up in all sorts of shapes, for subjection to calumny, as a *motif* for the tales in the collections now being examined, is extended to the hero and heroine, a wife, a nurse, a sister-in-law, co-wives, and a husband, the cause being always jealousy. The victims in the *Panjâb Legends* are the hero's elder brother in Râjâ Rasâlû and the hero's mother in Gurû Guggâ.

(We now pass on to matters affecting the progress of a story. All stories are worked on the same principles. You collect your actors, start them in life, and then get them into difficulties and out again; 'no mess no story' is an unconscious law that guides story-tellers all over the world from the successful novelist of the day to the old crone by the fireside. The Indian tellers have their own methods of both getting their characters into their troubles and out of them, and chief among these is the *deus ex machinâ*. He is sometimes a god, as his name implies, but not often. In these Legends in the story of Silâ Daî a god only comes in once as the direct extricator from difficulty, and then it is a most stupendous one that has to be surmounted; both the heroes and the heroine are all dead together and must be brought to life if the story is to end happily, as it ought in all propriety to do, so Mahâdeva is introduced for this purpose. The gods appear again in the Legend of Niwal Daî, but it is more as ordinary actors in the tale than in any marvellous capacity.) Oftenest the *deus ex machinâ* is a talking animal, showing the way to fortune, warning of danger, explaining the situation, aiding the actors in reward for services rendered, and performing other feats necessary to the onward flow of the tale. In these Legends the parrot is largely employed in this capacity by Râjâ Rasâlû, but so also is a serpent, a hedgehog and a cricket! In the other collections every conceivable animal is

brought under contribution, tigers, parrots, crocodiles, peacocks, jackals, camels, rats, cats, and snakes and all sorts. Failing a talking animal a talking plant will do just as well. Accordingly we find mangoes, plantains, *pîpals*, and what not, stepping in at the nick of time, to say nothing of the bed's legs in the *Indian Fairy Tales* and a river and a fire in *Wide-Awake Stories*. An important form of the *deus ex machinâ* is 'hair,' human for choice, but any kind will do; an idea based obviously on the old world notion of the natural virtue of hair which is seen in the Biblical story of Samson and Delilah. The usual form is a hair given to the hero to be burnt when he is in danger. In *Wide-Awake Stories* it is a hair of the mannikin's beard that is so used; in the Legends it is a cricket's feeler. But hair performs many other miracles in these collections, it cuts down trees, burns up forests and enemies, and leads the heroine into her enemy's clutches on more than one occasion. Lastly, sometimes the *deus ex machinâ* is a ship that carries off the hero at the right moment. Tricks are a very common device for helping on the tale, and of course occur in the *Panjâb Legends* frequently. They are difficult to classify or to notice with the brevity necessary here, so suffice it to say that we have specimens of most sorts, humorous, malicious and cheating, even to the lie direct in the story of Sîlâ Daî; this last being ascribed to the heroine, who is held up to posterity even in her very name (The Lady of Virtue) as the embodiment of all the virtues! The characters of Indian folktales are enabled to go about their business in three ways—in a miraculous vehicle, by metamorphosis, and by disguises. Anything acts as a vehicle, whatever its nature, being endowed for the nonce with power to do what is wanted for the moment, *viz.*, to get immediately from here to there. Accordingly, in the animal creation a golden deer, an eaglet, a parrot, a snake, a fish, an alligator, a camel, and a horse, with and without wings, are all employed. So too are a paper boat, a bed, a palanquin, a balloon, a club, a rope and a box of ointment! The memory of all which wonderful things still survives in our own witch's broom-stick. Sometimes, however, the vehicle is dispensed with and the

actors simply fly through the air, as in the case of Gurû Gorakhnâth going to help his friends in the story of Sîlâ Daî. Metamorphosis plays a large and important part in Indian story, as it inevitably must where half the population believe that the proper and natural course for the human soul to take after death is to go into some other animal, and that this process with regard to their own individual souls has been going on for an indefinite period. Accordingly we find in the folktales metamorphosis of the most startling kind constantly called into requisition. There is metamorphosis of the dead into the living; metamorphosis of the dead into inanimate objects; of the deities into animate objects (*avatâra* or incarnation) and into inanimate objects; so also of superhuman personages, as ogres, angels, jinns, vampires, mannikins, fairies and ghosts; of living things one into another and into inanimate things with the most wonderful results; and of inanimate things into each other. Lastly, we have a variant of the temporary death notion in the temporary form of metamorphosis or change of skin. Metamorphosis is very common in the *Panjâb Legends*, especially in the stories of Gurû Guggâ and Niwal Daî, and its general prevalence in Indian folklore, even in the most grotesque shapes, has been noticed by Mr. Ralston in his introduction to *Indian Fairy Tales*. Disguise for folktale purposes may be described as metamorphosis with the marvellous left out, and though a careful survey of disguises shows that they are apt to run in grooves as it were, the same disguise constantly occurring in different tales, yet they are not of sufficient importance to deserve more than a passing mention here. They are constantly employed. Enchanted beings and things are a very useful ingredient in the composition of a folktale, and occur in every collection, but, owing to the great diversity of these and of their qualities, I cannot do more now than notice that the invariable object of their introduction is to help on the hero or the tale. There is one other essential to the progress of a story which is found in the *Panjâb Legends*, the identification of the hero. It is clear that, after having been killed and

brought to life, lost, metamorphosed and disguised, it must be sometimes difficult for his friends and relatives to recognize him, and so proofs of identity become indispensable. These are such as might be looked for, rings of sorts, wounds, scars, necklaces, kerchiefs, bracelets, caps, &c., and also occasionally the correct recollection of former life and surroundings. The idea is varied into signs of the coming hero which the actual hero of the tales fulfils, as in the case of Râjâ Rasâlû whose heel-ropes tie up and whose sword kills the ogres unbidden, whose arrows pierce seven frying-pans and seven ogres placed one behind the other, and shoot the golden cup off the challenge standard, and into whose skirt fall the enchanted mangoes: all of which marvels are signs prophesied of the true Rasâlû.

We have now done with the essentials of the stories and have only some of the more important incidental matters to discuss. Of these we cannot pass over ordeals. Though not common in the collections under discussion they are only too common in folklore generally, especially in that unhappy and cruel form of it,—the finding and punishment of witches. In the Legends Sîla Daî passes through two ordeals to prove her chastity, the ordinary one of fire by bathing in boiling oil, and a curious one of throwing a certain total with dice previously fixed on. Under her other name of Chândnî, or Moonlight, in the Rasâlû Legend, she performs a sheer impossibility with the same object, by drawing water from a well in a pitcher of unburnt clay by a rope of a single strand. Marriages, of course, occur in every tale, and sometimes considerable trouble is taken, as in the Niwal Daî Legend, to show that, although the bride was carried away by force, she was still regularly married in the orthodox way; nevertheless they are oftener irregular. The sleeping beauty who probably, in Indian folklore at any rate, represents the raped bride, or at best a stolen girl of the superior sort, is nearly always married to the hero without any ceremony, and sometimes it is stated that the marriage meant merely an exchange of garlands, recalling the *gândharva-vivâha*, or marriage by mutual consent peculiar to the military class in the classical days. In all modern folktales there is another survival of a by-gone custom

in the public choice of a husband by the heroine, seen here in the Legend of Princess Adhik Anûp Daî. This is nothing but the *swayamvara* of the classics, though generally it has degenerated into the princess having sworn she will only marry him who can perform certain absurd impossibilities. These often take the form of riddles, as in the Rasâlû and Adhik Anûp Daî Legends, or, like Râjâ Rasâlû, the hero has to do something more or less obviously impossible, *e.g.*, to separate the minute seeds of millet from sand, to kill demons, to beat a drum in heaven, to cut down a tree with a wax hatchet, to tame a vicious horse, to find the silver tree with leaves of gold and flowers of pearl that grows under the waters, *et hoc genus omne*. Another common incident that recalls well-known classics is the common story of gambling extraordinary. Râjâ Rasâlû plays Râjâ Sirkap at *chaupur*, first game his arms, second his horse, third his head. The whole game is played in a miraculous kind of way by both sides, and ends in Rasâlû's winning Sirkap's head. The same notion occurs twice in *Bengal Folktales*, where in one instance it is the heroine, oddly enough, that is the successful gambler. The dropping of jewels involuntarily when speaking is a curious and persistent notion, occurring in every collection. Adhik Anûp Daî fills a basket with flowers when she laughs and a platter with pearls when she weeps. Heroes, too, drop rubies when they laugh and pearls when they weep, and heroines drop pearls and precious stones when they walk or speak, constantly in Indian tales. Has not figurative language here usurped the place of exact description, and the abstract become the concrete? As every hero and heroine has an enemy, it is due to poetical justice that he shall be punished, and it is curious to note the forms that vengeance takes in folklore. Vindictiveness comes painfully to the front here. The unfortunate enemies are cut to pieces, buried in the desert, burnt to death and the ashes sent to their mothers, buried up to the neck in the earth and shot to death with arrows, buried alive with thorns, buried alive and the grave ploughed up, buried alive with scorpions and snakes and the grave walked over by the hero and heroine. In the Rasâlû Legend

unchastity is punished by making the wife eat her lover's heart, and suspected unchastity in Sîlâ Daî by flogging and dressing her up as a menial and setting her to scare crows. Lastly, an incidental circumstance of constant occurrence and some importance must be noticed here, especially as it takes us back to the Purânic period of Indian literature. Every Hindu, for the sake of future salvation, must have a son somehow or other, so endless nostrums are tried by barren women with this object to the present day, not the least serious of which is burning down their neighbour's huts! The idea occurs frequently of course in the *Panjâb Legends*. The form is nearly always the same now as in the story related in the *Harivanśa* of the birth of Viśvâmitra, whose mother was given a certain dish to eat as a nostrum for procuring an extraordinary son. This tale no doubt faithfully reflects the folklore of the middle ages. In modern days it is a pomegranate flower, a mango, a drug, a *lîchî*, a barleycorn, a grain of rice, or a flower, that is given to the would-be mother.

One more point, and I have done. Numbers in folklore are always interesting, and those occurring in the Legends will be briefly touched on. The numbers found in *Panjâb Legends* run in the same grooves as do those of the other collections. *One* occurs chiefly in the numerous only sons and daughters that are heroes and heroines. *Two*, its double *four*, its quadruple *eight*, and its octuple *sixteen*, seen in the modern currency and measures, occasionally occur. *Three* is very common, so is *seven*, and *twelve* is commonest of all. *Six*, *eighteen*, *twenty-four*, *thirty-six*, and *forty-eight* occur, connected more or less consciously with twelve as multiples and divisor. So does *nine* appear to be used consciously as a multiple of three. There are indications also of the conscious employment of *five*, an important numeral, as the remainder, as it were, between twelve and seven and between seven and two. Its aliquot parts, *two and a half* and *one and a quarter*, are in constant requisition, and are besides often to be seen in the conventional family subdivisions of several Indian tribes. In the same way *one and a half* seems to be used consciously as the half of three. At the same

time miscellaneous numbers are not disregarded, and thirteen, fourteen. nineteen, twenty, twenty-one and twenty-two all occur more than once. Of the larger numbers, we have the universal one hundred and one and one thousand and one, and as large multiples of twelve, sixty and three hundred and sixty, and curiously one hundred and sixty. Seventy also occurs, and of course the old Indian magic number eighty-four.

Sketchy and incomplete as is this analysis of the chief folklore points in the pages of this book, it is the result of considerable research, and has become possible only owing to the elaborate enquiry into these matters prepared for *Wide-Awake Stories* and now in course of publication, but I think enough has been said to prove, *primâ facie* at any rate, that the theory with which I started—*viz.*, that the bard's recitation is merely the folktale in its poetical phase, and that the latter is the outcome of the former—is correct.

I have now to turn to the pleasant task of gratefully acknowledging much help kindly and ungrudgingly given. To my coadjutrix in other labours, Mrs. F. A. Steel, I owe many a legend, some of which have been published in this volume; to Mr. J. G. Delmerick I owe the valuable story of Râjâ Rasâlû's adventures, and to Messrs. Ibbetson and Macauliffe, of the Civil Service, stories I hope to publish later on. I am also indebted in the same way for materials for future volumes to Sirdar Atar Singh of Bhadaur, to Ghulâm Hussain Khân of Kasûr, to Lâlâ Ganeshî Lâl of Ambâlâ, to Maulvî Sayyid 'Abdu'llah of Simla, to Sarfarâz Ḥussain of Ambâlâ, to Mr. Manuel of Dharmsâlâ, and to Mâyâ Dâs of Firozpûr. I also take this opportunity to acknowledge with many thanks the patient labours of Chainâ Mall and his assistants in recording the originals of many of the Legends and in checking my translations of all that have appeared. Some, who have not directly helped me, have sent me bards from whom legends have been extracted. Among these I have to thank Col. Boyle of the XIth Bengal Lancers, Mr. Rivaz of the Civil Service, and Mr. Delmerick.

In explanation of the form in which the book has been printed, I would say that it is frequently urged that the reader has too often to trust his author in original works on folklore in matters requiring accuracy. One reads a racy translation, but who knows if it is correct, or how much of himself the author has imported into his text? How often one sees complaints in reviews of a particular folklore work that it is suspiciously free in its renderings? To avoid this reproach at any cost I have given in nearly all the Legends both text and rendering, so that experts can see for themselves how far my translations are accurate, and those that have to take them on trust can go to experts for help in this respect if they think they require it. The texts have another value, in that they faithfully record the dialects of the various bards, and therefore of various parts of the country, and will show at least that the rules for terminations and grammatical forms are not nearly so hard and fast as the *literati* and conventional examiners in languages would have us believe. There is many a passage in this volume that would 'spin' the reciter in an ordinary government examination in the languages, as conducted in India, but they teach us their lesson for all that, and so are worth recording for themselves. I have also endeavoured to show the instability of form that many words have by strictly adhering to what the man said in preference to what he ought to have said, and so it has occurred that the same words have sometimes been spelt differently in different parts of the same poem by the same reciter of 'malice prepense.' Some of the ballads, especially from the Himâlayas, are, I venture to think, valuable as additions to our very limited stock of knowledge of those dialects, and I have thought it expedient to add vocabularies in some cases. For purposes of typographical and general convenience the texts have been given in Roman characters, the transliteration adopted being that long in use in the *Indian Antiquary* and similar works, and so needing no further comment here. In the few cases, where the text was in the ordinary literary language of the day, understood by all who read, write, or speak Hindustânî, I have not thought it worth while to give the original, but

these are the only instances in which I have allowed myself such license. The preliminary notes and footnotes have been purposely made very short, and are expressed in tentative language for these reasons :—Most of the subjects they touch on are hardly yet ripe for decisive and detailed annotation, and in making them I have practically had to look to my personal knowledge and research, which I naturally distrust, and to my own limited library.

It will be as well also to explain that in this collection so much prominence has been given to the stories of saints and holy personages, because it is really by a careful study of such things that we can hope to grasp the religious and superstitious ideas that dominate the bulk of the Indian populations. If once the student of Indian religions, as practised, properly understands the full significance of such a production as the Marriage of Sakhî Sarwar, he will have learnt more than volumes of lucubrations by scholars in Europe can teach him, when based, as they often are, upon researches into the glorified imaginings of philosophic recluses and self-interested priests.

I may be forgiven if I make an appeal here to others able and willing to do so, to help on the good work of recording the bardic effusions of Aryan India. (The Panjâb is by no means the only part of the country where the bards flourish, nor is it even the best field for researches into their songs. All along our frontiers, wherever the Balochkî and the Pushto languages are spoken, the bard has a natural home, and in Sindh he has become a proverb.) In Kachh and Kâṭhîâwâṛ and in Râjasthân he is to be found at the Court of each of the innumerable 'kings' that hold sway over those vast tracts of country, and again further east we find him flourishing in full vigour in Orissa, and once more we find him cherished and carefully tended along the whole line of the Hill States from Kashmîr to Kumâun. The conditions of his existence in the Panjâb proper are practically those under which he flourishes throughout the North-West Provinces and Âwadh. Vast then is the field and unrivalled the opportunities. Those of

my readers who are acquainted with the books about the Slavonic nations of Europe, will probably have been surprised to find how closely, allowing for difference of religion and climate, the manners and customs of the peasants resemble those to be seen every day in Aryan India, and how very similar the functions of the bards of the two peoples are. But within the last 50 years,—*i.e.*, since the time that Tod wrote his still standard work on Râjasṭhân—the songs and folklore of the Slavonians have been copiously recorded by writer after writer, the Russians, the Poles, the White Croatians, the Servians, the Moravians, the Wends, the Ruthenians and others having been fully dealt with. In India, however, where the ruling race prides itself on its superior intelligence, the high education of those sent to represent it and the lofty aims of its Government, the work can hardly be said to have commenced.

In conclusion, I must add that I am painfully aware of the many signs of haste apparent in these pages, and that there are more mistakes in them than there should be, but in extenuation I would urge that this book is not the production of a man of leisure, but is the result of working in spare hours, when most men play or rest, by a hard-worked official who has no ready access to any public library.

R. C. TEMPLE.

Ambala, May 1884.

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R. C. TEMPLE.

Ambála, May 1884.

THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJAB.

No. I.

THE ADVENTURES OF RÂJÂ RASÂLU,

AS TOLD IN THE RÂWAL-PÎṆḌÎ DISTRICT.

[Taken down by a *paṭwârî* in 1869 for J. G. Delmerick, Esq., Panjâb Commission. The prose portion of this tale, as recorded by the *paṭwârî*, is of no linguistic value, and has therefore not been printed in original. Every verse, however, has been given exactly as found in the MS., even where the wording shows that the transcriber has probably not exactly followed what the narrator said.]

[This Legend of Rasâlû, the son of Sâlivahan of Siâlkoṭ, is of unusual value both for its historical and its folklore bearings. It gives a hint of the true history of that Indo-Scythian hero, who may yet be identified with Sri Syâlapati Deva, whose coins are still found in such abundance all over the Panjâb, and who must have flourished between the first Arab invasions of Sindh and Kâbul and the rise of the Ghaznavide Dynasty. It also contains in places the most remarkable analogies to the almost universal stories of the *Seven Wise Men*, the germs of which are to be found in the *Śukasaptati* and *Panchatantra* in India, and in the *Story of Sindibâd* in Europe and Asia, repeated in Arabic in the *Alif Laila*, in Persian in the *Sindibâdnâma* and the *Tûtînâma*, in Greek and Syriac in the *Story of Syntipas*, in the Hebrew *Mishlę Sandabar* and in Spanish in the *Libro de los Engannos de las Mugeres*, besides many modern versions in most of the languages of Europe and in the *bâzâr* books of modern India. The best book to consult on the subject is Prof. Comparetti's *Richerche intorno al Libro di Sindibâd*, of which an admirable translation by Mr. Coote has been published in vol. IX. of the *Folklore Society's Publications*, 1882, in which volume also appears a rendering by Mr. Coote of the valuable Spanish work, *Libro de los Engannos et los Asayamientos de las Mugeres* (Book of the Tricks and Deceits of Women). Mr. Clouston's *Bakhtyâr Nâma* is another good book for the purpose.]

In the year of Christ 80, or 1,789 years ago, there was a Râjâ, called Sâlbâhan, who lived at Siâlkoṭ. He had two queens named Achhrân and Lonân, and the Rânî Achhrân had a son, called Pûran, who afterwards became a celebrated saint, and was called Pûran Bhagat. When Pûran was still a young man the Rânî Lonân fell in love with him and called him into

her palace to commit sin with him, but he being a holy and God-fearing man, would not agree to her request, and ran away from the palace. After this Rânî Lonâû fell into such a state of mind, that, without counting the cost, she complained to the Râjâ, and made him believe by her persuasive ways that Pûran had forced her to commit sin with him. The Râjâ, believing her, had Pûran's hands and feet cut off and had him thrown into a well, which remains to this day on the high road between Siâlkoṭ and Kallowâl. And by reason of the holiness of this well the women of those parts believe that if one of them bathe at it she will become fruitful and bear children.

For a long time Pûran dwelt in the well, but after a while good fortune befell him, for Gurû Gorakhnâth* chanced to wander by it and halted there. Finding a poor wretch living in the well he had him taken out, and knowing by his miraculous knowledge that Pûran Bhagat was innocent of the charge laid against him he prayed to God to restore him his hands and feet, and God did so. Then Gurû Gorakhnâth bored his ears and made a disciple of him.

Soon after this the Gurû gave Pûran Bhagat leave to visit his parents at Siâlkoṭ, so Pûran journeyed there, and lived in the garden in which he had been brought up as a child. It had been so long neglected that it had become quite dry, but Pûran prayed to God to make it green once more, and sprinkled water over it in the name of God and immediately every tree in the garden became green. When the people of the city saw what had happened they believed in Pûran, and the name of Pûran Bhagat became renowned throughout the land, but he did not make himself known to his parents. By degrees the news of the dry garden having been made green by the *faqîr* reached the ears of Râjâ Sâlbâhan, and so he set out to see it with his two Rânîs.

Now the Rânî Achhrân had become blind from weeping over her son Pûran, and went to the *faqîr* to be cured of her blindness. Pûran recognised her as his mother, but said nothing to

* Gurû Gorakhnâth was the Brahmanical opponent of the mediæval Indian Reformers, and seems to have flourished about 1,400 A.D.

her about it. When he saw her he prayed to God to restore her sight, and God did so, and she saw as before. After this miracle Râjâ Sâlbâhan and Rânî Lonâṅ came together and asked for a son. Then said the *faqîr*, speaking from his miraculous knowledge—

"Râjâ Sâlbâhan has already had a son, where is he now? Tell me the truth about him, and I will pray to God to make the Rânî fruitful."

Then the Rânî having a great desire for a son told the whole truth to the *faqîr* how she had fallen in love with Pûran and had caused her husband to cut off his hands and feet. And this too in the presence of Râjâ Sâlbâhan. The *faqîr* was very pleased that she told the truth and said to her—

"Behold in me that same Pûran."

And he gave Lonâṅ, his stepmother, a grain of rice to eat, and told her that after a long while she would bear a son, who would be learned and brave and holy, but that he would not remain with her, and that she would weep as she made Rânî Achhrâṅ to weep.

After this Púran Bhagat took leave of his parents and went to his Gurû, Gorakhnâth. In due course Rânî Lonâṅ became pregnant by Râjâ Sâlbâhan, and shortly before the child was to be born three *jogîs* came to beg at her gate. She filled a plate with pearls, and giving it to the *jogîs*, asked if her child would be a boy or a girl.

Then answered the youngest of them: "Your child is a boy, and was conceived on a Sunday, and will be born on next Tuesday, and will be a great man. But if either his father or his mother see him for 12 years after he is born they will die at once. So you must shut him up in a cellar for 12 years, and then he must bathe in the river, put on a new dress, and come to visit his parents. And his name shall be Râjâ Rasâlû."

When Râjâ Sâlbâhan heard of this he did not believe it, but sent for the *jogîs* and set before them a she-goat heavy with young and said—

"Tell me whether she has a male or female kid inside her."

And they told him correctly. After this he believed, and rewarding them greatly he sent them away.

On the following Tuesday Rânî Lonâṅ brought forth a beautiful boy, and sent news of it by a slave to Râjâ Sâlbâhan to his court. And the slave said—

Wich Kachahrî ḅaithiá, ghar áe jujmán!
Awwal ghiú guṛ mangade, phir do bakre alwán.
Na alwánáṅ pasliáṅ, na majmánáṅ dand!
Yeh bujhárat bújhke, ghar áo jald chalband!

O sitting in Court, your successor has come home!
First they ask for *ghî* and sugar, next for two female kids.
Neither have the goats ribs, nor has the guest teeth!
Understand this riddle and come home quickly.

Answered Râjâ Sâlbâhan—

Rang bagge, mûṅh sáṅwale, jamman páṛ sarír.
Yeh bujhárat bûjh lai, jákar do khaṇḍ te khír.

Fair of colour, black of mouth, bursting the body they are born.
Understanding this riddle, go and give her rice and milk.

After this the Râjâ sent for his wise Wazîr and said: "Send the child that is just born a wet-nurse, some clothes, arms and a colt which has been born to-day. Also a parrot and every thing necessary for his comfort, and put him into a cellar and keep him there for 12 years. And tell the nurses to teach him each in her appointed hours all matters of learning and skill." The Wazîr did as he was bidden, but after 11 years Râjâ Rasâlû said to his nurses: "I want to see who they are whose voices I hear outside."

"You must stay here one year more," said they.

"I stay no longer," said he, and though the nurses tried very hard to prevent him, he armed himself, and having had his horse saddled, which had been born the same day as himself, he went away.

"Child," said his nurses, "go first to the river side and bathe yourself, and then wash your clothes yourself and then return here. And before these things are done mind you speak to no one."

And the bards also sing thus, that on the day Râjâ Rasâlû was shut up in the cellar the daughter of a certain Râjâ resolved in her mind to marry him. So she built a house on the road side between the cellar and the river, and waited for the coming of Râjâ Rasâlû. And she made a vow not to leave that place for 12 years until the Râjâ should come out for his bath. When the Râjâ came out, the nurse showed him the right road, and so he passed the building in which the princess sat on the look out for him. When she saw the Râjâ coming she said to him—

Jis diṅ dá túṅ jamiá, maiṅ baiṭhí dhaular pá :
Je túṅ rájpút haiṅ, túṅ maiṅ núṅ múṅh dikhlá.

The day thou wast born I built this palace and lived in it :
If thou be the prince, then show me thy face.

The Râjâ said nothing, and went on to the river side. Now the princess had the power of turning into what she chose, so she became a kite, and flying into the air shaded Râjâ Rasâlû from the sun with her wings. Then said the Râjâ to her :

Illo, gagan bhaundíe, baneṭí ádam leṭ :
Tarkash kaḍḍháṅ maiṅ káṅiáṅ, nikálúṅ terá peṭ.
Túṅ áweṅ meriáṅ pairiáṅ de heṭh.

O kite, flying in the heaven, a man lies under thee :
Taking arrows from my quiver I will tear out thy entrails,
And thou wilt come under my feet.

Then answered the princess—

Taman máran ṭámní, sháh pariáṅ de aswár.
Itniáṅ rájiáṅ na máriá ; túṅ kyúṅkar máranhár ?

Good shots strike the standard : kings ride on fairies :
So many kings have missed me : why shouldst thou hit me ?

Presently the Râjâ arrived at the river side, where, too, the princess, taking her own form again, sat down, and as soon as she saw him, she said to him—

Dhobíá kapre dhondiá, dhoíṅ dhotí, jámá, pag :
Chirhí angulí páni maiṅ bharáṅ, tú mere gal lag.

O *Dhobí* washing clothes, wash loin-cloth and coat and turban.

For thee I have drawn water with my little finger* so fall thou on my neck.

For seeing him washing his own clothes she called him a *dhobi*. And the Râjâ answered her—

Joh parâî, bhûm oprî, aur tûṅ begânî dhî :
Maiṅ pardesî nûṅ wal pawe, to kaun chhuṛâwe jî ?

The pasture is another's, the land is a stranger's, and thou art a stranger's child :
If I be ensnared in a strange land, who will save my life ?

Answered the princess—

Chandan chîrâṅ, Râjîâ, chikhâ banâwâṅ, jâg nûṅ lâwâṅ ag.
Je tû pardesî nûṅ wal pawe, to saṛ marâṅ tere lag.

For thee, Râjâ, I will split the sandal wood, and build a pyre and set fire to the whole world.†
If thou fall into a snare in a strange land, I will be burnt and die with thee.

When the Râjâ had finished washing his clothes he asked her the way to the city, and she said—

Bâṅh ulâṛâṅ tan dise, mûṅh bolâṅ te dand.
Woh jo rukh disde, ohî mâṅwâṅ de piṇḍ.

Raising my arm I show my breasts, opening my mouth I show my teeth :
The trees which you see there are at thy mother's home.

So Râjâ Rasâlû followed her directions and reached Siâlkoṭ, and found the women of the city drawing water from the well which is near the entrance of it, and he began throwing stones at their earthen pitchers and broke them all. The women went to Râjâ Sâlbâhan to complain against Râjâ Rasâlû. "He is my son," said Râjâ Sâlbâhan, "and I love him greatly. So take you pitchers of iron and brass. Those who have them not may get them from the treasury."

So the women went with iron pitchers, and the poor got theirs from the treasury. But when they went to draw water from the well Râjâ Rasâlû made holes in all the pitchers with

* *i.e.* Set my heart on thee : slaved for thee.
† Idiom for "I will renounce the whole world."

his iron-headed arrows. Then the women went to Râjâ Sâlbâhan again to complain, and he in his fear that Râjâ Rasâlû would come into his house, ordered a broom-stick and some wooden shoes to be placed by the gate, so that Râjâ Rasâlû might know he was not to come inside.* He did this thinking to keep Râjâ Rasâlû away for one year more.

Meanwhile Râjâ Rasâlû came to the palace and saw the broom-stick and the wooden shoes and came away, and went into the hall of audience where Râjâ Sâlbâhan was sitting in state and saluted him. But Râjâ Sâlbâhan turned his back on him, and Râjâ Rasâlû said—

Maiñ áyá thá salám núñ, túñ baiṭhá piṭh maroṛ !
Maiñ nahíñ terá ráj waṇḍáṇundá ; maiñ núñ nahíñ ráj te loṛ.

I came to salute thee, and thou hast turned thy back on me !
I have no wish to share thy kingdom : I have no desire for empire.

Râjâ Sâlbâhan fearing the word of the *jogîs* answered nothing, as the twelve years were not yet passed. So Râjâ Rasâlû left the hall of audience and passed under the palace where Rânî Lonâñ was sitting, and said to her—

Mahláñ de wich baiṭhíe, túñ ro.ro na suná !
Je túñ merí mátá haiñ, koí mat batlá !

O sitting in the palace, let me not hear thee weeping !
If thou be my mother give me some advice.

Then Rânî Lonâñ answered—

Malle dendí hai máñ taiñ núñ, putar : gin gin jholí ghat !
Cháre khúṇṭáñ túñ ráj kare, par changá rakhíñ sat !

Thy mother doth adviso thee, son ; stow it carefully away in thy wallet !
Thou wilt reign in the four Quarters, but keep thyself good and pure.

Then Râjâ Rasâlû took leave of his mother and made ready for his journey, taking with him a goldsmith's lad, a carpenter lad, and his parrot, which had been brought up with him in

* A common custom signifying "Not at home."

the cellar. As he was starting on his journey his mother saw him and said to him—

Thoṛá thoṛá, beṭá, túñ disíñ, aur bahotí disí dhúṛ:
*Putr jináñ de ṭur chale, aur máwáñ chikná chúṛ.**

It is little I see of thee, my son, but I see much dust.
The mother whose son goes away on a journey becomes as a powder.

Journeying at their ease Râjâ Rasâlû and his companions reached an uninhabited *jangal* and halted there. And the three of them, Râjâ Rasâlû, the goldsmith lad, and the carpenter lad, divided the night into three watches. The first watch the carpenter kept while the others slept. As they were going off to sleep said the goldsmith to Râjâ Rasâlû—

Agge soweñ lef nihálíáñ, ajj sutá suthrá ghás!
Sukh wasse yeh des, jaháñ áe ajj dí rát.

Before thou didst sleep on quilts, to-day thou hast slept on clean grass!
Mayst thou live happy in this land whither thou hast come this night.

Then the Râjâ and the goldsmith went to sleep, and the carpenter kept watch. Presently a serpent† came out of the *jangal* and went towards Râjâ Rasâlû as he lay asleep.

"Who are you?" said the carpenter, "and why have you come here?"

"I have destroyed every thing within 12 miles round," said the serpent, "and who are you that have dared to come here?"

Then they began to fight, and the carpenter killed him and hid him under his shield.

Presently it came to Râjâ Rasâlû's turn to keep watch, and the carpenter went to sleep without saying anything about the serpent. While Râjâ Rasâlû was on guard a great horror‡ appeared, and he went up to it and said to the horror, "who are you?"

* Reduced to great misery.

† Most probably by this is meant a man of the "Serpent" Races: a Nâga, or Taka, or Takshak.

‡ *Áfat* is the word used throughout.

"I have destroyed everything within 48 miles round," said the horror, "and who are you that have dared to come here?"

Whereon Râjâ Rasâlû struck the horror with an arrow and it ran away, but the Râjâ followed it into a cave, and they had a great fight there. After a while the Râjâ killed it there and came back.

In the morning the Râjâ woke his companions, and the carpenter showed them the serpent he had killed, and told the whole story about it. When the Râjâ saw the serpent, he said, "this is only a small snake, come and see what I killed in the cave."

So the goldsmith and the carpenter went into the cave and saw what Râjâ Rasâlû had killed. Then they became very frightened and said to him, "you are a prince and a Râjâ and can fight such horrors, we are only ordinary people, and are afraid that some day we may be killed if we follow you," and they begged and prayed to be let go home again, and so the Râjâ gave them leave.

So they went home, and Râjâ Rasâlû said—

Sadâ na phûlan toṛîâṅ, nafrâ : sadâ na Sâwan hoe :
Sadâ na joban thir rahe : sadâ na jîwe koe :
Sadâ na râjîâṅ ḥâkimî : sadâ na râjîâṅ des :
*Sadâ na howe ghar apṇâ, nafrâ : bhaṭh piâ pardes.**

Toṛîs† do not always flower, my servant: it is not always the rainy season.
Youth does not always last: no one lives for ever:
Kings are not always rulers: kings have not always lands:
They have not always homes, my servant; they fall into great troubles in strange lands.

Saying this Râjâ Rasâlû went on and came upon a sandal wood tree, which was burning, and he asked his parrot why it was: and it turned out that a serpent had bitten the tree and caused it to burn! And there flew a young swan out of the tree which came before the Râjâ, and the Râjâ said to it—

"You are a bird, why do you destroy your life in the fire? why don't you fly away?"

* See Fallon, *New Hin. Dict. s. v. thir.* † A kind of mustard plant.

And the cygnet answered—

Miṭṭhá mewá khádá, ṭhaṇḍe páṇí chhán :
Je bane sir us de saṭke kidhar ján ?

I have eaten sweet fruit and drank cool water :
How shall he save his life on whom evil falls ?

Then said the Râjâ—

Miṭṭhá khádá í mewá, hansá, ṭhaṇḍí rahí chháṅ :
Baldí agg bujhí wekhíṅ, jo Rabb sune merí bán.

I, too, have eaten sweet fruit, O swan, and the shade was cool :
You will see the burning fire put out, if God hear my prayer.

And then by the miraculous power of the Râjâ the tree became green again, and he went to sleep in the shade of it. As soon as the tree had become green again the young swan flew into it and said to the Râjâ—

Ike bhaure palioṅ Rájá, pharére hoke soṅ :
Ike tú jatí-satí mard : ike Haqqání pír.

O Râjâ brought up at your ease, sleep by thyself :
For thou art a holy and virtuous man and a saint of God.

When he heard this the Râjâ got up and journeyed four *kos*. He then came upon a serpent, whose eyes were full of sand blown into them by a violent storm, and as soon as the serpent heard the sound of the horse's hoofs which the Râjâ was riding he called out—

Ráh-padháoṅ jándiá, bhojan sáḍá páh !
Akhioṅ kankar kaḍḍh ! Já dharmí lageṅ bhará !
Súhe chole Básak-nágní khaṛí dekhdí ráh.

O traveller going along, eat of my food !
Take the sand from my eyes, and become as my brother !
My wife stands looking for me in her red gown !

And then the Râjâ asked his parrot's advice—

"This serpent is the enemy of all mankind, Hindû and Muḥammadan alike, how shall I treat him ?"

And the parrot answered—

"The result of goodness is always good."

So the Râjâ took the parrot's advice, and getting off his horse took the sand out of the serpent's eyes with his kerchief. And then he mounted again, but the serpent stood in his way and prevented him from going on.

"Is this the way you reward my kind treatment?" said the Râjâ.

But the serpent bowed down his head and said—

"Be pleased to stay in my humble house to-night and go on your way to-morrow."

And so the Râjâ went with him to his cave, and when they were near it the serpent stopped the Râjâ outside, while he went in to speak to his wife, the Bâsaknâgnî. In a short time the serpent came out again and took the Râjâ into the cave. And that night the Râjâ slept in the same bed as the serpent. In the morning the Râjâ got up and asked to be shown the road. So the serpent came out of the cave and said, "O Protector of the world, your road lies *that* way, mine lies *this* way."

Then said the Râjâ, "I have been banished from my country, and that is why I wander about from country to country, but tell me why your road lies *this* way."

"I cannot get any thing to eat here," said the serpent, "and so I go *this* way and bite a man and then I eat his flesh."

And saying this he slid away into the grass. But the Râjâ said to himself, "now that he is gone I will go and see what his wife is like." So he went into the cave and found her asleep on a golden bed, which was placed on a stone dais. Close to her was lying a large lizard, and presently they began to play and jump about. When the Râjâ saw this he became very jealous and angry that such a mean thing as a lizard should play with this beautiful Nâgnî, and he determined to kill him. He got out his sword and struck at the lizard, but the Nâgnî protected it with her tail, which got badly cut. Then the Râjâ was very grieved, for said he, "I struck at the lizard with a good object, but evil has resulted instead of good."

And getting on Bhaunr 'Irâqî,* his horse, he said to him, "Gallop as fast as you can." And away galloped the horse,

* ? Should be Bhaunrî Râkhî.

but after 12 *kos* the Râjâ became very tired, and dismounting under a *shîsham** tree he fell asleep. Meanwhile the serpent returned home to his cave, and when his wife heard his hissing she stood before her husband and made this complaint—

> *Ráh musáfir jánde, ghar wich ḍerá dená cháhe:*
> *Ḍere ánke autre: mangan lage sej:*
> *Sej na ditti mangwíṅ: merí dúm chaláî tegh.*

A traveller passing on the road wished to halt at my house:
His staying was wicked, wanting to come to my bed:
I gave not my bed for his asking, he struck my tail with his sword.

When the serpent had heard his wife's complaint he asked her at what time the traveller had come to her, and she answered, "In the middle of the night."

Then said the serpent, "What you have said is not true at all, for he slept beside me the whole night, and I know he is a truly holy man."

But the Nâgnî insisted on her tale, and the serpent went after the Râjâ. In a moment he arrived at the *shîsham* tree where the Râjâ was sleeping, and found the Râjâ's parrot sitting on the horse's saddle. Out of respect for the Râjâ the serpent did not then and there go and bite him, but went into one of his shoes, and said to himself, "When the Râjâ gets up he will put on his shoe and then I will bite him, and find out if what my wife says is true or not? If he tells the truth I will keep my poison back, but if he tells a lie I will bite him a second time and kill him." Shortly afterwards the Râjâ got up and went up to his shoe, but the parrot called out—

> *Dûroṅ áiá chalke, jore waṛiá áe!*
> *Jhárke mauzá túṅ páîṅ: an-jhâṛe baṛá gunáh!*

Coming from afar he has entered thy shoe!
Shake thy shoe and put it on: not to shake it will be a great mistake.

* The *Dalbergia Sissoo.*

When the serpent heard the parrot say this he came out of the shoe and said—

"O Râjâ, you treated me very well, but how have you treated my wife?"

"I have done you no wrong," said the Râjâ, "you may kill me now, or after you have heard what I have to say, just as you please."

But the serpent said, "If I had intended to kill you I could have killed you while you were asleep. Tell me the real truth."

Then the Râjâ said, "I went into the cave and found a lizard jumping about and playing with your wife, and this made me very angry. So I struck at him with my sword, but your wife put her tail over him and saved him. She lost her tail in saving her friend, and this vexed me, and so I came away here."

"But why did'nt you strike another blow to kill the lizard?" said the serpent.

"I did," replied the Râjâ, "but he got away into his hole, and my sword only struck his buttocks: and then I came away"

"I consider" said the serpent, "that no offence is proved against you." He had seen the lizard playing with his wife himself.

After this the Râjâ went on and came to a *jangal* of nothing but *chachrâ** trees, in which a buck and a doe were playing and galloping about, and the Râjâ wished to shoot them. But the parrot said, "O Râjâ this is a strange land, and perhaps they belong to some prince of these parts. Don't shoot them, but throw away your bow and ·rrow, and watch them." And the Râjâ did as he was bidden, and throwing away his bow and arrow began to watch them.

Presently he saw a hunter, disguised by some *chachrâ* leaves, come stalking up behind the deer, so that they did not know he was a human being, but thought him to be a bundle of

* *Dhâk*, the *butea frondosa.*

chachrá leaves. The buck stopped to look at him, and the doe began walking round him. Then the hunter began playing on a reed-pipe, and the buck, when he heard it, began to weep bitterly. Whenever the doe had her face towards the hunter he stood still, but when she had her back to him he advanced two or three paces. This went on for two hours, and at last the doe found out that he was a hunter and her enemy, and she said to the buck—

Jangal jamí, ban palí, te ban wich merá wás :
'Ajab tumáshá wekhiá, je pairin chalan palás !

Born in the *jangal*, bred in the forest am I, and my home is in the forest :
I have seen a wonderful thing when the *palás** tree goes on feet.

But the buck replied—

Jangal jamí, ban palí, te ban wich terá wás :
Ditthe bájh na hilsán : toreṅ sikhán charhan kabáb !

Born in the *jangal*, bred-in the forest wert thou, and thy home is in the forest :
Without seeing I will not move, though they break me up into roast meat and put me on the spits !

Meanwhile the hunter, putting his reed-pipe between his teeth, shot an arrow which struck the buck with such force that he was hurled back seven paces. As soon as this happened the doe bounded off and saved herself. The hunter then went up to the buck and took out his knife to cut his throat, but the buck, finding himself wounded, said to the hunter—

Tirkhí chhurí chalándiá Rájá, khundí chhurí chalá !
Jablag sáns karang meṅ, tablag bín bajá !

O Râjâ cutting my throat with a sharp knife, cut with a blunt knife !
While the breath is in my body play on thy pipe !

So the hunter killed the buck and laid his knife in the grass,

* Another name for the *dhák* as above.

but it happened that the knife went into the belly of a serpent that chanced to be underneath it, and at that moment the hunter was looking towards the buck. As soon as the serpent felt the pain of the knife it bit the hunter, and so it happened that all three began rolling on the ground: the deer from his wounds, the hunter from the bite of the serpent, and the serpent from the knife-wound. On seeing this the Râjâ said to the parrot—

"I think we had better go on."

But the parrot said, "O Protector of the world, wait on and you will see another sight. You saw how faithful the doe was to her husband in his life, you will now see how faithful she will be in death."

While he was speaking the doe ran up, and rushing on to the horns of her husband died at once.

Then said the Râjâ, "Let us go on now."

"Not so, my great master," said the parrot, "look at those jackals."

A male and female jackal had come up to the dead bodies and began talking as to the best way of eating them, when the male said to his wife—

"Perhaps they are not dead bodies but goatherds sleeping, and perhaps one of us will be hurt by them. I may escape, but you may be caught."

At last he gave in to his wife and came up to the hunter, and as he did so the wind moved the *chachrâ* leaves with which the hunter had covered himself. This frightened the jackal, but his wife called out—

"O coward! what are you running away for?"

So the jackal said he would try again and went close up to the hunter. He spied the bow, and saying to himself that crooked things are the root of all evil, he determined first to remove it out of the way. With this very proper idea he took it up by the string and took it to his wife and said—

"You eat off the leather from the bow and then I will go back."

"But it is very hard and tough," she said, "I can't manage it. You take one end and I will take the other."

"Never mind," said the jackal, "I'll break it up myself."

So he took the bow and put one end under a large stone, and put his own head at the other and broke it in two. But when the bow broke the end under the stone stuck fast and went into the jackal's brain. His wife saw the bow break and was rejoiced to think the broken end had not gone into his belly as she had expected. But when she went up to him and looked carefully she saw that he was dead, and in her great grief she threw herself on to the other end of the bow and died.

"Now," said the Râjâ, "six of them are dead; let us go on." So they went on and came to a city. In the *bâzâr* they heard the sound of something jingling, and the Râjâ asked his parrot what it was, as there appeared to be no one but themselves in the city.

Meanwhile they came upon a beautiful woman and a butcher's shop. The woman went into the butcher's shop and said—

"My husband has been away hunting for the last two or three days, and I am waiting for him. Give me a *ser* of meat to get ready for him when he comes back."

She got the meat and went out into the street, and Râjâ Rasâlû said to her—

Wiçh bâzâr phirendîe, tere gal lâlân de hâr!
Nîle chachrewâlâ khâḍâ î Bâsak-nâg.

O wanderer in the *bâzâr* with garlands of rubies round thy neck!
The serpent has bitten the man with the grey *chachrâ* leaves!

Then the woman asked the Râjâ where it was that the man had been bitten by the serpent, and asked him to show her the place. So he went back with her and showed her where the hunter's dead body lay. She took off the *chachrâ* leaves, and seeing the body to be her husband's she fell into great grief and determined to kill herself. She drew the dagger from his girdle and thrust it into her belly, and so died.

Then said the Râjâ—

Ik marandiâṅ do múe; do marne se chár;
Chár marne se sat múe: chár mard, tinn nár!

From one dying two died; from two dying four died!
From four dying seven died; four male, three female!

Then the Râjâ left that place and arrived at Nîlâ* City. Then he saw an old woman weeping and laughing and making *chupâtis*, and the Râjâ said to her, "Why do you weep and laugh, mother, while you make the *chupâtis*?"

But she replied, "Why do you ask? what will you gain by asking?"

"Tell me the truth," said the Râjâ, "and one of us will benefit by it."

Then the old woman said, "I had seven sons, and one by one they have been killed by a giant,† till only one has remained, and it is his turn to die to-day. I am making *chupatis*, because the king of this city has ordered that with the man who is sent every day for the giant's dinner there shall be sent a basket of bread and a buffalo.

Then said Râjâ Rasâlû—

Ná ro, mátá bholie; ná aswáṅ dhalkáe:
Tere beṭe ké 'iwaz main sir desáṅ cháe.

Weep not, foolish mother; drop no tears:
I will give up my head for thy son.

And the old woman replied, "But who will really risk his life for another?"

"I give you my word of honour," said the Râjâ, "that I will risk my life for your son." And saying this he dismounted and sat down on her bed.

At that very moment the Koṭwâl of the city came up to Râjâ Rasâlû, and the old woman said—

Nîle-ghoṛewáliá, Rájá; muṅh dháṛí, sir pag,
Woh jo dekhte áunde, jin kháiá sárá jag.

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* This may be for Śîlâ: it is more probably near the site of the ford over the Indus at Bâgh Nîlâb to the south of Aṭak.

† *Râkhas=Râkshasa.*

Grey-horsed Râjâ; bearded face and turban on head,
He whom you see coming is he who has destroyed my life.*

Râjâ Rasâlû said to the guards who were with the Koṭwâl, "Don't trouble the old woman!"

"That is all very well," said the Koṭwâl, "but if her son does not go at once the giants will come and disturb the whole city. A man a day has been fixed by the king as the giant's dinner."

When Râjâ Rasâlû heard this he said to the Koṭwâl, "I will give myself to the giant in place of her son."

"He is only a traveller," said the guards, "what has he to do with it?" And they began to threaten the old woman's son.

But Râjâ Rasâlû mounted his horse and started off to find the giant with the basket of bread and the buffalo. And he told the buffalo to go by the straightest road. When he got near the giants' house he met a water-carrier of the giants with a bag of water on his back, and when the water-carrying giant saw Râjâ Rasâlû coming along with his horse and the buffalo and the basket of bread he was much pleased, for said he to himself, "We are to have a horse extra to-day. I think I will eat it myself before the other giants get hold of it." So he put his hand into the basket of bread, but Râjâ Rasâlû struck off his hand with one blow of his sword, and the giant ran away to his sister the giantess, who called out to him—

"Where are you running to so fast?"

And the giant said, "Râjâ Rasâlû on horse-back is after me, and look, he has cut off one of my arms with his sword."

When the giantess heard this she began running too, and they went to the other giants, saying, "Râjâ Rasâlû is after us."

Nasso, bhajo, bhâîo! Dekho koî galî!
Jehṛî agg dhonkdî, so sir te ân balî!
Sûjhanhârî sûjh gae; hun laihndî chaṛhdî jâe!
Jithe sânûṅ sukh mile, so jhaṭpaṭ karo upâe!

Fly, fly, brethren! look out for some road!
Such a fire is burning that it will come and burn our heads!

* *Lit.* The whole world.

Our fate has come, we shall now be destroyed!*
Make some plan at once for our relief.

When the giants heard this they went to a giant who was an astrologer, and said to him, "Look in your almanac and see if Râjâ Rasâlû has been born into the world yet." And when he answered that the Râjâ was born, they began to be very frightened and to run away in all directions. Meanwhile the great Râjâ Rasâlû came up to where the giants were all collected together, and they said to him—

"Who are you? and why have you come to disturb us all?"

Then said he, "I am Râjâ Rasâlû, son of Râjâ Salbâhan, and the enemy of the giants."

And one of the giants answered him, "I have eaten many Rasâlûs like you."

Aisâ mârûṅ gurjanâ, khaḍ khaḍ karûṅ châe:
Aisâ siṭûṅ wâheke, jithe paweṅ jâe.

I will so strike thee with my mace that I will tear thee in pieces.
I will so throw and hurl it that thou shalt be thrown down.

After this the giants said to Râjâ Rasâlû that the proper signs of Râjâ Rasâlû are these:—His heel-ropes will bind us and his sword cut us up of its own accord. Then Râjâ Rasâlû at once loosed the heel-ropes from his horse and dropped his sword out of his hand, and the heel-ropes bound the giants and the sword cut them in pieces.

But the giants said, "The other sign of Râjâ Rasâlû is this:—His arrow will pierce seven frying-pans placed together one behind the other." And saying this they put seven frying-pans one behind the other, and behind these they put seven giants, who were own brothers, one behind the other. Râjâ Rasâlû shot an arrow from his bow which pierced the seven frying-pans and the seven giants as well, and then he went up to them and cut off their heads.

The giantess, their sister, however, escaped, and ran away

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* *Lit.* What was to be seen has been seen: we shall now go east and west.

from Râjâ Rasâlû into a cave in the Gandgari* mountains. And Râjâ Rasâlû followed after her, and had a statue of himself, in full armour, placed at the entrance of the cave, and after that he went into the garden of Râjâ Hari Chand.†

When the people heard of his bravery they all came out to see Râjâ Rasâlû, and at night the daughter of Râjâ Hari Chand, who was called Saṇûkhnî, came to see him with sixty attendants. And Râjâ Rasâlû said to her—

Rát andherí, jal ghaná; ki dasse phohár?
Ambe heth kharoṭie, tere dast kangan, gal hár:
Ike konte jhiṛkíṅ? ike páí már?

The night is dark, the rain is heavy: what dost thou see in these torrents?
Standing under the mango tree with bracelets on thy arm and necklace on thy neck:
Dost thou fear thy husband, or has he beaten thee?

Replied Rânî Saunkhnî—

Rát andherí, jal ghaná: mera dast kangan, gal hár:
Ná maiṅ konteṅ jhiṛkiáṅ: ná dí hai dhudkár.
Aliáṅ dúlcháṅ ghar pakkiáṅ, Rájá! jákar maujáṅ már!
Innáṅ galláṅ wich lábh naháṅ hai: log hunde han khwár.

The night is dark, the rain is heavy: bracelets are on my arms, necklace on my neck:
I fear no husband: nor have I been cursed.
Green grapes are ripe at home, Râjâ; go and enjoy *them!*
There is no profit in these things, but sorrows to mankind.

Saying this she went home again, but regretted all the way home that she had made such a hard speech. In the morning, when the sun was up, Râjâ Rasâlû went to wash his clothes in a certain tank, and it so happened that one of Rânî Saunkhnî's female slaves went there for water and recognized Râjâ Rasâlû. Going home she told the Rânî how she had met Râjâ Rasâlû at the tank. The Rânî listened to what she had to say and then

* The well known line of hills, called now Gandgaṛh, abutting on the Indus to the north of Aṭak.

† Other legends tend to show that this is meant for the celebrated Harischandra of fable.

told her to go on with her daily duties. As soon as she was fairly occupied the Rânî disguised herself as a female slave and went off to the tank as if to fetch water. As she filled her pitcher she looked straight at the Râjâ, and he saw her doing so, but being a pious man he turned his back on her and went on washing his clothes. So the Rânî said to him—

Sir par kapṛe dhondiá Rájá, jámá dhoín súti pag :
Phúín ghaṛolî maiṅ bharî, tudh múl na kitî sudh.
Mán kîto apne rûp dá, dekar baiṭhio kanḍ ?
Such muṅh thîṅ bol, Rájá, tú sháhad phireṅ ki ṭhag ?

O Râjâ, washing clothes up stream, wash thy coat, clothes and turban.
I have filled my pitcher drop by drop, thou hast paid me no attention at all.
Art thou proud of thy own beauty, that thou sittest with thy back to me ?
Speak truth with thy mouth, Râjâ; art thou a true man or a deceiver ?

Answered Râjâ Rasâlû—

Des begáná, bhûm ôprî, ar tú begánî dhív.
Jo pardesî dá dil pawe, to kaun chhuṛáwe jív ?

The land is strange, the country is a stranger's, and thou art a stranger's child.
Who will save his life that falls in love with a stranger ?

But said the Rânî—

Chandan chíráṅ, chikh biháṅ, phuk lagáwáṅ ág.
Je pardesî dá dil pawe, táṅ, Míráṅ, maiṅ tere gal lág.

I will split sandal-wood, and sit on the pyre and set it on fire.
If thou art in love with the stranger, then, My Lord, I will fall on thy neck.

The Râjâ answered—

Singh na bhárî goenáṅ, phal na bhárî rúkh :
Us rúkh ko kyûṅ seviye jis kî chháoṅ na dhûp.

Cow's horns are not heavy to them, fruit is not heavy to the tree
Why should we nourish that tree which gives neither shade nor scent ?

Replied the Rânî—

Pánî bharsáṅ, dharmî Rájá : nîti-dekh, na bhûl !
Jihá mere ghar kont hai, us kî báṅh ká nahîṅ terá mûl !

I will fill thy water for thee, O holy Râjâ : do not mistake my intention.
Thou art not worth an arm of my husband at home !

Answered the Râjâ—

Apná áp salâhîo, Ránî : ghar salâhîo yár.
Ghar jo chhoṛî istrî, us ke gal phûloṅ ke hár.
Jis Ránî dá betṛá, us kîáṅ tudh jehîáṅ panihár !

Thou hast praised thyself, Rânî ; thou hast praised thy husband.
The wife I have left at home has a garland of flowers on her neck.
Thou art but a water-carrier to the Rânî whose son I am !

Then said the Rânî—

Apná áp saláhio, Rájá : ghar saláhio joe.
Mere jehî, Rájá, istrî jangal-bele hirnî hoe.

Thou hast praised thyself, Râjâ : thou hast praised thy wife.
There is no antelope of the forest like me, Râjâ.

And the Râjâ replied—

Hirnî kyá saláhîo, Ránî ? jehṛî dandáṅ kháwe gyáh :
Nit jo áweṅ heṛwán yá shikárweáṅ jangal ditte kutte lá.
Tudh jehîáṅ kaî chhaḍîáṅ ; jáke bahan bázár !

Why hast thou praised the antelope, Rânî? They eat grass with their teeth.
Hunters and beaters are always coming to the *jangal*, and when they see them they loose their dogs.
I have dismissed many like thee : they are to be found in the *bázár*.

Meanwhile the sixty female slaves of the Rânî came up and began to quarrel with the Râjâ, saying, "Who is this washing his clothes in the tank ?"

"I did not know that the Rânî was a gentlewoman," said the Râjâ, "I am a stranger, and now that I have washed my clothes I will go away."

And as he got upon his horse he said to the Rânî, who began to bathe with all her sixty attendants in the tank—

Unchî lambî Rânîe, tere tiliar kes pawant:
Das, kihân mujhko warlṛî bhole pânî de chalant?
Bahân ulâṛâû, kuchh nangî; munh se haule dant;
Do jo dissan rûkhṛe, bhole pânî de chalant.

Tall and stately Rânî, thy oiled tresses fall about thee.
Say: what wouldst thou have of me under the pretence of fetching water?
Raising thy arms thou hast shown thy charms? thou hast spoken mincingly.
Thy breasts were two that thou didst show under the pretence of fetching water.

And then he asked his way of Rânî Saunkhnî and started off for Hoḍinagarî.* Arriving there he found two long bamboos planted in the ground, and asked the people what they meant, and they told him that they were planted there by order of Râjâ Hari Chand against the coming of Râjâ Rasâlû, son of Râjâ Sahilwân of Siâlkot, and that this prince would shoot his arrows at them and strike them, and then marry Rânî Saunkhnî, the daughter of Râjâ Hari Chand.

Then Râjâ Rasâlû asked them if any prince had ever hit the bamboos before, the people said that many Râjâs had come, calling themselves Râjâ Rasâlû, but had been unable to hit the bamboos, and had had to go home greatly ashamed of themselves. When he heard this the Râjâ shot an arrow and struck the bamboos on the top where two golden cups were placed, and the cups fell off into the *bâzâr*. A boy chanced to pick them up and took them to Râjâ Hari Chand, who asked him who had knocked them off the bamboos, but the boy replied that he had not seen them knocked off.

* In this instance most likely meant for Rânî Throd in the Chittar Pahâṛ, abutting on the Indus below Aṭak.

"I only found an arrow and these cups in the *bâzâr.* The arrow I could not pull out of the ground, but the cups I have brought."

Then Râjâ Hari Chand knew by these signs that Râjâ Rasâlû had been born, so he sent a servant to find out all about him. The servant went and found the Râjâ fast asleep in Râjâ Hari Chand's garden, and came back to his master and said.

"Râjâ Rasâlû is certainly born, and is fast asleep in your garden."

"I don't believe it," said Râjâ Hari Chand, "there are many who can shoot well with bow and arrows. However, there is a mango tree in the garden, and on it there are two mangoes which never fall, growing on a branch which never rots, but is always green. The people say that when the real Râjâ Rasâlû comes he will knock them down. Go and see."

So the servant went into the garden again, and then he found the two mangoes lying in Râjâ Rasâlû's skirt as he lay asleep. One of them was whole, but the other was partly eaten, and he took up the partly eaten one and brought it to Râjâ Hari Chand, saying,

"O Protector of the world, the mangoes have fallen, but I cannot say whether they fell of themselves or have been knocked down. I found them lying in Râjâ Rasâlû's skirt, and one of them partly eaten. This one I have brought you to see."

Then Râjâ Hari Chand knew for certain that Râjâ Rasâlû had come, and made preparations for marrying him to his daughter Saunkhnî. He made the *ṭikâ* mark on Râjâ Rasâlû's forehead with some *rungû** that was in a cup, and the music for the marriage of Râjâ Rasâlû and Rânî Saunkhnî began to sound. Then all the women of the city of Hoḍînagari escorted Râjâ Rasâlû to Râjâ Hari Chand's house, and the learned men were collected together to fix an auspicious time for the marriage. But these could not be got to agree about it, and at last Hari Chand asked a poor Brâhman to tell it to him, who replied.

* Powdered liquid saffron.

"Spare my life, O Master of the world, and I will tell you the truth."

"Speak on," said Râjâ Hari Chand.

Then said the Brâhman, "The Rânî Saunkhnî will never marry Râjâ Rasâlû; she will be married to a goldsmith's son."

To this Râjâ Hari Chand replied never a word, and the other Brâhmans began to beat their poor brother who had told such unwelcome news to the Mahârâjâ. After this all the learned men went home, and Râjâ Hari Chand, considering that there was truth in the poor Brâhman's words, had every goldsmith turned out of his city.

Three or four months after this a goldsmith from the village of Dohman* came to the city for pleasure, but meanwhile the king had ordered his trusty servants to bring every goldsmith who might come into the city to him, "Because," said he, "I have two thousand rupees worth of ornaments to make up for Rânî Saunkhnî." So as soon as the goldsmith from Dohman had arrived he was taken before the Râjâ.

The goldsmith went on to make the ornaments, and worked away for two months, and then his wife at home began to weep bitterly because he did not return. At last her son asked her why she wept, and she said—

"Your father, when he left us, said he would return within fifteen days. If he did not return, then we were to give him up and mourn for him as dead. He has been gone two months now, and must have died somewhere."

"I will go and look for him," said her son.

"How long will you search, my son?" said the mother.

"Until I find him," replied the son.

So the goldsmith's son took leave of his mother, and disguising himself as a merchant, started for Hoḍînagarî with a quantity of merchandise. As he came near the city and was going to enter it he saw Rânî Saunkhnî walking in her garden with her sixty attendants. When the Rânî saw the

* The site of this is probably near Bâgh Nîlâb, perhaps the modern village of Dûmal.

goldsmith's son from Dohman she asked him who he was and where he was going to.

He replied, "My name is Dohman. I am a stranger here, and have come to search for my father," and then he told her all his story.

The Rânî fell in love with him at once, and said, "I will find out all about your father: you remain here till I return."

And Dohman, the goldsmith, waited patiently for her there till she returned and said, "Follow me, I will show you where to go."

He followed her into the Bâzâr, and she showed him the house where his father was making ornaments for the Rânî Saunkhnî and said,

"Go in and see if your father is not making ornaments in there."

He went and found his father, who cried out,

"Alas, my dear son, no goldsmith is allowed into this city. An evil fate brought me here, but why have you come, too, to lose your life in this place?"

But meanwhile Rânî Saunkhnî came in and said, "Be easy in your mind. There is no fear for you?"

Saying this, she carried off Dohman, the goldsmith, and took him home. She gave him money to live on, and hired him a house, so that he might want for nothing. And Dohman, the goldsmith, went there, put up his horse, and got ready his dinner. After his dinner he went to sleep, and next morning he went again to his father. Rânî Saunkhnî again met him there, and said to him.

"At night you should stay in the house I have got for you, but in the day time go to my father's garden, and there you will find a man who lives under the *pîpal* tree, which stands to the west of the palace. You should make his acquaintance and play *chaupur* with him."

Dohman did as she told him and went into the garden and began playing *chaupur* with Râjâ Rasâlû. Meanwhile Rânî Saunkhnî went into her palace, and standing at the window made a *salâm* with both her hands towards Dohman. Dohman

heard the sound of her bracelets and looked up at the window and saw her there. Râjâ Rasâlû saw this and began to wonder what the boy saw in the Rânî's window. He looked up, too, but the Rânî had shut the window. Râjâ Rasâlû said nothing, but filling a cup with water put it on the *chaupur* board and went on playing. Presently Rânî Saunkhnî opened the window again and looked out towards Dohman. Râjâ Rasâlû saw exactly what she was doing by the reflection in the cup of water, and hearing the jingle of her bracelets he said to Dohman—

Bâzû-band latakdî sone rûpe nâl :
Kar taslîm, chal gaî; kis kont dî nâr ?

Her bracelets are hung with gold and silver :
She saluted and went away ; whose wife is she ?

Dohman replied—

Rât andherî, Râjiâ, mere kapṛe bhijan-hâr :
Sôîâṅ bechkar khâwande : rahio asâḍe kâr :
Kar taslîm, chal gaî ; kyâ jânûṅ kis kont dî nâr ?

The night was dark, Râjâ, and my clothes got wet :
Selling my needles, I supported my life : my work left me.
She saluted and went away : how should I know whose wife she is ?

Then Saunkhnî saw that Râjâ Rasâlû was angry, and she motioned to Dohman to leave him or his head would be broken. So Dohman, the goldsmith, got up and took his leave of Râjâ Rasâlû, and went to his father, where Rânî Saunkhnî went also. Dohman began complaining very loudly of his treatment by Râjâ Rasâlû, and said he had been abused, a thing that had never happened to him up till then.

"I will revenge you on Râjâ Rasâlû," said Saunkhnî, "you come and sit under the leafless *pîpal* tree at ten o'clock to-night and I will come to you."

Then Dohman went home and had his dinner, and at ten o'clock he made ready to do as Rânî Saunkhnî had bidden him, but it came on to rain heavily, and thinking it useless to go out he lay down and went to sleep. Meanwhile the Rânî had asked her attendants,

"If any one makes a promise, should it be fulfilled or broken?"

And they had all answered,

"It is certainly best to fulfil it."

So Rânî Saunkhnî, taking all kinds of nice things with her, set off to meet Dohman, the goldsmith. But when she began to leave the city her attendants said,

"It is ten o'clock now, and it is not good for women to leave the city at this time of night."

But Saunkhnî would pay no attention, and went on, followed by all her attendants. When they got to the right place she told them that a man called Dohman, the goldsmith, was under the *pîpal* tree, and that they were to fetch him to her as she wanted to speak to him. So they began calling out "Dohman! Dohman!" but there was no Dohman, as he had not come, owing to the rain.

However, an old Jaṭṭ, called Phabbar, a shopman, happened to be under the tree, and when he heard the voices he became very frightened, thinking they must be fairies, and that Dohman must be some demon they were calling to, and he fell down in a swoon from fright. And as the Rânî and all her sixty attendants were searching everywhere for Dohman, the foot of one of them struck against Phabbar's head. In the darkness they thought it was Dohman, who, they supposed, had become senseless from the cold, and so they began to feed him with the good things they had brought. The old *Jatt* ate up all they had brought, weighing about ten *sers*, and the attendants went and told the Rânî that they had none left, for this sweet delicate lad had eaten up fifteen *sers* of sweets at a sitting.

"Then he can't be Dohman," she said, and made the slave that had a lamp hidden in a vessel bring it out. Then they found that it was not Dohman at all, but only old Phabbar, the Jaṭṭ. This made the Rânî to grieve greatly, as she said to herself, "A fine husband Dohman would make that cannot keep a promise."

And she said to the *pîpal* tree

> *Maiṅ puchhaindî, piplá, terî ḍálî bharî kapûr,*
> *Sach muṅh te bol ; kaháṅ hai Dohman ? shahr ki dûr ?*

> I ask thee, O *pîpal* tree, with thy branches full of camphor,
> Tell the truth with thy mouth : where is Dohman ? In the city or away ?

In tne mean time Râjâ Rasâlû's parrot flew into the *pîpal* tree, and answered Rânî Sauṅkhnî—

> *Tan man jiúṛá kambiá, Rání : chhúthí Dakhan dî wáe.*
> *Jo chukáeṅ pálṛá, to Dohman deúṅ miláe.*

> My living body and soul are trembling with cold, Rânî, from the wicked south wind.
> If thou wilt take away my cold I will bring thee to Dohman.

"Come down from the tree," replied the Rânî, "into my lap, and the cold will leave you."

So the parrot came down and sat in her lap, and when he had got better from his cold Rânî Sauṅkhnî asked him to show her where Dohman was. The parrot took her to the gate of his house and said,

"He went in here to-day, but I can't say whether he is there now or not."

The Rânî went up and knocked at the gate, and Dohman's father came out and said that no one was inside but himself, as he recognized the Rânî by her voice. Now Dohman was really asleep inside, and the Rânî got very angry and said,

"Open the door at once!"

And the old man being very frightened of her, opened the door, and the Rânî went in, and she and Dohman sat and talked there all night, till the morning broke. Then Râjâ Rasâlû's parrot went up to Rânî Sauṅkhnî and said—

> *Súrij rasmáṅ chhoṛiáṅ, lage urdú bázár.*
> *Hun kamm aukhá hogayá ; jásî kyúṅkar ghár ?*

> The sun's rays have risen : the people are in the streets.
> The job is now difficult : how will she get home ?

And Dohman answered the parrot—

Súrij rasmáñ chhoṛiáñ, lage urdú bázár.
Pahin hamáre kapṛe, lak banhke hathyár,
Wich bázár jásiá, wekhe kul sansár.*

The sun's rays have risen: the people are in the streets.
Putting on my clothes, binding my arms round her waist,
She will go into the *bázár*, that the whole world may see her.

Saying this, Dohman, the goldsmith, went out and brought back sixty clubs from the *bázár*, and making the Rânî's sixty attendants dress up as men, started off through the city. Presently they met Râjâ Rasâlû, who said—

"Among you sixty how many are weak and how many strong?"

Chhail chhabîliá gabṛúá, sajjá qadam sambhál!
Dil dá bhed das-kháñ; tú mard haiñ ki nár?

O beautiful and comely company, watch your right feet!
Tell me the secret of your hearts—are you men or women?†

Then Rânî Sauṅkhnî answered—

Dánd ghaṛáe paháṛiáñ: hatoriáñ kúk paî sî des:
Gawwáñ ḍhuṇḍan maiñ gaî, kar mardáñ dá bhes.

My teeth are strong as the hills: the sound of my hammer resounds in the land: ‡
I went to search for my cows disguised as a man.

Then said the Râjâ, "Who are you? and where have you come from?"

They answered, "Our home is the Chenâb, and we are Balochîs. We have lost our camels and we are looking for them."

"What have camels to do in the *bâzârs*?" said the Raja.

"We stayed here this night," they answered "and are going to search for our camels in the wilds."

"Very well," said Râjâ Rasâlû, "I lost my wife there last night, and I will go with you and search for her."

* Masculine form used to show that she had dressed up as a man.
† The native idea is that men start off walking with the left foot, women with the right.
‡ *I.e.* I am a very famous personage.

Presently Râjâ Rasâlû and all the company passed before Râjâ Hari Chand, and Râjâ Rasâlû said to him,

"Of all this company are there any that belong to you?"

And Râjâ Hari Chand said,

"None of them belong to me."

Then Râjâ Rasâlû took four sticks and made ready for the marriage of Dohman, the goldsmith, and Rânî Saunkhnî.

"But," said Râjâ Hari Chand, "these two are men how can you marry them together?"

"Indeed!" said Râjâ Rasâlû—"*this* is Dohman, the goldsmith, and *this* is the Rânî Saunkhnî, your daughter!"

At this Râjâ Hari Chand became very angry, but Râjâ Rasâlû said to him,

"What have you to do with it? she is betrothed to me, and I can do with her what I please."

And so Râjâ Rasâlû married the Rânî Saunkhnî to Dohman, the goldsmith, and went back into Hoḍînagarî. Presently he reached the house of Rânî Sundrâṅ, and saw an old *jogî* sitting by the side of his sacred fire in front of her door.

"Tell me why you are doing this," said Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Two and twenty years have I waited thus to see the Rânî Sundrâṅ," said the *jogî*.

"Make me your pupil," said the Râjâ.

"You can work miracles already," said the *jogî*, "what need of your becoming a *faqîr*?"

But the Râjâ pressed him, and so the *jogî* made a pupil of the Râjâ, and boring his ears put on the *jogî's* earrings.

At night the *jogî* went begging, and brought food from four houses. The food from two houses he ate himself, and the rest he gave to his pupil, Râjâ Rasâlû. Now when two men eat one man's food both starve, but Râjâ Rasâlû being a really holy man cared nothing for food. The *jogî* however felt starved. Next day the *jogî* went and begged food from four houses, and again he ate half, and half he gave his pupil, and again he felt starved.

At last he said to his pupil—

"O my disciple, I made you a pupil that you might beg and feed *me*, but I find that I have to starve to feed *you*."

"You gave me no orders," said the pupil, "how could I beg without your orders, O my master?"

"Very well," said the Gurû, "I order you now; go and beg enough to feed both yourself and me."

So the disciple went and did as the Gurû had ordered him, and standing at the door of Rânî Sundrân cried out "*Álakh, álakh!*" *

Jáe bûhe te kilkiá : liá nám Khudá :
Dûroṅ chalke, Rání Sundráṅ, terá ná :
Je, Rání, tú sakhí haiṅ, khair faqíráṅ pá.

Coming to the threshold I called out: I took the name of God:
Coming from afar, Rânî Sundrâṅ, on account of thy name.
If thou art generous, Rânî, the beggars will obtain alms.

When Rânî Sundrâṅ heard the voice of the *faqîr* she sent out alms by a maid-servant, but the maid fainted away when she saw the beauty of the *faqîr*, and so Râjâ Rasâlû called out again, "Alms, Rânî, alms!" Then the Rânî sent another maid, but she too fainted as soon as she saw the beautiful *jogî*. So Rânî Sundrâṅ herself got up and came out to see what was the matter with the maids, and what the *faqîr* was like. She saw that the *faqîr* was indeed perfect in beauty, and bringing the maids to their senses again she picked up all the alms that had fallen from their hands and took them into the house. She then filled a plate with jewels, and with her own hands gave it to the *jogî*, who took the plate and was going away, when the Rânî said—

Kan kî pâî mundráṅ? kab ká húá faqír?
Kis ghaṭá mánioṅ? kis ká lagá tír?
Kete máeṅ mangiá? mere ghar kî mangî bhîkh?

When didst thou get thy earring? when wast thou made a *faqîr*?
What is thy pretence? whose arrow of love has struck thee?
From how many women hast thou begged? what alms dost thou beg from my house?

---

* The cry of the *jogîs* when begging.

Answered the *jogî*—

Kal kî pâî mundrân : kal kâ hûâ faqîr :
Na ghaṭ, mâîân, mâniân : kal kâ lagâ tîr.
Kuchh nahîn mânh mangî : kewal tere ghar kî bhîkh.

Yesterday I got my earring : yesterday I became a *faqîr* :
I make no pretence, mother : yesterday the arrow struck me.
I begged nothing : only from thy house do I beg.

So the pupil took the alms and went to his Gurû, who was very much astonished at the jewels, and said he ought to give them back and bring cooked food instead. Back went the pupil at once to Rânî Sundrân and cried out "*Âlakh, âlakh.*" The Rânî thought it must be some other *jogî*, but when she got up and saw that it was the same one she said—

"I have given you a great deal already. Tell me what you really want. This begging is a pretence."

Targas jaṛiâ tîr motîân ; lâlân jaṛî kumân ;
Pinḍe bhasam lagâiâ ; yeh nainân aur rang ;
Jis bhikhiâ kâ labhî hain, tû wohî bhikhiâ mang !

Thy quiver is full of pearly arrows : thy bow is set with rubies :
Thy body is covered with ashes : thy eyes and thy colour thus :
Ask for the alms thou dost desire.

Answered the *jogî*—

Targas jaṛiâ merâ motîân ; lâlân jaṛî kumân.
Lâl na jânâ bechke, motî be-waṭṭâ.
Motî apne pher lai ; sânûn pâkkâ tâm diwâ.

My quiver is set with pearls ; my bow is set with rubies.
I know not how to sell rubies or pearls without loss.
Take back thy pearls ; give me some cooked food.

At his request the Rânî took back the jewels and told him to wait for an hour while she got the food cooked for him. She then sent a maid into the *bâzâr* for two rupees' worth of sweets, and when they were brought to her she gave them to the *jogî*, and as she dismissed him she said—

Kahân tumhârâ nagarî ? kahân tumhârâ ṭhâon ?
Kis Râjâ kâ beṭrâ, jogî ? kyâ tumhârâ nâon ?

Where is thy city? where is thy home?
What king's son art thou, *jogî*? what is thy name?

Answered the *jogî*—

Siâlkoṭ hamârî nagarî: wohî hamârâ ṭhâoṅ:
Râjâ Sâlwâhan kâ maiṅ beṭṛâ: Lonâ parî merâ mâoṅ.
Pîṇḍe bhasam lagâe, dekhan terî jâoṅ.
Tainûṅ dekhke chaliâ: Râjâ Rasâlû merâ nâoṅ.

Siâlkoṭ is my city: that is my home:
I am Râjâ Sâlwâhan's son: the fairy Lonâ is my mother.
Ashes are on my body, (my desire was) to see thy abode.
Having seen thee I go away: Râjâ Rasâlû is my name.

Saying this, the *jogî* ran off to his master, and said, "Here is the cooked food, get up and eat."

But when the master saw it he said to his pupil, "You have been robbing some confectioner's shop. Take these back to where you got them."

The pupil thought him mad, and in order to test his power he struck him two or three blows with a cane. Finding he had no power to retaliate the pupil said,

"It is such a long time since you had your ears bored that you have forgotten who you are," and with that he ran away, for he feared that since Rânî Sundrâṅ knew who he was and all about him she might make a prisoner of him.

Meanwhile Rânî Sundrâṅ dressed herself and went to see the Gurû. When she reached him she asked him where his pupil was.

"Oh," said the *jogî*, "I have eaten him up."

"But," said the Rânî, "I sent you a plate of jewels and a plate of sweets. If these have not satisfied you, will your meal off your pupil satisfy you?"

"I do not know," said the *jogî*, "all I know is that I put him on a spit, roasted him and eat him up."

"Then roast and eat *me* too," said the Rânî, and she jumped into the sacred fire and became *satî* for the love of Râjâ Rasâlû.

After this Râjâ Rasâlû determined to try for a while what it was to be a king, so he snatched the throne from Râjâ Hari Chand. One day some one said to Râjâ Rasâlû—

"O bountiful Lord, Râjâs always employ a *wazîr*, but you have none. You should appoint some able man to be *wazîr*. A kingdom without a *wazîr* is a roof without a pillar."

Râjâ Rasâlû took the advice and appointed Mahitâ Choprâ* to the post of *wazîr*. Shortly after this Râjâ Rasâlû asked his *wazîr* to tell him what he thought most worthy of praise in the world, Mahitâ Choprâ thought to himself that the three things most praiseworthy in the world were really folly, youth and power. "But," said he to himself, "if I say so, the king will want me to get them for him at once." So Mahitâ Choprâ passed these things by and began to praise his wife, the Rânî Chândnî, saying—

"O Master of the world, there is nothing in the world to be compared to my wife, Rânî Chândnî."

Then thought the Râjâ to himself, "He praises nothing but his wife, so how can I answer him?" And the matter dropped, but after a month he said to Mahitâ Choprâ, "What is most worthy of praise in the world?" And again the *wazîr* praised his wife beyond all things, and this made the Râjâ determine to see the Rânî Chândnî, to see her beauty, and to try her virtue. So he sent away Mahitâ Choprâ on an errand to buy him some things from a distance, and as soon as he had gone, that same evening he went up to Mahitâ Choprâ's house to see Rânî Chândnî. At the door he found a blind man sitting, who asked him who he was. And Râjâ Rasâlû said to himself, "He must be blind indeed not to know that I am Râjâ Rasâlû." And in reply the Râjâ asked for the keys.

"The keys," said the blind man, "are with Mahitâ Choprâ."

But by his miraculous power the Râjâ opened the seven locks without the keys. He then opened the locks of seven doors, but the eighth door had been bolted by the Rânî Chândnî herself from the inside, who was sleeping. Râjâ Rasâlû could not open this door, as his hand could not reach the lock, so,

* There is a long separate legend about Râjâ Rasâlû's doings in connection with this worthy.

pretending to be Mahitâ Choprâ, he stood outside and said to Rânî Chândnî—

Rát andherí, ram-jhamiáñ kí barse trel:
Treloñ pahine kapre, sir par chírá derh hazár!
Kore kágház bhij gae, to lekhá be-shumár!
Uth-khâñ, Rání sutíe; búhá láh, kam-zát!

The night is dark and the rain falls heavily and straight.
The clothes I wear are wet, and my turban is worth fifteen hundred rupees.
My paper is wet, and I have countless things to write.
Get up, sleepy Rânî, open the door, thou bad woman!

When she heard this Rânî Chândnî got up from her sleep to open the door, but Mahitâ Choprâ's dogs began to bark and this made the Rânî doubt whether it was really their master who was standing at the door. However in her fright she opened the door and Râjâ Rasâlû went in. Then said the Rânî to the dogs—

Chupkar raho, we Ságrá Bágrá! Ho chandit!
Woh nagarí kaise base, jis ká Rájá húá badnit?

Be quiet, O Sâgrâ and Bâgrâ! have patience!
How shall that city prosper whose Râjâ is wicked?

Then the Râjâ told Rânî Chândni to light the lamp, and when she had done so he sat down on her bed, which was covered with a white counterpane, and the R nî sat down on a low stool with her face veiled. So the Râjâ said to her.

Shárak bole wich áhaní, Rání; totá bole ban-khand:
Awandiáñ sajnáñ pardesiáñ, Rání, de na bahíe ghand!
Muñh se mitthá boliye; jo sare so kháiye wand.

The *mainá* talks in the cage: the parrot in the *jangal*.
When a friendly stranger comes, Rânî, sit not with veiled face.
Let us speak sweetly and divide what food we can.

Then the Rânî took off her veil, and the Râjâ saw her great beauty, and praised her very much and said—

"Come sit down on the bed and shampoo me, that my fatigue may depart."

But the Râni said, "I am a faithful wife, and will touch no stranger."

And the Râjâ pressed her very much, but she was not pleased at all and said—

Thâl je bhariâ mungâṅ, châwalâṅ, Râjâ; chhanâ bhariâ ghîû:
Mannî murshid apnâ: tu bâbal, maiṅ dhîû.

I have filled a plate with rice and pulse, Râjâ; I have filled it with peas and *ghî*.
I acknowledge thee as my teacher: thou art father and I am daughter.

The Râjâ answered—

Ojhar râtîṅ maiṅ ṭurâṅ, Rânî: dekhke ṭursâṅ râh.
Dekh, azîz dâ beṭrâ, Rânî, dhîû desâṅ parnâ.

I walk on a dark night, Rânî; picking my way I will walk.
Behold a beloved son, Rânî: I want no daughter.

And then he said, "Come now and shampoo me." But the Rânî said—

Wich ujâṛe maiṅ wasâṅ, lekar terâ nâoṅ.
Mannî murshid, apnâ, Râjâ; tû Brâhmaṇ, maiṅ gâoṅ.

I will live in the *jangal* under thy protection.
I acknowledge thee as my teacher, Râjâ; thou art Brâhmaṇ, I am thy cow.

Answered the Râjâ—

Jinhâṅ dinâṅ kî janmî, Rânî, maiṅ laindâ terî sû:
Aggoṅ pichchhoṅ joṭke, Rânî, gaû bhî laisâṅ chû.

I have kept thee in mind since thou wast born, Rânî.
Binding the cow in front and behind, Rânî, I will even take her milk.

But the Rânî replied—

Tû hai merâ râjrâ, tû hai merâ mân:
Maiṅ terî hûṅ Brâhmaṇî, tû merâ jujmân.
Woh kî râjâ salâhiye, jo jûṭh begânî khân.

Thou art my king, thou art my fountain of honour!
I am thy Brâhmaṇî, thou art my client.
How shall we praise that *râjâ* who takes other's leavings.

Still the Râjâ went on at her "Come, Rânî, and shampoo me." So at last the Rânî gave in, and sat on the bed and began to shampoo Râjâ Rasâlû. And the Râjâ first turned one side and then the other to her, and then he put his ring under the bed clothes. After this he told the Rânî to stop shampooing, and get him some dinner. So the Rânî put some rice and water into an earthen pot and placed it on her breasts, where by the miraculous power of the Râjâ it became cooked, and the Rânî, after adding some sugar and *ghî*, placed it before the Râjâ and said,

"You are a holy man, so get some water for yourself at your own command, that you may wash and eat."

Whereon the Râjâ took up a stone, and from under it there gushed a fountain of water. Then the Râjâ ate his fill and said to Rânî Chândnî,

"You are as my sister and I your brother, but say nothing of this to Mahitâ Choprâ. He will find it out for himself presently. I shall send for you and then you must come to me fearlessly veiled from head to foot."

After this Râjâ Rasâlû went to his palace, and soon afterwards Mahitâ Choprâ came home, ate his dinner, lay down on his bed, and told Rânî Chândnî to shampoo him. Suddenly the ring ran into his back, and he put his hand under the clothes and saw what it was. As soon as he saw it he was so overcome with grief that he fell off his bed in a faint. The Rânî picked him up and made him sit down on the bed, but after a couple of hours he fainted again, whereon the Rânî asked him what had enchanted him to make him faint so often.

Mahitâ Choprâ replied, "You are the enchantress that have made me faint so often."

"What have I done?" said the Rânî. Then Mahitâ Choprâ showed her the ring which Râjâ Rasâlû had hidden under the clothes, saying,—

"This is your enchantment."

Rânî Chândnî replied, "That is no fault of mine, you must have put it there yourself."

"I gave this ring to Râjâ Rasâlû when I went to buy the horses. No one but he can have put it here."

All that night Mahitâ Choprâ was in great grief, and nex day he took all the papers of his office and laid them before the Râjâ, and the Râjâ said to him,

"I sent you to buy horses, and instead you have brought me your papers, what is the reason of this?"

"O king," said Mahitâ Choprâ, "neither are you holy, nor Rânî Châṇdnî virtuous, nor I your servant."

"Why speak you like this?" said the Râjâ.

Then Mahitâ Choprâ took the ring and showed it to the Râjâ.

"Chastity and virtue," said the Râjâ' "are not destroyed by words."

But the minister was not satisfied, and the Râjâ had him beaten, and said again,

"Do you believe me now or not?"

"If the Rânî Châṇdnî will spin a single thread of cotton yarn, and if with it you will both draw up water in an unburnt earthen pot from the wells I will believe you."*

So the Râjâ sent for Rânî Châṇdnî, and she spun the single thread, and with it they drew water from the well in an unburnt earthen pot, and then Mahitâ Choprâ believed.

Then said the Râjâ, "Why did you disbelieve before?"

"Because," said the Minister, "men are jealous where women are concerned."

Whereon the Râjâ struck him two or three times with a cane, and said

"Are you not ashamed then of praising your wife in the public court?"

After this Râjâ Rasâlû gave up his kingdom and started for the City of Râjâ Sarkap.† Before he had gone very far he came

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* An absolute impossibility, because a single thread of yarn has very little cohesion, and an unburnt pot melts on contact with water.

† As far as this tale is concerned this seems to be Koṭ Bithaur, near Aṭak, overhanging the Indus.

upon a cemetery, where he found a headless corpse lying, and he said to it—

Bâṛe andar piâ karanglâ, na is sâs, na pâs.
Je Maullâ is nûṅ zindâ kare, do bâtâṅ kare hamâre sâth.

The corpse has fallen under the hedge, nor breath in him, nor any one near.
If God grant him life he may talk a little with me.

And God restored the corpse to life at once, as Râjâ Rasâlû wished, and the Râjâ said to the man—

Laihndioṅ chaṛhî badalî, hâthâṅ pâiâ zor:
Kehe 'amal kamâio, je jhaldî nahîṅ gor?

The clouds rose in the west and the storm was very fierce:
What hast thou done that the grave does not hold thee?

And the man replied—

Asîṅ bhî kadîṅ duniyâṅ te inhâṅ the;
Râjâ wal degṛiâṅ pagâṅ banhde,
Tuṛde pabbâṅ bhâr.
Âunde tara, na châunde tara,
Hâṅke sawâr.
Zara na mitthî jhaldî, Râjâ;
Hun sau manâṅ dâ bhâr.

I, too, was once on the earth thus;
Fastening my turban awry like a king,
Walking erect.
Coming proudly, taunting proudly,
I drove off the horsemen.
The grave does not hold me at all, Râjâ:
Now I am a great sinner.

Meanwhile the night passed, and in the morning the restored corpse asked Râjâ Rasâlû who he was, and where he had come from, and the Râjâ replied that he had come from Siâlkoṭ, and was going to play at *chaupuṛ* with Râjâ Sarkap.

"You had better not," said the restored corpse, "I was his brother, and I know him. Every day before he has his breakfast he cuts off the heads of two or three men. One day he could not get a convenient head, so he cut off mine, and he will

be sure to take off yours. However if you really want to go take some bones from here and have your dice made from them, and then the enchanted dice which he plays with will have no effect. Otherwise he will never lose."

So the Râjâ did as he was advised, and taking some bones from the cemetery he started off. Presently he came to the banks of a river in which he found a hedgehog floating, who called out to him—

Jhâî ândî wiyâheke, ândî ḍolî pâe :
Jhâî mangiâ pânî, te maiṅ gaiâ sharmâe :
Laike loṭâ chaliâ, jâ pahunchâ Khwâjâ daryâe.
Ik bhariâ, ik waiṭhiâ, dûjâ liâ wahâe.
Dant kampe, maiṅ ḍhai-piâ, ruṛh-piâ daryâe.
Wâstâ Śṛi Narânkâr dâ, jhâh nûṅ lai wachâe !

I married my hedgehog-wife, and brought her in the *ḍolî* :
My hedgehog-wife wanted water and I became ashamed :
Taking my *loṭâ* I went to the bank of a large river : *
I filled it and I fell in and then I floated.
My teeth are chattering, I am fallen in, I am floating in the river.
For the sake of the Holy Nârâyaṇ save the hedgehog.

So the Râjâ did as the hedgehog wished, and took him out of the river with the end of his bow, and threw him into a hedge. Then said the hedgehog—

Hike andherioṅ kaḍio î, dûje ditio pâe.
Laṛke âwan shahr de khil ḍori laiṅ banâe.
Mâre mâre zind kaḍhan, chhoṛan jânoṅ jâe.
Wâstâ tainûṅ Rabb dâ, Râjâ, lai chal sânûṅ bhagâe.

Thou hast saved me from one evil and placed me in another.
The boys of the city will come and bring ropes for play.†
They will kill me and take my life and leave me for dead.
For thy God's sake, Râjâ, take me off with thee.

So the Râjâ put the hedgehog into his horse's nose-bag, and

* *Lit.*, Khwâjâ Khizar's river.

† Native children are very fond of worrying hedgehogs to death by trying to make them swim, and also by making them open out and then tying a slip-knot round their necks and dragging them about.

continued his journey. By and by he came to a forest on fire, and in the forest was a cricket in danger of being burnt up, who called out to him,

"O traveller, for God's sake, save me from the fire."

And Râjâ Rasâlû saved him from the fire. Then the cricket pulled out one of his feelers, and said,

"Whenever you are in difficulties warm this hair in a fire, and I will come and help you at once."

Said the Râjâ, "What help can you give me?" However he kept the hair.

After a while Râjâ Rasâlû reached the bank of another river, where he found the Rânî Chodhâl sitting. She was the daughter of Râjâ Sarkap, and asked him who he was, where he came from, and where he was going.

Râjâ Rasâlû replied, "My darling, I am come from Siâlkoṭ and am going to play *chaupur* with Râjâ Sarkap."

"Play with me first," said Rânî Chodhâl, "and then go and play with Râjâ Sarkap."

But Râjâ Rasâlû, said, "I cannot play with a woman, I am a virtuous man."

Then Rânî Chodhâl said, "I have a riddle which you must solve, or your head will be cut off."

"Have you ever cut off any one's head?" said the Râjâ, "or am I to be the first?"

"My father, Râjâ Sarkap," said the Rânî, "cuts off a head every day, but I cut off ten heads!"

"Then go on with your riddle," said Râjâ Rasâlû.

Then the Rânî said—

> *Âṭh paṭan, nau beṛîâṅ, chawlâ ghumar-gher!*
> *Je tûṅ Râjâ, jati-sati haiṅ, tûṅ pânî kitne ser?*

Eight ferries, nine boats, fourteen whirl-pools!
If thou be virtuous and true, Râjâ, say how many *sers* of water?

Answered the Râjâ—

> *Âṭh paṭan, nau beṛîâṅ, chawlâ ghumbar-gher!*
> *Ambar târe gin dasûṅ; maiṅ dasûṅ pânî itne ser!*
> *Jitne ban ban pattar lakṛî, pânî itne ser!*

Eight ferries, nine boats, fourteen whirl-pools!
Count the stars in the sky, and I will tell thee how many *sers* of water.
As many leaves and sticks as are in the forest, so many *sers* are there of water.

After this the Râjâ went on and arrived at the city, where he found the other daughters of Râjâ Sarkap standing, and when they saw him one said to him—

Nîle-ghoṛewâliâ Râjâ, niwen neze âh!
Agge Râjâ Sarkap hai, sir laisî ulâh!
Bhalâ chähen jo apnâ, tân pichhe hî muṛ jâh!

Grey-horsed Râjâ, come with lowered lance!
Before thee is Râjâ Sarkap, he will take thy head!
If thou seek thy own good, then turn thee back!

Râjâ Rasâlû answered—

Dûron biṛâ chukiâ, * *ithe pahutâ âe:*
Sarkap dâ sir kaṭke ṭoṭe kassân chár.
Tainûn banâsân wohṭṛî, main bansân mikrâj!

I have come here from afar under a vow of victory:
I will cut off Sarkap's head, and cut it into four pieces.
I will make thee my little bride, and will become the bridegroom.

When he had said this she fell in love with him, and the others said to him—

"If you wish to make her your wife you must do one thing for us."

"What is that?" said the Râjâ, "tell me and I will do it."

Then the girls mixed a *man* of millet seed with a *man* of sand and told him to separate the one from the other. So the Râjâ fell into a difficulty, but remembering the hair which the cricket had given him he put it into the fire and immediately a flight of crickets came round him. The cricket whose life he had saved was among them, and said to him,

"What is your difficulty, that you have heated the hair in the fire?"

* *Biṛâ chuknâ* is to undertake a task of extraordinary difficulty, and to solemnly promise to go through it under all circumstances.

"I want you to separate this millet seed from the sand," said the Râjâ.

"Is that all?" said the cricket; "if I had known it was so small a job that you wanted us for, I would not have assembled so many crickets," and with that he made them all set to work, and in one night the millet seed and the sand were separated.

After this the girls wanted the Râjâ to swing them one by one in their swings, but he said, "No, there are seventy of you. All get into one swing and I will swing you all together."

So they all got into one swing, and Râjâ Rasâlû drew up the swing with one end of his bow and let it go, when the swing returned he cut the strings with his sword, and all the girls fell out. Some broke their arms, and some their legs, and some got hurt in other places, except the one they had betrothed to the Râjâ, who fell out last and so escaped unhurt.

After this the Râjâ went some ten or fifteen paces beyond the swing, and came upon some drums which had been placed there. The people told him that if he struck them one by one Râjâ Sarkap would know that some prince had come to play *chaupur* with him. He did so and broke them all. Next he came to seventy gongs, and these also he broke with a large mallet. Then the girl who had been betrothed to Râjâ Rasâlû went to Râjâ Sarkap her father, and said—

Ik jo áiá rájpút kardá mâromâr,
Paṭke láshâṅ kapiâṅ siṭṭiá síne bhâr.
Dharíṅ dharíṅ bheṛeṅ bhaníâṅ aur bhane ghaṛiâl!
Taiṅ nûṅ, Râjâ, marsí ate sâṅûṅ khaṛsí nâl!

A prince has come and is making havoc;
He cut the long strings and threw us out headlong.
The drums placed out are broken, and broken are the gongs.
He will kill thee, Râjâ, and take me with him!

Râjâ Sarkap replied—

Chhoṭí nagarí dá waskíṅ, Râní, waḍí karí pukâr:
Jáṅ maiṅ niklâṅ bahar, tûṅ merí tan nacháwe dhál.
Fajre roṭí táṅ khásâṅ, sír laisâṅ utár.

Princess, thou hast brought a great complaint about a dweller in a small city.
When I come out his shield will dance for fear of my valour.
In the morning I will eat my bread and cut off their heads.

Meanwhile Râjâ Rasâlû went into the city and stayed at the house of an old woman, where Râjâ Sarkap sent him some food, which was poisoned, by some slaves. But Râjâ Rasâlû said to the slaves, "Tell your master I have nothing to do with Râjâ Sarkap. I am his enemy, and it is unlawful for me to partake of his hospitality. However, as you have brought the food, put it down."

And the slaves did so, and Râjâ Rasâlû gave it to the dogs, which had come with the slaves and belonged to Râjâ Sarkap. The dogs ate up the food, and fell dead on the ground. Then said Râjâ Rasâlû to the slaves,

"You deserve to lose your heads, but I am a God-fearing man, and so I will not injure you."

And the slaves replied, "O Master, it is not we that are to blame: we can but obey the orders of our master."

"Go to your master," said Râjâ Rasâlû, "and tell him from me that it is no act of bravery to kill a man by treachery."

And they went away, and Râjâ Rasâlû lay down and took his rest all night. Next day at sunrise Râjâ Sarkap sent a message to Râjâ Rasâlû saying, "I am not well to-day, but in the evening we will play *chaupur* together." At the same time he sent a messenger to the old woman and told her that if she wished to please him she was to take Râjâ Rasâlû into a certain garden where lived a venomous snake, and to make the snake bite and kill him. So the treacherous old woman took the Râjâ into the garden, and gave him a place in it to live in. There the Râjâ dwelt, and one day after his breakfast he lay down to sleep about noon.

Now in that garden dwelt two things of evil omen: one was a scorpion, called Kalîr, who scooped out men's eyes, and the other was a serpent, called Talîr, which sucked out men's blood.

When Kalîr, the scorpion, saw Râjâ Rasâlû asleep he went to Talîr, the serpent, and said,

"Here is a man asleep. You go and bite him and suck out his blood, and I will eat out his eyes."

But said Talîr, the serpent—

> *Terá merá jhagṛá ab sáhib dí dargáh !*
> *Landí káñ dá tún beṭṛá, Kalîr terá ná.*

> Our quarrel shall go to the court of our master !
> Thou art the son of a crop-tailed crow : Kalîr is thy name !

Answered Kalîr, the scorpion—

> *Gohan terí má sí, kohṛá karkalá terá piú.*
> *Terá merá jhagṛá Rájá Sarkap kol.*

> Thy mother was an iguana, and thy father a leprous lizard !
> Our quarrel is before Râjâ Sarkap.

Then Talîr, the serpent, through fear of Râjâ Sarkap, came down from his *shísham* tree, and, having bitten Râjâ Rasâlû, climbed up again quickly. And then Kalîr, the scorpion, called out to his brother scorpions and went with them to eat out the Râjâ s eyes. Meanwhile the hedgehog, which Râjâ Rasâlû had saved from the river and brought with him, was out eating fruit in the garden. Suddenly he heard the crows making a noise over-head and thought that most likely the serpent had come down and bitten Râjâ Rasâlû.

So he went back and found out what had happened, and seeing no better plan, he sat on the Râjâ's neck where the wound of the serpent's bite was, and when Kalîr, the scorpion, came up on to the Râjâ's breast, near where the wound was, the hedgehog caught him by the leg. The scorpion called out, "*krâñ krâñ**!" and the serpent said to him,

"What is the matter with you ?"

"Something has caught my feet," cried out the scorpion.

"I see you are black" said the serpent, "and there is some thing black at your feet. I see nothing wrong there."

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* The scorpion's cry or noise.

Then the hedgehog made himself known to the serpent by taking the scorpion by the legs and turning him upside down.

"Who are you?" said the serpent, "what kind of animal are you?"

"I am a hedgehog," said the hedgehog, taking the scorpion's legs into his mouth. This made the scorpion cry out "*krâñ krâñ!*" again, and he said to the serpent,

"O my friend, don't bother him any more."

Lúwá ghul meñ jháh, kul jháháñ dá Sardár :
"Kalír márúñ ithe, Talír pichhe jáe.
Talír warsî ghar wich, desáñ jhoke páe.
Kadî táñ áusî bahr, laike aisáñ mukáe."

Cried out the hedgehog, being chief of all the hedgehogs—
"I will kill Kalîr here and afterwards Talîr.
Talîr will enter his hole and I will burn him out.
Soon he will come out and I will take and finish him."

Then Talîr the serpent called out,

"Friend hedgehog, let go my friend, and I will suck the poison out of the Râjâ."

"Very well" said the hedgehog, "you suck out the poison, while I feed your friend with fruit in the garden."

"Then please take him away quickly," said Talîr the serpent.

So the hedgehog began dragging the scorpion through the thorns, and went on so long that the scorpion died. Meanwhile the serpent sucked the poison out of Râjâ Rasâlû, and when the Râjâ came to himself the hedgehog told him to kill the serpent, and the Râjâ did so.

While all this was going on the day passed, and it became evening, and the Râjâ went towards the city with the intention of playing *chaupur* with Râjâ Sarkap, and on the way he met a cat, which was roaming about some potters' kilns, and the Râjâ asked her what made her wander about the kilns like this, and she said,

"My kittens are in a pot which has been put to bake in these kilns by the potters, and that is why I am wandering about."

Then Râjâ Rasâlû asked the potter how much he wanted for the pots in his kiln.

"Oh," said the potter, "this kiln is not baked yet, the fire is only lighted as yet on one side of it. What is the use of selling the pots now?"

However at last the Râjâ induced him to name his price, and gave him what he asked. So he was able to give the kittens back to their mother. But the cat gave him one of them, and said,

"It will help you when you are in difficulties."

The Râjâ took the kitten and went off to Râjâ Sarkap, who asked him some riddles, which were answered, and then they made agreements about their game of *chaupuṛ*. Râjâ Sarkap fixed the following stakes for himself: first game, his whole kingdom; second game, the wealth of the world; third game, his own head. And Râjâ Rasâlû fixed the following for himself: first game, his arms; second game, his horse; third game, his own head. Then the two Râjâs began to play.

It fell to Râjâ Rasâlû to begin the game, and when he began Râjâ Sarkap let loose his rat, called Dhol Râjâ, nobody knows why.* Dhol Râjâ, the rat, upset the *chaupuṛ* pieces, so that Râjâ Sarkap won the first game, and Râjâ Rasâlû gave up his arms. At the second game Râjâ Rasâlû lost his horse in the same way, and the horse said to him—

Sakhî, samundar jamiâṅ, Râjá lio mol zar mâe :
Âo to chaṛho merî pîṭh te, koṭ tudh khaṛâṅ tarpâe :
Uṛde pankhî maiṅ na desâṅ, jo dauran lakh karoṛ.
Je tudh, Râjâ, pâsâ khelnâ, jeb hâth to pâe.

O my beloved, I was born in the ocean, and the Râjâ bought me with much gold.
Come and jump on my back and I will take thee off with thousands of bounds.
Wings of birds shall not catch me, though they go thousands of miles.
If thou wouldst gamble, Râjâ, keep thy hand on thy pocket.

When the horse had said this, Râjâ Sarkap told his slaves

* Dhol Râjâ is the name of the hero of a celebrated Punjâbî popular love-tale.

to take him away as he was giving Râjâ Rasâlû advice. And the slaves did so, and when the horse was being taken away he began to weep, and Râjâ Rasâlû was in great grief, and then the horse said again to the Râjâ—

Na ro, Râjiâ bholiâ ; nâ main charsân ghâh,
Nâ main ṭuṛsân râh.
Dahnâ dast uṭhâcke jeb de wich pâh !

Weep not, foolish Râjâ, I shall not eat their grass,
Nor shall I go away.
Take thy right hand and put it in thy pocket.

Then the Râjâ understood something of what he meant, and the slave took him away. So the Râjâ put his hand on his thigh and the kitten started up, and the Râjâ said to Râjâ Sarkap.

"Leave my horse and arms here for the present ; you can take them away when you have won my head."

Râjâ Sarkap agreed, and gave an order to all the women of his palace to dress themselves up and stand before Râjâ Rasâlû to distract his attention, so that their lord and master might win the last game. But Râjâ Rasâlû paid them no attention at all, and said to Râjâ Sarkap.

"We have been playing with your pieces all this while, suppose we play with mine now."

And they began to play with Râjâ Rasâlû's pieces. Meanwhile the kitten went up and sat by the window where the rat Dhol Râjâ used to come from.

After a while Râjâ Rasâlû began to win, and the Râjâ Sarkap called his rat, Dhol Râjâ, who came to the window, looked out, and went back. He then sent his mother, who came out, but, being afraid of the cat, she went back too. While this was going on Râjâ Rasâlû won the first stake, and took his arms back, and then he won the second stake and took his horse back. On this Râjâ Sarkap said—

Dhal, we pâsâ dhalwêñ, ithe basantâ lok !
Sarâñ dhaṛâñ han bâziâñ, jehṛî Sarkap kare so ho !

O moulded pieces, favor me : a man is here !
Heads and bodies are at stake : as Sarkap does so let it be !

Râjâ Rasâlû answered—

Dhal, we pású dhalwen, ithe basantá lok!
Sarán-dharán te báziáṅ! Jehṛî Allah kare so ho!

O moulded pieces, favor me: a man is here!
Heads and bodies are at stake! as God does so let it be.

After this Râjâ Rasâlû began to win, and first Râjâ Sarkap lost his kingdom, then his wealth, and at last on the whole game he lost his head.

Just then one of his slaves came up to congratulate him on the birth of a daughter.

"Kill her," said Râjâ Sarkap, "she has been born at an unlucky moment, and has brought me bad luck."

But Râjâ Rasâlû said to him,

"If you will give me your word by drawing a line on the ground with your nose* that you will never play this game again for another's head, and will give me this child that is born to-day to wife, I will spare your head now." Râjâ Sarkap agreed, and placing a mango branch and the little girl, Kokilâṅ, into a large plate he gave them to Râjâ Rasâlû. And Râjâ Rasâlû left that place, and as he was journeying along he met some prisoners, who cried out to him—

Hor ráje murghábîáṅ, tu rájá sháhbáz!
Bandî-bánáṅ de band khalás kar! umar terî dráz!

Other kings are wild-fowl, thou art a royal hawk!
Unbind the chains of the chain-bound and live for ever!

So Râjâ Rasâlû told Râjâ Sarkap to release them, which he did, and then Râjâ Rasâlû went to the Mûrtî Hills† and planted the mango branch there. There he had the Rânî Kokilâṅ placed in an underground palace, and said,

"When the mango branch blossoms then will Rânî Kokilâṅ arrive at her full youth."

After twelve years the mango tree began to blossom and give forth fruit, and the Rânî Kokilâṅ became a woman. One day she said to Râjâ Rasâlû,

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* A form of oath or irrevocable promise.

† Near Râwal-Pindî to the South West of it.

"What is it that people say happens when you shoot an animal in the *jangals* ?"

Râjâ Rasâlû replied, "when I hit an animal with an arrow it falls down in a faint, after running seven paces towards me."

"This is a very wonderful thing," said the Rânî, "and I shall not believe you till I see it with my own eyes."

So next morning the Râjâ made Rânî Kokilâṅ ride on a pillion behind him, and he wore some coarse clothes over his own, so that her perspiration should not injure him.* In this way he went forth into the *jangals* to shoot. Presently he shot a deer, and the deer as soon as it was wounded ran seven paces away from him and fell down.

"Last night" said the Rânî Kokilâṅ, "you told me that when you hit an animal it would fall seven paces towards you, but this has fallen seven paces away from you. Your words have not come true."

"My virtue has left me," said the Râjâ, "because you have been riding on the same horse as I."

"I will catch the deer with my hands, Râjâ," said the Rânî, "and will bring them to you."

And so she opened out seven locks of her scented hair, and sat on a tower of the palace, and the sweet scent of her hair filled the air. Two deer, called Hîrâ and Nîlâ, came to where she was sitting, attracted by the scent of her hair, and stood by her. Then Râjâ Rasâlû determined to try the power of the attraction of Rânî Kokilâṅ's hair, and frightened the deer with his bow. As soon as the deer Nîlâ heard the twang of the bow he ran for his life, but the deer Hîrâ was so attracted by the scent of Rânî Kokilâṅ's hair that he remained where he was.

"It would be a pity to kill this deer that is so fond of my wife," thought the Râjâ, "but I will mark him well." So he cut off its tail and ears to mark him, and then the deer Hîrâ said to the Râjâ—

Náṅ maiṅ khet ujáṛiá, náṅ maiṅ bhanní wáṛ :
Kyúṅ taiṅ púchh kaṭio í ? kítá kí ziyáṅ ?
Maiṅ bhí hiran húṅ kále jangal ká, dhaular lásáṅ chor.

* A superstition: the woman's perspiration would take his "virtue" out of him.

I have not injured thy fields, nor have I broken thy hedge:
Why hast thou cut my tail? what damage have I done?
I am but a deer of the thick *jangal*, I will bring a thief
into thy palace.

Saying this the deer Hîrâ went off to his kinsmen, but they cast him out of their herd because he had no ears or tail. So he became very sorrowful and went into the kingdom of Râjâ Hoḍî,* son of Râjâ Aṭkî Mall, where he joined a herd of deer. After a while he brought the whole herd into Râjâ Hoḍî's garden and destroyed it. As soon as Râjâ Hoḍî heard of this destruction he sent in men to catch the deer, and they all ran away except the deer Hîrâ, who remained hidden in the garden. Presently Râjâ Hoḍî came himself into the garden, and then the deer Hîrâ ran off, followed by the Râjâ on a horse. The deer Hîrâ led Râjâ Hoḍî to the palace of Râjâ Rasâlû, in the Mûrtî Hills, and then he said to the Râjâ, "Why have you followed me so far?"

"Why did you destroy my garden?" said the Râjâ, "I have followed you to kill you."

"I destroyed your garden," said the deer, "because Rânî Kokilâṅ ordered it."

"Where is she?" asked the Râjâ.

"She is sitting in that little latticed window above in the palace," said the deer.

When he heard this the Râjâ looked up and saw the Rânî Kokilâṅ, and the pair began to talk, meanwhile the deer Hîrâ hid himself in a bush.

Said the Rânî—

Mahlâṅ heth phirandiá Rájá; sháhid phirṅ, ki chor?
Ike Rájá mere dá wairî haiṅ? ike kharâ î ḍhor?

O Râjâ wandering beneath the palace: art thou a true man or
a thief?
Art thou an enemy to my Râjâ? or does an animal stand there?

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* The kingdom of this celebrated hero appears to have extended from Aṭak to as far as Jalâlâbâd beyond the Khaibar Pass. Aṭkî Mall as a name seems to have an obvious referrence to Aṭak. For the purposes of this tale his residence was apparently Ohind on the Indus, opposite Aṭak. His date was probably A.D. 250 or later. Thomas suggests that he is Kidara of the Scythian (Kushan) coins.

Said the Râjâ—

Chorâṅ maile kapṛe, Rânî; shâhid ike rang ho:
Na maiṅ tere Râjâ dâ wairî hûṅ, na khaṛâ î ḍhor:
Merioṅ ándá dúr se, ithe khaṛáîá zor.

Thieves wear dirty clothes, Rânî; true men clean:
Nor am I the Râjâ's enemy, nor does an animal stand here:
I came from afar after my quarry: I stand here of necessity.

And then he said—

Badaloṅ dhaṭhî jhaṛ-badalî: kin gharî suniár?
Nak ṭalwár dá píplá, hoṭh pánd de bîṛ!
Kis Râjâ dî beṭrî? kis Râjâ dî nár?
Taiṅ núṅ dhaular choṛhke kahâṅ gaiá gaṅwár?

The black rain-clouds fall from the clouds,* what jeweller made thee?
O thou of the nose ornament; O lips red with the betel leaves!
What king's daughter art thou? what king's wife?
Leaving thee in the palace, where has the fool gone?

The Rânî replied—

Na maiṅ badaloṅ dhaṭhîáṅ, Râjâ; na gharî suniár:
Nak talwâr dâ píplá; hoṭh pánd de bîṛ.
Râjâ Sarkap dî maiṅ beṭrî: Râjâ Rasálú dî maiṅ nár.
Maiṅ núṅ dhaular choṛhke johl de kankar gaiá shikár.

I fell from no rain-cloud, Râjâ; no jeweller made me:
My nose is a sword-point:† betel leaves are on my lips.
I am Râjâ Sarkap's daughter: I am Râjâ Rasâlû's wife.
Leaving me in the palace he has gone to hunt in the river-side swamps.

And then she said—

Kahâṅ tumhârî nagarî, Râjâ? kahâṅ tumhârá ṭhâṅ?
Kis Râjâ dá beṭrá? kyá tumhârá nâoṅ?

Where is thy city, Râjâ? where is thy home?
What king's son art thou? What is thy name?

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* Apparent reference to the dark complexion of Kokilâṅ

† That is, I am very fascinating.

The Râjâ replied—

> *Sindh to merí nagarí,* Ránî : Aṭak hai merá ṭháoṅ.*
> *Rájá Aṭkî Mall dá beṭrá : Rájá Hoḍî merá náoṅ.*
> Sindh is my city, Rânî : Aṭak is my home.
> I am Râjâ Aṭkî Mall's son : Râjâ Hoḍî is my name.

Said the Rânî—

> *Aliáṅ dákháṅ pakkiáṅ ; cho cho pauṅ anár :*
> *Aisá koî na jamiáṅ áwe Rájá de darbár.*
> The green grapes are ripe : the pommegranate drips :
> None such (as thou) can have a footing in the Râjâ's house.

Then said Râjâ Hoḍî to her, "Show me how to get to you." And the Rânî pointed out where the steps were, and said, "There is a large stone at the entrance of the staircase, you have only to remove that and come up."

The Râjâ did as he was bidden, but could by no means remove the stone, so he said—

> *Maiṅ bunjárá Sindh dá, bechán kalî kapúr :*
> *Jo saudá loreṅ mangwáṅ, to sadke le hazúr.*
> I am a pedlar of Sindh, I sell black camphor :
> Take into thy presence what merchandise thy heart doth desire.

Then Rânî Kokilâṅ pointed out another flight of three steps, but the Râjâ said, when he saw the steps, "I am not a bird that I can fly. If you really want me, let down a rope for me to climb up."

So Rânî Kokilâṅ let down a rope, and Râjâ Hoḍî climbed up it. He found in the palace two cages, in one of which was a *mainá* and in the other a parrot.

As soon as the parrot saw Râjâ Hoḍî he hid his head under his wing, and told the *mainá* to do the same. And the *mainá* did so, while Râjâ Hoḍî climbed up the rope and got on to the first step. Then she said to the parrot—

> *Sun, be tote láḍle, láḍ-báware ; suno hamárî bát :*
> *Uthe na basie, totiá, jithe ang na sák.*
> *Ajab tumáshá dekhiá : káṅ kháwe Rájá dî dákh.*

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* *Nagarí*, city, is frequently used for country or home : Sindh is for the R. Indus.

Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all: listen to my words:
Stay not here, parrot, where is nor friend nor relative.
I have seen a wondrous thing: a crow eating the Râjâ's grapes.

"What have you to do with it, *mainâ*?" said the parrot, "be quiet and hide your head under your wings."

Meanwhile Râjâ Hoḍî had climbed on to the second step, and the *mainá* said to the parrot—

Sun, be tote láḍle, láḍ-báware; suno hamárî bát:
Uthe na basie, totiá, jiṭhe sák na wîr:
*Ajáb tumáshá dekhiá, kuttá kháwe khîr.**

Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all: listen to my words:
Stay not there, parrot, where is nor friend nor brother:
I have seen a wondrous thing: a dog eating the rice.

But the parrot frightened the *mainâ* again, and meanwhile Râjâ Hoḍî reached the third step, and called out. Then the *mainâ* said again—

Sun, be tote láḍle, láḍ-báware; suno hamárî bát:
Uthe na basie, totiá, jithe ang na sák:
Ajab tumáshá dekhiá, khotá hinke Rájá de darbár.

Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all; listen to my words:
Stay not there, parrot, where is nor friend nor relative:
I have seen a wondrous thing; an ass braying in the Râjâ's palace.

Then the parrot said to the *mainâ* again, "I have often told you to be quiet, but you pay no attention."

But the *mainâ* said, "This thief comes into the house and shouts. This is what makes me angry and prevents me from being quiet."

In the mean time the Râjâ had got in, and being very thirsty asked the Rânî for water. The water however could not be

* A pottage of rice and milk.

easily got, and they both began to break away the stones at the brim of Râjâ Rasâlû's well to get at the water. After a while Rânî Kokilâṅ got up some water in a pitcher and gave it to Râjâ Hodî to drink. The Râjâ stopped two or three hours with Rânî Kokilâṅ and then began to enquire about going away again.

"Stay all night," said the Rânî, but he was afraid and would not stay. So the Rânî began to weep bitterly, and when the Râjâ saw her tears he said he would be back in four or five days, and he wiped away her tears with his own hands. Her eyes were covered with *kâjal*,* and as he wiped them, his hands got black from it.

"I will be back in three days," said the Râjâ, as he got ready to go.

"You made me a promise before and broke it," said the Rânî, "and when you get among the women of your palace you will forget me and never return at all."

"There are no women in my house," said the Râjâ, "I will not wash my hands of this *kâjal*, nor will I eat again, till I come to eat with you here."

Saying this he started that night for Aṭak, and reached the banks of the river Sindh. Being very thirsty he lay down on the bank and drank water with his mouth like an animal, for he was afraid of washing the *kâjal* from his hands if he used them. A *dhobî* was washing on the opposite bank, and seeing Râjâ Hoḍî drinking like a wild beast he said to his wife—

Sun, rî Dhoban lâḍlî, lâḍ-bâwaṛî, suno hamârî bât.
Pâroṅ âiâ râjpût, na wis sang na sâth:
Merioṅ wâṅgan pânî pî gaiâ: uske hâthoṅ ko kî kazâ?

Listen, O wife beloved, loved best of all: listen to my words.
On the far side has come a prince: nor friend nor company with him.
He drinks water like a deer, what is the matter with his hands?

---

* Lampblack for beautifying the eyes.

Said the *dhoban*, "If you will give me golden ornaments to wear, I will tell you the real truth of the matter."

"I will give you the golden ornaments when I go home, if you tell me the real truth."

Then the *dhoban* said—

Sun, be Dhobî lâḍle, lâd-bâware, suno hamârî bât:
Pâroṅ âiâ râjpût, na wis sang na sâth.
Ike nâr parchanewâlî ṣârî rât.
Woh rotî: is pûnjhâ kâjal hâthoṅ sâth.

Listen, O beloved husband, loved best of all, listen to my words:
On the far side has come a prince, nor friend nor company with him:
A woman pleased him all night.
She wept and he wiped the lampblack from her eyes with his hands.

When the *dhoban* said this the *dhobî* gave her a great beating, and she began to weep bitterly. When Râjâ Hoḍî heard the sound of her weeping he loosed the martingale of his horse and swam him across the river. When he got across he spoke angrily to the *dhobî*.

"You foolish washerman, you are a brave man to go beating your wife in my presence!"

"Lord of the world," answered the *dhobî*, "she said such unworthy things of you that I cannot repeat them."

Then Râjâ Hoḍî suspected that the *dhoban* had knowledge of things that are hidden, and said to her—

Ike to mânio dhoban: ike to mânio mâr:
Unhoṅ kî kyûṅkar guzarî, Dhoban, jin kî bikhṛe yâr?

I know thee for a washerwoman: I know thou hast been beaten:
How is she passing the time, *Dhoban*, who is separated from her lover?

Answered the *dhoban*—

We kalâiâṅ bâhṅ dhaulîâṅ, Râjâ: malkar dhôîṅ hâth.
Hansâṅ sir kitne, Râjâ? Jawâṇâṅ nârîṅ lâkh!

She is making fair her arms, Râjâ: wash thou thy hands.
How many husbands has the swan, Râjâ? young women are in thousands.

So Râjâ Hoḍî washed his hands, as the *dhoban* said, and entered into his palace.

Meanwhile Râjâ Rasâlû had come home from hunting, and Rânî Kokilâṅ said to him—

Nîle-ghoṛewâliâ Râjâ! nîle dâ sawâr!
Tarkash bhariâ motîâṅ! lâlâṅ jaṛî kumân!
Dhal jaṛî terî hîriâṅ! khâsâ sane rumâl!
Ṭhûmkî ghoṛâ! Das jâ, terî nâr lagâṅ ki bhaiṇ?

O grey-horsed Râjâ, riding the grey horse!
Thy quiver full of pearls! thy bow studded with rubies!
Thy shield studded with diamonds and fastened by a muslin kerchief!
Riding a prancing norse! Tell me am I thy wife or sister?

Answered Râjâ Rasâlû—

Pâsâ jitke âdar sai, Rânî chhoṛîṅ châr.
Bâgh lagâyâ tere shauq ko, âṛû, amb, anâr.
Khâke mewâ paltîṅ, Rânî: hoîṅ chhail muṭiâr.
Maiṅ, Râjâ Rasâlû, terâ binṛâ; tû, Kokilan, merî nâr.
Is gun rakhî nâ-gunîṅ: cho pachhânî sâr.

I won the stake with care, leaving four Rânîs behind.
I gave thee a garden to thy desire, peaches, mangoes, pommegranates.
Thou hast fattened on the fruit, Rânî: thou art fair and well-liking.
I, Râjâ Rasâlû, am thy bridegroom: thou, Kokilâṅ, art my wife.
For this reason I kept thee unread: thus I know thy character.

Saying this Râjâ Rasâlû dismounted and went up to Rânî Kokilâṅ. And seeing that the brim of the well was broken in, and that there were human footprints about, he said to Rânî Kokilâṅ—

Kin merâ kaṭor geṛiâ, Rânî? kin bhanî nisâr?
Ghaṛioṅ pânî kin lîâ? kin siṭṭî kaṅkâr?
Mahl merâ kaun toṛiâ? mahlîṅ piâ dhaskâr!
Sej merî kaun leṭiâ? dhilli paî niwâr!

Who threw down the well-brim, Rânî? who broke the platform?
Who has taken out the water in pitchers? who has thrown down the stones?
Who has broken into my palace? footmarks are in the palace halls!
Who has lain on my bed? the *niwâr** is loose?

The Rânî answered—

Main ne khûh geṛiá; main ne bhanî nisár;
Ghaṛion pánî main líá; main ne siṭṭî khanghár.
Mainá bodî khoiá, tote khoiá gale dá hár
Chhoṛwákar Rájá, main náî: mahlán piá dhaṛkár.
Sûl merî dî sej leṭiá: dhillî pâî niwár.

I broke down the well! I destroyed the platform!
I took out the water in pitchers! I threw down the stones!
The *mainá* loosened my hair and the parrot broke my necklace.
Releasing myself, Râjâ, I ran away: my footmarks are in the palace.
My enemy lay on the bed and loosened the *niwâr*.

When the Rânî Kokilâṅ said this the Râjâ beat the parrot, and the *mainá* said to the parrot,

"It is well that the Râjâ has beaten you, because you prevented me from telling him in the beginning the evil deeds of the Rânî."

After this the Râjâ went to sleep, and next morning before the sun was risen, he started off for the hunt again, and the parrot said to him,

"If we happen into any trouble while you are away, where shall we find you?"

And the Râjâ answered, "If anything happens within the next three or four days I shall be found by the river-side swamps. If anything happens within the next two or three months I shall be found hunting in the Kashmîr mountains," and then the Râjâ went away to the river-side swamps.

After two or three days, Râjâ Hoḍî came to the palace, and dismounting from his horse went to see Rânî Kokilâṅ, and the pair laughed together for joy.

* Cotton tape stretched across the bedstead.

Then said the *mainâ* to Rânî Kokîlân, "The first time you spoke evil of me and the parrot to Râjâ Rasâlû, what will you say to him now? Believe in God and leave off playing and laughing with a stranger."

But the Rânî became very angry and said,

Kuṭ-kuṭ chûṛî tainûn main deûn, mainâ; tû baiṭhî aḍh khâe
Inhân gallân nâl terâ kyâ matlab? tû ṭhanḍhâ pânî pîo.
Yeh pardesî dûr de uṭh jâsan apne ghar.

I give thee minced cakes, *mainâ*: thou sittest in thy cage and eatest.
What hast thou to do with this matter? Be silent!*
This foreigner will go off to his distant home.

Replied the *mainâ*—

Kuṭ-kuṭ chûṛîân âpe khâh, Rânî; sâḍî umaid Khudâe.
Râjâ merâ âusî, Rânî: karsân lûṇ halâl.

Eat thy minced cakes thyself, Rânî: I put my faith in God.
My Râjâ will come, Rânî: I will be true to my salt.

When the *mainâ* had said this the Rânî said to her, "You faithless bird, you have eaten from *my* hand always. Will you be untrue to *my* salt? The Râjâ wanders about in the *jangals*: and will you rather be true to *him*?"

So she took the *mainâ* out of the cage and cut off her head, and taking the cage she broke it into pieces and threw them away. Then she went up to the parrot's cage to kill him as well. But the parrot spoke caressingly to her in order to save his life, and said—

Bhalâ kîâ, jo shârak mârio î, Rânî: aisî chughaldâr!
Rannâṇ dil chirhwân: asân mardân dil dariâe.
Kaḍḍh-khân, Rânî, pinjarion; main wekhân Râjâ de râj.

Thou didst well to kill the *mainâ*, Rânî: that was such a backbiter!
Female minds are vexed by such things, our men's minds are above them.†
Let me out of the cage, Rânî: I wish to see the king's country.

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* *Lit.*, Do thou drink cold water.

† The word *mainâ* is feminine and the word *totâ* is masculine: hence the point of this speech.

Saying this he remained silent, and the Rânî thought to herself that after all he had never said anything against her, and moreover that he had always corrected the *mainâ* when she had spoken roughly, so considering him faithful she let him out of the cage, and then the parrot said,

"Let me go, and I will give the *mainâ* two or three kicks and revenge myself for the annoyance she has given me."

So the Rânî, being very pleased, let him loose, and then the parrot, to please the Rânî more, gave the dead *mainâ* two or three kicks, and then he asked the Rânî for a bath, "For," said he, "I am a good Hindû, and I have touched a dead-body."

So the Rânî, who had now become very fond of him, threw some water over him and wetted him, and then the parrot asked for some food. So the Rânî mixed flour and sugar and *ghî*, and made cakes of it which she gave the parrot to eat. When the parrot had eaten his fill he flew away to the top of the palace and began to weep, and the Rânî asked him why he wept.

"Rânî, live for ever," said the parrot, "but you have killed my friend the *mainâ*, and have made me very miserable."

Said the Rânî—

> *Totiâ we paṛosiâ, na jâiṅ bâ zor :*
> *Ik jo mainâ ham ne mârî, das mainâ desâṅ hor.*
> *Mannî apṇe Rabb nûṅ muṛâwîṅ mere kol !*
> *Dukh terâ maiṅ muṭâwângî : tû mandâ bol na bol !*

> Friendly parrot, go not incontinently away !
> For the one *mainâ* I killed I will give thee ten more.
> For thy God's sake come back to me.
> I will take away thy grief: speak not harsh words.

And though the Rânî coaxed and comforted him much he would not remain, and flew off to Râjâ Rasâlû, who was sleeping under a tree in the hills by the river-side swamps. When he found the Râjâ, the parrot went into a pool, and making his feathers all wet and draggled he sat on a branch of the tree just over Râjâ Rasâlû. As he sat there he shook himself to

dry his feathers, and the water from them was sprinkled over the Râjâ, who, thinking it was rain, got up, and then the parrot said to him—

Kîkar heṭh sutiá, Rájá, múṅh se pallá láh.
Ráni haṭhí kholiá, kardí banaj bupár.
Ik jo áiá rájpút us chik chik badhe bhár.

O Râjâ, sleeping beneath the *kîkar** tree, take thy sheet from off thy face.
The Rânî has opened her shop and is selling as a trader.
A prince who came has fastened her bundle tight.

Answered Râjâ Rasâlû—

Aṭh mainá, das shárkáṅ, bári bári mor;
Itne sháhidáṅ hundiáṅ, totiá; kyúṅ dhaular lage chor?

Eight *mainâs*, ten *mainâs*, a peacock at every window.
So many witnesses, parrot: why has a thief entered the palace?

Then the parrot said, "O Râjâ, the Rânî has killed the *mainá* and I only escaped after many devices and stratagems."

When he heard this, Râjâ Rasâlû fastened his cooking spit in his girdle and mounted his horse, for when he went shooting he always took two spits with him. On one he cooked his own food which he had killed, and on the other the Rânî cooked hers.

As he was journeying home, he passed Mârgalâ, and neared Sang Jâne,† and then his horse got so tired that he could hardly crawl. So the Râjâ said to his horse, "O Bhauṅr 'Irâqî, you used to fly along like a bird, and now when my enemy has come you have become lazy and crawl along." And the horse replied—

Andarúná toṛiá aḍiáṅ, Rájá: mere tan te choṭ na már.
Jis roz tú janamiá, merí Lakhí súí máe.
Je tú bhoṅre paliá, maiṅ badhoṅ uthe jáe.
Je tú nikaliá haiṅ bahir, maiṅ dar par khalá áe.
Je tú charioṅ merí píṭh par nahíṅ ditti bází hár.
Jinháṅ eh shohgandláṅ toṛiáṅ, kadíṅ sir bhí desáṅ cháe.

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* *Acacia Arabica*: called also *babúl*.

† The Mârgalâ Pass: Sang Jâne is a village near the Pass. The place is close by the site of the memorable struggle between Mahmûd of Ghaznî and Pirthî Râj on the Chach plains.

Thy spurring breaks my heart, Râjâ; injure not my body.
The day thou wert born, my mother Lakhî brought me forth.
When thou wert brought up in the cellar, I was fastened there.
When thou didst come outside, I stood at the door.
When thou didst mount me the stakes were never lost.
They have broken their oaths, some day I shall lose my head.

Then Bhauṅr 'Irâqî, the horse, thinking his master to be really in need of him, went cheerfully, and Râjâ Rasâlû reached his palace in the Murtî Hills. There, too, he found Râjâ Hoḍî.

A flight of sixty steps led down from the palace, and Râjâ Hoḍî descended thirty of them, and Râjâ Rasâlû called out to him from below.

"O mine enemy, strike me first, and I will see what I can do afterwards."

But Râjâ Hoḍî replied, "It is not right that I strike you first."

"Shoot at me first with your arrow," said Râjâ Rasâlû, "and I will shoot afterwards. And we will shoot alternately thus."

So Râjâ Hoḍî shot an arrow at Râjâ Rasâlû, but Râjâ Rasâlû parried it and cut it in half with his sword. Then Râjâ Hoḍî got ready another arrow, and Râjâ Rasâlû called out,

"I said you were to shoot *the first* arrow, and you are preparing another. Very well, shoot on, and no further desire can remain to you."

And Râjâ Hoḍî shot another arrow, but Râjâ Rasâlû put it aside with his shield, and then he took an arrow from his quiver to aim at Râjâ Hoḍî, while Râjâ Hoḍî got ready a third arrow. So Râjâ Rasâlû said—

Pahilî kânî mâriâ, Râjâ, Khudâ lîâ bachâe:
Dusrî kânî mâriâ, maiṅ gaiâ hûṅ khisiâe:
Tîsrî kânî sâdhiâ, sachî sât lage âe.

Thou didst shoot the first arrow, Râjâ, and God saved me;
Thou didst shoot a second and I was vexed.
Thou hast got ready a third and my good luck has come.

As he spoke Râjâ Hoḍî's bow broke in half, and he said to Râjâ Rasâlû—

Thuman nezá merá ghar rahá, Rájá: ghar rahá talwár.
Sau pag wich sardár hún: bhái hain ham char.
Áj roz tum mu'áf karo, phir na áún tere dwár.

My standard is at home, Râjâ: my sword, too, is at home.
I am head of a hundred clans: we are four brothers.
Forgive me to-day and I will come to thy doors no more.

Then said Râjâ Rasâlû, "You wretch, have you come on such an evil errand and have brought nothing to fight with? I will only shoot at you with this little arrow,—be careful that it does not hurt you! And then you can be master of the arrow and everything else for that matter, for I will leave this place for ever."

And with that he shot the arrow at Râjâ Hoḍî, who fell senseless, and Râjâ Rasâlû tore out his heart with his hands and stuck it on the spit which had no meat on it. For his own spit had meat on it, but the Rânî's was empty. He took both spits to Rânî Kokilân into the palace, and the Rânî asked him "what makes my lord so pleased to-day?"

And the Râjâ said, "Let us have a great feast. We have hitherto roasted each his own food on his own spit, but to-day I will roast your food and you must roast mine." And saying this he gave the Rânî the spit with venison on it and the Râjâ's heart he put on the spit he had kept for himself. When the roasting was over they exchanged meat and began to eat, and before the Rânî had finished her food she said, "How very good the meat is to-day!" and the Râjâ replied—

Jiúndián maujáñ mániáñ, Rání: múián khadre más.
Jinháñ nál jo maujáñ mániáñ, un ke gosht kyúñ na dewe suwád?

Living thou didst enjoy him, Rânî: dead thou hast eaten his flesh.
Why shouldst thou not relish his flesh who did enjoy thee?

The Rânî threw down the remainder of the meat quickly, and said, "What are you saying?"

Then the Râjâ took her by the hand to the corpse of Râjâ Hoḍî, and when the Rânî saw it she at first denied all knowledge of it, but at last she said—

Râjâ, baiṭhiâṅ desî mihniâṅ aur khaliâṅ desî gâl :
Jinhâṅ dâ sânûṅ mihnâṅ hai, marnâ asâṅ bhî unhâṅ de nâl.

Râjâ, sitting he will reproach me : standing he will abuse me.
I, too, must die with him who is my reproach.

And saying this Rânî Kokilâṅ leapt down the palace wall and was sorely wounded. The Râjâ picked up the wounded Rânî, and tied her on to one side of Râjâ Hoḍî's horse, and the corpse of the Râjâ he tied on to the other side, and sent it away to Aṭak, to Râjâ Hoḍî's country. And thus the adventures ended.

After this Râjâ Rasâlû set out from Mûrat to Siâlkoṭ, and here it was that a Jhîṅwar* took the Rânî Kokilâṅ to wife and cured her wounds. And here, too, after a while she bore him three sons, from whom are sprung the three Jhîṅwar Gots, who dwell there to the present day, viz., Sabîr, Gabîr, and Sîr.†

* The carrying caste: especially of the "bheestie" (*bahishtî*) or water-carrying class.

† It would be very interesting and valuable to try and find if these clans really exist, and what legends they have of their own origin.

No. II.

SAKHÎ SARWAR AND DÂNÎ JAṬṬÎ,

AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHÎ IN FIROZPÛR FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL IN 1879.

[This is quite a modern legend, for the present writer has conversed with the *lambardâr* or headman of the village of Lândeke, in the Firozpûr District, who claimed to be the son of the boy whom Sarwar raised from the dead for Dânî. He was a Siddhû Jaṭṭ. The author or composer of the legend as recorded is said to have been one Nihâlâ, a Bhaṛâiṅ, or professional singer in honour of Sakhi Sarwar. Sayyid Aḥmad Sakhi Sarwar Sultân Lakhdâtâ, usually known as Sarwar, or Sakhî Sârwar, is the most popular modern Saint of the Panjâb. He is a typical saint and belongs to that class of ascetics which came over and settled in the neighbourhood of Multân in the 11th and 12th centuries A. D. Sarwar himself probably flourished later, sometime in the 13th Century. His shrine is at Nigâhâ at the foot of the Sulimân mountains and at the entrance of the Sakhî Sarwar Pass in the Ḍerâ Ghâzî Khâṅ District, a spot eminently calculated to foster an austere life, as it is "the last place that any one, who in the least regarded his personal comfort, would choose as an abode." A crowded fair is held there every Baisâkh (April-May) attended by all sorts and classes of Panjâbîs, Hindûs, Musalmâns and others. The shrine is kept up by hereditary *mujâwirs*, or attendants, and by wandering *bhaṛâîṅs*, or bards, who sing the Saint's praises and collect pilgrims from all parts. Besides the above places Sarwar is personally connected with several others in the Lâhor, Gujrânwâlâ and Gujrât Districts.]

TEXT.

SAKHÎ SARWAR DÂ MO'JIZA DÂNÎ JAṬṬÎ DE NÂL.

Sabh taufîqâṅ Sâîṅ Sachche!
Jumliâṅ de Rabb paṛde kajje!
Jo kujh châhe so î kardâ;
Loṛe kaun haṭâiâ?
Âpe dendâ, âpe lendâ;
Sâḥib Dâtâ sakal jîâṅ dâ:
Ik lakh kaî chaurâsî jûnâ
Maullâ rizaq puchâiâ!
Parbat andar Sarwar wasse,

Farzandâṅ de dân bigasse,
Anhe koṛhî change kardâ;
Lagge dard gawâiâ.
(Agge) Qaumâṅ de vich haiṅ san zâtâṅ:
Sikhâṅ sevakâṅ baniâ nâtâ,
Dhuroṅ dargâhoṅ hunde âe,
Loṛe kaun haṭâiâ?
Bârâṅ warhe viâhî nûṅ guzre,
Dânî Pîr manâiâ.
Dânî nûṅ Rabb beṭâ diṭṭâ,
Sewadâr Pîrâṅ dâ kîtâ:
Kuṭṭe chûrmâ kare tayyârî
Dânî shêkh sadâiâ.

Jad shekh ne âke solhe gâe, tad Dânî de khâvind nûṅ, jo Gurû Nânak dâ sewak sî, bâhar khûṅ utte khawwar hoî; usse vele ghar nûṅ âiâ, te Dânî utte bahot ghusse hoiâ, te boliâ.

"Muṛke is dâ nâ nahîṅ lenâ."
Dânî nûṅ samjhâiâ:
Dânî nûṅ phaṛ andar diṭṭâ
Bûhe vich dhamkhâiâ:
Andar diṭṭî kare âwâzâṅ,
"Sun, Pîrâ, meriâṅ faryâdâṅ;
"Tûṅ sâmbh payândi rakhnâ hî lâjâṅ."
Bhairûṅ Chhaṛiâ Sarwar Pîrâ
Chhêtî nâl ghalâiâ.
Bhairûṅ Chhaṛiâ chhetî wagge;
Sutte ân jagâe sabhe;
Dewaṛ, jeṭh, qabîlâ sârâ
Chharie pakaṛ dabâiâ.
Din chaṛhiâ, sab rât guzrî,
Sabhe baiṭhe le jo 'uzrî;
Din chaṛhde nâl kîtî tayyârî,
Ghio guṛ turt mangâiâ.
Pinnîâṅ karke pâîâṅ palle,
Dânî, Karmâ, tinne challe.

"Ralke tussâṅ Pîr Bhâî jânâṅ,"
Qabîle samjhâiâ.
Vidiâ ho gharâṅ thiṅ challe,
Kharchî karke pâî palle,
Shahr Gurû de ḍerâ hoiâ
Kîtâ sang utârâ.
Khaïr kamâwan, bolan miṭṭhâ!
Dâyam nûr Nigâhe diṭṭâ,
Do do la'l milan sabhâṅ nûṅ
Sarwar de darbârâ!
Wajan ḍhol te ghulan damâme,
Sarwar mere de shadiâne,
Sang pohte jâ Multâne,
Sarwar de darbârâ.

Jad Multân pahunche, tad Dânî ne, jo oh ne waḍḍî waḍḍî changî chhîṭ te hor changîâṅ chîzâṅ vekhîâṅ, tad jî vich kihâ, ke "jekar tohfe wângar ehnâṅ vichoṅ kujh shai mul lekar maiṅ apne watan nûṅ lejâwâṅ te apne sahelîâṅ nûṅ dewâṅ tâṅ ohnâṅ dâ dil waḍḍâ râzî howegâ; par kî karâṅ? Mere kol sabh, ikkî moharâṅ haiṅ, wâste niâz Sakhî Sarwar te zarûrî kharch safar de haiṅ. Ik tadbîr zarûr ho sakdî hai, ke jekar ehnâṅ ikkî moharâṅ vichoṅ, jo maiṅ Sakhî Sarwar de wâste le âî hâṅ, addhî moharâṅ apne kol rakh leâṅ, taṅ apne sahelîâṅ te sâkâṅ de wâste ḍhoe mul leke jâwâṅ." Is wâste os ne eh badnîyat kîtî, te Sakhî Sarwar ne oh nûṅ be-îmân samjhiâ.

Pîrâṅ dâ kujh ôṛak nahîṅ,
Âpo apnâ sâyâ.
Ghauṅs Bahâu'ddîn, Shâh kul 'âlam,
Ziârat kardâ sârâ 'âlam,
Ziârat karke karan rasoî
Chhapreṭî chhapar lâiâ.
Tirmû langhe Siddh Râjâ dî;
Sangâṅ utte Sarwar râjî;
Ḥâjî Khânioṅ gae Waḍâwaṛe
Ḍhoṇḍ Pîr manâiâ.

Jad Dânî Tirmû Daryâ de pâr langhî, tad Sakhî Sarwar ne azmâne wâste (oh Dânî nûn pahle vî jândâ sî, ke isne sâḍe niâz vichon addhâ rakh len dî nîyat karke be-îmân ho chukkî hai) apne Wazîr Bhairûn Jatî nûn Dânî de kol Brâhmaṇ dî sûrat banâke ghalliâ, te os ne jâke Dânî de kol kujh kharât dene dî 'araz kîtî, par Dânî oh nûn jhunjhlâke bolî, ke "main sârî râste vich tuhâde logân de sawâlân ton luṭṭ gaî hân: koî Brâhman banke âwandâ hai, koî Sayyid banke âwandâ hai; main nahîn jândî aine Brâhmaṇ te Sayyid is bhukkî zamîn utte kitthon â gae hain. Hun main kissî nûn ik kauḍî vî nâ deângî." Jekar Bhairûn Jatî ne bahot khushâmad te minnat kîtî, par Dânî ne oh nûn kujh na dittâ, te mor diṭṭâ. Pher Sakhî Sarwar âp Sayyid dî shakal banke Dânî de kol gae, oh nûn vî ohjihâ jawâb miliâ jihojihâ Bhairûn Jatî nûn. Ehnân batân ton nârâz hoke Sakhî Sarwar ne oh de laṛke nûn jân ton mâr diṭṭâ. Eh dâ zikar agle gît vich âvegâ.

Âyyâ Ḍhoḍe dî chankaṇḍî,
Jitthe sewakân shakar waṇḍî;
Lâ 'adâlat Ḍhoḍâ baiṇḍhâ,
Lakh dâ wajjon suṅwâiâ.
Âyyâ Râne dîân Bêrî,
Jitthe sarwar Kakkî pherî,
Ikne sutte, ikne baiṭhe,
Iknâ Rabb dhyâiâ.
Chheh ghaṛîân shab rât guzrî
Maullâ Waḥi ghalâiâ.
Laṛke nûn pakaṛ Waḥî dabâve:
Laṛke jusse talkhî âve,
Uṭṭh khilotî mân vilâve:
Chhêtî de nâl uṭṭhî Dânî,
Laṛkâ mumme pâiâ.
Dânî dîân do dastân vichon
Laṛkâ hî kungrâiâ.
Jaṇḍon ṭurke chashme âwan,
Karkar khushîân sewak nhâwan:
Pakaṛ kinâre goshe Dânî
Laṛkâ jâ nhawâiâ.

Jad Dânî ne vekh lîâ, ke laṛkâ mar gîâ hai, pher os ne eh gall mashhûr na karnî châhî, kyûṅke os ne khiâl kîtâ, "Jekar eh gall mere gharwâle te dûje sâkâṅ aṅgâṅ nûṅ malûm hovêgî, tâṅ oh bahot ghusse hôṅge, to merâ burâ ḥâl karâṅge, kyûṅke eso laṛke de jamman dî khushî nâl maiṅ âî, te eḍî dûr dâ safar kîtâ, te apne gharwâle te sâkâṅ âṅgâṅ nûṅ nâl le âî hâṅ. Te hun eh laṛkâ mar gîâ hai, eh gall zarûr hai, jadoṅ eh khawwar merâ gharwâle te sâk aṅg sunâṅge, tâṅ oh safar dî taklîf nâhaqq uṭhâne de sabab bahot ghusse hoṅge, te Sakhî Sarwar nûṅ jhûṭhâ jânange, te mainûṅ bahot âhmaq jânke mârange." Is lîe Dânî ne laṛke de maran dî khawwar kissî nûṅ na diṭṭî, te âp alag ik kone vich jâke nhâte te laṛke nûṅ dikhâwan wâste nhawâiâ, te os nûṅ kapṛe nâl kaj diṭṭâ. Jadoṅ nhâ dhoke vehlî hoî tadoṅ oh de khândân de shekh ne âke âkhiâ, "maiṅ muddat toṅ tuhâḍe khândân dâ do'âgo hâṅ, te mere kol koî gâṅ nahîṅ hai; es karke mere laṛke bâle dudh dahîṅ te ghio nahîṅ pâ sakde. Maiṅ baṛâ lâchâr hâṅ, es karke 'arz kardâ hâṅ, ke tûṅ maiṅ nûṅ ik gâṅ bakhsh dê." Tad Dânî ne jawâb diṭṭâ, ke "jadoṅ merî murâd pûrî ho jaêgî, tadoṅ siwâ gâṅ de tainûṅ mahiṅ dewâṅgî inâm karke." Tad Shekh ne âkhiâ "Hun kî murâd terî bâqî hai? Rizaq tuhâḍe ghar agge hai, te laṛkâ bhî jo tû mangiâ sî, oh Sakhî Sarwar ne tainûṅ bakhshiâ." Eh sunke Dânî chup ho rahî, kyûṅke oh ḍardî sî, ke laṛke de maran dî gall muṅhoṅ na nikal jâve. Tad Dânî ne jâke âkhiâ.

Rauze dî eh bhallî 'imârat,
Khalqat âve terî ziârat,
  Us sewak dâ wajjoṅ likhâve
  Jis ne eh banwâiâ.
Sang jo jândâ pahlî wârî
Sarwar bahndâ ho bapârî
  Hîre, motî, la'al, jawâhir,
  Pîr bazâr lagâiâ.

Jad darbâr vich bahot rât guzar gaî, tad log apne apne ghar nûṅ challe gae: par Dânî darbâr de ik kone vich chhip gaî, te mujâwir, eh jânke ke hun darbâr vich koî nahîṅ, darwâzâ darbar dâ band karke challâ gîâ. Dânî ne jadoṅ vekhiâ ke hun darbâr

vich koî nahîṅ te darwâzâ bhî darbâr dâ band hai, tad darbâr de vich âke baiṭh gaî te bolî.

Laṛke nûṅ pawândî pâe,
Sarwar agge 'arzî likhâe;
Baṛe pawâṛe Sarwar jitte:
Sunne andar pâiâ.

Dânî.

Tu sun, Zainu'l-'âbadîn de jâe;
Sikhâṅ de ghar assî viâhe;
Sikh sâware puttar parâe:
Dâman terâ phaṛke âe,
Ethe de jawâb khilotoṅ,
Agge kaun langhâiâ?

Sarwar.

Agge 'amal langhâwan chokhe:
Khariâṅ nâl na ralde khote.
Bêlâ hove maiṅ kaṭ gawâwâṅ;
Moiâ kiâ jawâiâ!

Dânî.

Raho, Pîrâ! kyûṅ karwâe aṛîâṅ?
Sukhiâṅ bârâṅ karwâe hariâṅ:
Poh mahîne mahâṅ siâle
Wan tan mewâ lâiâ!

Sarwar.

Jitne jangal de wasninde
Ralke 'arz kîtî Pîrâṅ de;
Rabb ohnâṅ dî sun bintî.
Wan tan mewâ lâiâ.

Dânî.

Dânî âkhî, sun, arbele;
Fuqrâṅ khâḍe aiyaṛ chhele;
Sâbit kar mâwâṅ nûṅ mele:
Siriâṅ, khuriâṅ, khallâṅ andar
Kin sî rûh pawâiâ?

Sarwar.

Tin sai saṭh malang Allâh dâ:
Othe nahîṅ sî qadam asâḍâ;
Ân faqîrâṅ kîte na'are:
Sâhib ne sun pâiâ.

Dânî.

Sabhâṅ waḍḍe, tûṅ, Pîr, chhoṭâ?
Tere jihâ koî na khoṭâ!
Ḥîla bâlâ das asâ nûṅ,
Loṛe kyûṅ parchâiâ?

Te Dânî bolî, "Nâmâ Chhîmbâ, jo ik kamîn zât dâ sî, oh de kappṛiâṅ dî panḍ dî ṭhokar nâl gâṅ mar gaî sî, te os ne gâṅ nûṅ pher zindâ kîtâ. Te Dhanne Jaṭṭ ne pattar vichoṅ Ṭhâkur dâ darshan kîtâ. Kyâ âp ehojeh âdmîâṅ de barâbar nahîṅ?" Tad Sakhî Sarwar ne jawâb diṭṭâ.

Nâmâ Chhimbâ Bâdshâh phaṛiâ;
Mâran nûṅ oh bâhar turiâ;
Dânâ pânî sî oh dâ laria:*
Gâo jawâî; tâṅ oh bachiâ.
Nahîṅ sî dard vich âiâ.
Dhanne Bhagat dî pâk kamâî,
Mûî Nâme gâo jawâî:
Poh mahîne mahâṅ siâle
Sattar wârî nhâiâ;
Bâdshâh de darwâze agge
Wachhâ chaḍḍ chunghâiâ

Ehnâṅ kahke Ḥazrat ne apne wazu de pânî dâ chhaṭṭâ Dânî utte mâriâ. Oh be-hosh ho gaî, te âp Sakhî Sarwar suboḥ dî namâz vich lage.

Sarwar de man mihar jo bhânî,
Pher gîâ dargâh Rabbânî:
Allah agge 'arzîâṅ kardâ,
"Tûṅhîṅ Bakhshanhârâ."

* For *raliá.*

Eh âyat paṛhî "wat 'izz-i-man toshâ': wat zill-i-man toshâ. Jekar laṛkâ na jîviâṅ tâṅ maiṅ nûṅ zillat hovegî, to jekar jî piâ tâṅ merî 'izzat hovegî."

Allah mere dâ farmâiâ;
Oh farishta jhabb ghalâiâ:
Laṛke andar jâṇ jo paindî
Laṛkâ kheḍanhârâ.

Jad mujâwir suboḥ Sakhî Sarwar de darbâr dâ darwâzâ kholiâ, tâṅ Dânî apnê behoshî toṅ hoshiâr hôî, te khauf de mâre, ko mujâwir eh nûṅ kuh baiṭhe, ke "rât nûṅ darbâr kyûṅ rahî sî? te bâhar kyûṅ na gaî?" chup châp dûje râste toṅ bâhar bhajj gaî. Os nûṅ eh khawwar hôî, ke merâ laṛkâ jî piâ hai. Jad mujâwir andar âiâ, tâṅ os ne vekhiâ, ke ik bachâ kheḍ rihâ hai: os nûṅ god vich laike âwâz diṭṭê, ke "rât nûṅ kidhâ laṛkâ darbâr vich rah gaiâ sî?" Dânî âwâz sunke jhaṭṭ âî te bolî "merâ muṇḍâ hai." Tad mujâwir ne âkhiâ.

Mujâwir.

Tûṅ sun, bholî te diwânî!
Laṛke dî kujh das nishânî!

Dânî.

Kannî mundarâṅ te toṛ tarâgî,
Kannî syonewâliâṅ.
Khushî nâl murâdâṅ dinnâṅ haiṅ,
Tûṅ Pîr Nigâhewâliâ!

Jad Dânî apne laṛke paṭṭâ nishân diṭṭâ. tâṅ os nûṅ mujâwir ne laṛkâ de diṭṭâ.

Dânî de log hôo udâle,
Dânî log puchanwâle;
"Ḥâl ḥaqîqat das asâ nûṅ,
Kî wartiâ wartâiâ?"

Dânî.

"Jis din sâṅ maiṅ Bêrî âî
Rabb ḥazûr bulâiâ.
Kharchî dindî waṇḍ, jî:
Sir sadqâ farzand, jî.
Dhan, kamâî, Sarwar. terî!
Tûṅ mâwâṅ puttar milâiâ!"

TRANSLATION.*

Sakhî Sarwar's Miracle with Dânî, the Jaṭṭ Woman.

True Master of all power!
May the God of (us) all throw a curtain (over our sins)!
(He that) doeth whatever he listeth;
Who hath thwarted his desire?
He giveth and He taketh away;
Master and Giver of all life:
In the *lâkh* and some eight-four lives †
God hath given sustenance!
Sarwar dwelt in the mountains,
And gave sons in charity,
Making whole the blind and leprous;
If there was pain, he put it away.
(Next). ' There are a hundred castes in the Tribes:
He joined follower and follower ‡ together:
As they used to be from the beginning.
Who hath thwarted his desire!
Twelve years of wedded-life had passed,
And Dânî prayed to the Saint.
God gave Dânî a son,
And made him a follower of Saints:
Making ready a thank-offering
Dânî called a bard (of Sarwar).

When the bard came he sang his song, and news of it reached Dânî's husband who was a follower of Gurû Nânak, while he was (working) at his well outside. He came home at once and was very angry with Dânî and said—

"Thou shalt not take this one's name again."
And he threatened Dânî:
He took Dânî and thrust her inside
And threatened her at the threshold.

* A metrical version of this tale appeared in the *Calcutta Review* for 1881 by the author.

† *I.e.* in the transmigration of souls: an idiom. Should be 84 *lâkhs* of lives.

‡ *I.e.* followers of one kind of saint to those of another.

Thrust inside she cried aloud,
"O Saint, listen to my complaint.
Thou shouldest preserve the honour of thy follower."
Bhairûṅ, * the Dread, (to her) Sarwar, the Saint,
Sent immediately.
Bhairûṅ, the Dread, came forthwith;
Came and awakened all the sleepers:
The younger and the elder brother, and the whole household
The Dread One seized and harried.
The day broke, all the night had passed,
They all sat down and made excuses:
At break of day she made preparations,
And sent quickly for sugar and *ghî.*
Making dried-cakes she tied them in their clothes:
Dânî and Karmâ and the three† went off.
"Go you together to the Holy Saint,"
Said the household.
Taking their leave they went from their home,
Making food-for-the-way they tied it in their clothes,
And encamped in the city of the Gurû,‡
And sojourned together.
Act uprightly, speak sweetly!
The light of Nigâhâ§ hath ever shone!
May two sons each be granted to all
At Sarwar's shrine!
Beating drums and sounding timbrels (?)
The drums of my (Lord) Sarwar.
Going together they reached Multân, (near)
The shrine of Sarwar.

When they reached Multân, Dânî, seeing (there) very beautiful clothes and other excellent things, said to herself, "If I

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* *I.e.* Bhairava, a form of Siva. Treated always as Sarwar's messenger!

† Dânî, Karmâ her husband and Dharmâ his brother.

‡ Jhaṇḍiâlâ, the City of "Gurû" Haṇḍâl, in the Amṛitsar District.

§ Sarwar's shrine.

buy something of wonderful things like these and take them home and give them to my companions they will be very pleased in their hearts. But what can I do? I have (but) 21 gold-pieces all-told for the offering to Sakhî Sarwar and the necessary expenses of the way. One plan is certainly possible. Suppose I keep back from these 21 gold-pieces which I have brought for Sakhî Sarwar, half of them, then can I buy presents for my companions and relations." So she acted with an evil intent, and Sakhî Sarwar considered her to be dishonourable.

There is no fathoming of the Saints:
They are their own glory (shadow).
Ghauns Bahâu'ddîn,* Saint of the whole world,
(Whom) the whole world worships,
They worshipped, and cooked (their food)
And planted their flag and halted.
They crossed the Trimmû at Royal Siddhû:
And Sarwar was pleased with the pilgrims.
From Ḥâjî Khâñ they went to Waḍâwaṛ (Vaḍoṛ)
And worshipped Saint Dhoḍâ.†

When Dânî had crossed the Trimmû River, Sakhî Sarwar to try her, (for he knew from the first that Dânî had kept back half of her offering for some purpose of her own, and had already become dishonourable) sent his minister Bhairûñ, the Holy, to Dânî disguised as a Brâhmaṇ. And he going to Dânî begged alms, but Dânî being vexed at him said, "All the way I have been robbed by the begging of you people. Some come got up as Brâhmaṇs and others got up as Sayyids. I don't know whence so many Brâhmaṇs and Sayyids have come to this hungry land. And now I will not give even a cowry to any one." Though Bhairûñ, the Holy, flattered and besought her much, still Dânî gave him nothing and pushed him away. Then Sakhî Sarwar went himself to Dânî disguised as

* The great Saint of Multân. Shekh Bahâ'uddîn Zakaria who flourished 1170-1266 A.D.

† Sarwar's brother. He is buried at Baghdâd, but has a shrine at Vaḍoṛ.

a Sayyid, and he got the same answer as Bhairûṅ, the Holy. Being displeased at these things Sakhî Sarwar slew her son as the coming song will relate.

They came to Ḍhoḍâ's shrine,
Where the pilgrims distributed sugar (in alms);
(There) Ḍhoḍâ sits holding court
Hearing the prayers (voices) of thousands.
They came to Rânâ's Tree,*
Where Sarwar caracoled (his mare) Kakkî:
Some were sleeping, some were sitting,
Some meditated on God.
Six hours of the night had passed,
God sent the Angel of Death.
The Angel of Death seized and harried the boy:
Distress came upon the boy's body,
And his mother got up and coaxed him:
Quickly got up Dânî
And gave the boy her breast
From between Dânî's two hands
The boy fell dead.
Leaving the *jaṇḍ* trees† early they came to the springs,
And the pilgrims washed with joy:
Going to a corner by the bank Dânî
Went and washed her boy.

When Dânî saw that the boy was dead she did not wish to let it be known, because she thought that if it became known to her husband and her kith and kin they would become very angry and make it wretched for her, as she had come (to Nigâhâ) from joy at the birth of the boy, and had journeyed thus far bringing her husband and kindred with her. And now that the child had died her husband and kindred were certain to become very angry if they should hear of it, because of taking all the trouble of the journey for nothing, and would think that Sakhî Sarwar was false, and would beat her for being a great fool. So Dânî told no one of the death of the boy, and going

* Rânâ, the son of Sarwar. The tree was a *ber*, *zizyphus jujuba*.
† The same as the *ber*.

apart into a corner bathed herself and bathed the child too, just for show, and wrapped it up in her clothes. When the washing and bathing was over the bard of her family came to her and said, "I have been a servant in your family for a long while, and I have no cow, so my children can get neither milk, nor curds, nor *ghî*. I am in great straits, and so I make you my petition to grant me a cow." Then answered Dânî, "When my desire shall be fulfilled, then I will give you a buffalo* instead of a cow as a present." Then answered the bard, "What desire is left you? Plenty is in your house, and the son you wanted Sakhî Sarwar has granted you." When she heard this Dânî held her peace as she feared to let the news of her son's death pass her lips.

Then Dânî went (to Sarwar) and said—
(In) this beautiful building and dome
The people come to worship thee,
That the praises of that follower† may be recorded
Who built it.
(To) the pilgrims who go for the first time,
Sarwar sitting and becoming a trader,
Diamonds, pearls, rubies, jewels
Hath the Saint offered in trade.

When much of the night had been passed in praying, the people went off to their own homes, but Dânî hid herself in a corner of the shrine, and the attendant, thinking that there was now no one in the shrine, shut the door and went away. When Dânî saw that there was now no one in the shrine, and that the door of the shrine was shut, she went into it and sat down and spoke to him—

She placed the boy at his feet
And addressed her petition to Sarwar:
Great victories hath Sarwar gained:
She placed (the boy) inside in an empty place.

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* The buffalo being preferable as supplying more milk.
† 'Isâ Bâniyâ in the time of the Emperor Aurangzeb.

Dânî.

Listen, thou son of Zainu-'l-'âbadîn ;*
I married into a Sikh's house ;
My husband's family are Sikhs and strangers' children :
Seizing thy skirt I am come,
If in this thou disappoint me
Who will support me in future ?

Sarwar.

In the future good deeds will bring salvation,
The bad cannot mix with the good.
If it be a pain (colic) I can cure it ;
(But) who hath restored the dead to life ?

Dânî.

Hold, Saint ! why dost vex (me) ?
Thou didst make the dry forest green :
In the coldest month of January.
The *wan* † tree brought forth fruit !

Sarwar.

All the people of the forest
Together made petition to the Saints ;
God heard their prayer :
And the *wan* tree brought forth fruit.

Dânî.

Said Dânî, "Listen, babbler ;
The *faqîrs* ate the kids of the flock ;
Made whole they were restored to their mothers :
Into the heads and hoofs and skins
Who had put the life ?"

Sarwar.

They were three hundred and sixty men of God :
No hand (foot) of mine was there ;
Coming (together) the *faqîrs* made a prayer :
God heard and granted it.

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* Name of Sarwar's father.
† *Quercus incana* : bears fruit in July.

Dânî.

All (saints) are great, art thou, Saint, less (than they) ?
There is none false as thou ?
Show me some good plan;
Why hast put away my desire ?

And Dânî said, " Nâmâ, the Dyer,* was of low caste. His cow died from a blow from his bundle of clothes, and he restored the cow to life. And Dhannâ, the Jaṭṭ,† made God himself to appear from the stone. What ? art thou not equal to such men as these ?" Then answered Sarwar—

The king seized Nâmâ, the Dyer ;
He went outside to slay him ;
His bread and water were yet mixed :‡
He restored the cow to life and was saved,
Else he had been in trouble (pain) ;
The actions of Dhannâ Bhagat were holy.
Nâmâ restored the dead cow to life :
In the very cold month of January
He bathed seventy times :
Before the gate of the King
He loosed the calf and made him suckle.

Saying this the Saint sprinkled some of his own holy water over Dânî. She became insensible, and Sakhî Sarwar began himself to repeat the morning prayer.

When compassion entered into Sarwar's mind,
Then he went to the throne of God :
Before God he made his petition,
" Thou alone art the Giver of Gifts ! "

And he made this quotation (from the Qurân ! !), " My good report is with Thee and my evil report is with Thee. If the child does not live then will dishonour be to me, and if he live then will honour be to me."

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* Nâmdev, the celebrated Bhagat and Poet.
† Dhannâ Bhagat, hero of a very popular tale.
‡ *I.e.* he had still to live : an idiom.

God, at my request,
(He) sent that angel quickly:
When life entered into the child
The child began to play.

When the attendant in the morning opened the door of Sakhî Sarwar's shrine Dânî had recovered from her swoon. And through fear, lest the attendant should ask her why she had remained in the shrine all night and had not gone out, she ran away quietly by another way. But she knew that her child was alive again. When the attendant went inside he saw that a child was playing about. He took it up in his arms and called out, "Who left a boy in the shrine all night?" And Dânî, hearing the call, came at once and said, "The child is mine!" Then said the attendant—

Attendant.

Listen, thou fool and idiot!
Canst show me any marks of the child?

Dânî.

Rings in his ears and crooked zone-of-silver-beads,
Golden rings in his ears!
Cheerfully hast thou granted my desires,
Thou saint of Nigâhâ.

When Dânî gave the signs and marks of the child the attendant delivered the child to her.

Dânî's friends became pressing;
Dânî's friends asked questions:
"Tell us the whole truth,
What chance hath happened?"

Dânî.

The day we came to the *ber* tree,
God called (my son) to his presence.
I gave and distributed alms, sir;
A thank-offering for my son, sir.
Good hath been thy deed, Sarwar,
That brought the son to his mother!

No. III.

DHANNÂ, THE BHAGAT.

As sung by Mirân Bakhsh and Ghunnâ, Professional Singers of the Darbâr Sâhib or Golden Temple at Amritsar, before the Author in 1880.

[Though Dhannâ is acknowledged to have been one of the Bhagats, and his story, as here told, is very popular and widely known, yet it appears to be almost hopeless to try and clear up the obscurity in which his historical existence is involved. He was a Jâṭ cultivator and a follower of Râmânand, and as a few verses in the *Âdi Granth* are attributed to him, he must have flourished in the 15th Century.]

TEXT.

Dhanne dâ Shabad.

Tek.

Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh:
Dhanne dâ nische lâgâ neh:
Pâr-brahm, pûran, abnâshî,
Har se lâgâ neh.

I.

Dhannâ jangal gawwâṅ châre,
Brâhmaṇ* niklio âe:
Nhâe, dhoe, pûjâ visthâre,
Baiṭha dhyân lagâe.
Dhannâ kahndâ, "Sun, Bhâî Dâdâ;
Sâ nûṅ vî bhagtî lâe."
Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh: *etc.*

II.

Brâhmaṇ kahndâ, "Sun, Bhâî Dhanniâ!
Hun dî gharî guzâr.
Taiṅ nûṅ Ṭhâkur changâ dewâṅ,

* The Bhagat Tarloch or Trilochan. His history is very obscure but he is supposed to have been a fellow countryman and contemporary of the famous Nâmdev, the Bhagat and Marâṭhâ poet, who was born at Pandharpûr in the Dakhan and flourished in the time of Sikandar Shâh Lodî (1488-1512).

Baṛâ koî muṭiâr:
Sabhnâṅ dâ piû ghar hai sâḍe.
Tûṅ chal sâḍe nâl."
Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh: *etc.*

III.

Brâhmaṇ de ghar Dhannâ âiâ,
"Dâdâ, Ṭhâkur deh."
Ḍhuṇḍ-bhâl chauserâ diṭṭâ,
"Dhanniâ, Ṭhâkur eh!
Pahle bheṭ chaṛhavîṅ maiṅ nûṅ;
Sufal hove tere se!"
Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh: *etc.*

IV.

Dhanne gâû laverî diṭṭî,
Le Ṭhâkur, bâhir âiâ:
Ṭobhe utte bhagat arambhî,
Bhûrâ siṭṭ vichâiâ:
Nhâe dhoe Ṭhâkur biṭhlâiâ:
Ghar se bhattâ âiâ.
"Je tûṅ khâvîṅ, tâṅ maiṅ khâwâṅ."
Dhanne diṛchit lâiâ.
Jânanhârâ, Purakh Vidhâtâ,
Govind bhog lagâiâ.
Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh: *etc.*

V.

Kahio Nârâyaṇ, "Sun, Bhâî Dhanni;
Taiṅ pâiâ Har bhev"
Kahio Nârâyaṇ, "Sun Bhâî Dhanniâ;
Taiṅ kînî merî sev.
Pherâṅ halṭ,* kiûre khaḍḍâṅ,
Kam karesâṅ ev;
Gawwâṅ chârâṅ, kam sawârâṅ,
Sabhe jânâṅ bhev.
Taiṅ tâṅ maiṅ nûṅ tan man arpiâ:
Sufal hove terî sev."
Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh: *etc.*

* For *rahaṭ*, a Persian wheel.

VI.

Har de kam hawâle karke
  Dhannâ ghar nûṅ âiâ :
Aggoṅ istrî puchchhan lâgî,
  " Bâhir kaun biṭhâiâ ?
Khetî dâ kam kharâ ogharâ ;
  Kis bharose âiâ ?"
" Dâde asâ nâl changî kîtî :
  Kâmâ bhalâ ralâiâ."
    Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

XII.

Dhannâ kahndâ, " Sun, Bhâî Dâdâ ;
  Ṭhâkur gawwâṅ châre :
Ghar de kam sawâre sâre,
  Asâṅ koî na sâre :*
Tere Ṭhâkur oh de kede ;
  Asâṅ, Bhâî, muṭiâre :
Sâḍe Ṭhâkur raj raj khândâ ;
  Taiṅ Ṭhâkur bukkhâ mâre !"
    Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

VIII.

Brâhmaṇ kahndâ, " Sun, Bhâî Dhanniâ
  Taiṅ pâiâ Har bhev :†
Nische ḍorî Har se lâgî,
  Miliâ Naranjan Dev :
Maiṅ nûṅ darshan karâvîṅ, Dhanniâ ;
  Maiṅ terâ gur-dev."
    Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

IX.

Brâhmaṇ nûṅ lai bâhir âiâ :
  Shâm charâe gâeṅ.
" Oh vekh, Dâdâ, gwal-maṇḍ a
  Sabhe kam karâeṅ."

---

* For *sawâre.*

† For *bhed.*

Dhanne nûṅ Har nazrî âiâ ;
  Brâhman nûṅ disdâ nâhîṅ.
    Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

X.

Brâhmaṇ kahndâ, "Sun, Bhâî Dhanniâ ;
  Maiṅ nûṅ darshan karâîṅ :
Gurâṅjî udhâre sikh hazârâṅ ;
  Sikh udhârâṅ kaîṅ.
Maiṅ vî hâṅ waḍḍ bhâgî, Dhanniâ :
  Joṛ paiâ taiṅ hâṅhîṅ.
Asâḍe tarfoṅ bintî karke,
  Ḍhaike pairî paîṅ."
    Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

XI.

Dhanne dî Har madat hoiâ ;
  Jo âkhe, so manne :
Bakalîâṅ dî ṭiṇḍ chabâî ;
  Bhan chupâe ganne ;
Roṭî utte sâg khawâiâ ;
  Chhâh piâî chhanne.
"Mere gur ko darshan dîje ?"
  Kûk sunâiâ kanne.
    Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

XII.

Dhannê kahndâ, "Suno, Nârâyaṇ ;
  Mere gur ko darshan dijo :
Ehâ darshan deo, Nârâyaṇ ;
  Kirpâ karkar, rîjho."
Kahio Nârâyaṇ, "Sun, Bhâî Dhanniâ ;
  Maiṅ is nûṅ na dîjûṅ.
Janam janam dâ kapṭi Brâhmaṇ,
  Karm bhalle na kîjo :
Sârî umar gaṅwâî eviṅ ;
  Ajj bî nûṅ man na bhîjo."
    Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

XIII.

Kahio Nârâyaṇ, "Sun, Bhâî Dhanniâ;
Maiṅ hâṅ Krishṇ Murârî,
Jo jo mere sarnî âiâ,
Kyâ purakhâ, kyâ nârî;
Jinhâṅ jinhâṅ Parmeshar bhajjiâ,
So prâṇî maiṅ târî.
Brâhmaṇ dî hamâyat waḍḍî:
Oh vî utregâ pârî."
Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh: *etc.*

XIV.

Dhanniâ kahndâ, "Suno, Nârâyaṇ;
Prabal terî mâyâ:
Jinhâṅ nûṅ tûṅ âp waḍâvîṅ,
Kaun bulâve râyâ?"
Parmânand sâdh dî sangat:
Dhanne dhan kahâiâ.
Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh: *etc.*

Tek.

Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh:
Dhanne dâ nische lâgâ neh:
Pâr-brahm, pûran, abnâshî,
Har se lâgâ neh.

TRANSLATION.

THE SACRED SONG OF DHANNÂ.

Refrain.

Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari:
Dhannâ's devotion was sincere:
To the supreme, infinite and immortal
Hari was his devotion.

I.

Dhannâ was grazing cows in the jungle
(When) a Brâhmaṇ* came out of it:

* Said to have been Tarloch or Trilochan the Bhagat. The tale purports to relate the rebuke of Dhannâ to the Brâhmaṇs.

He bathed, washed, spread out his gods for worship,
Sat down and began to meditate.
Saith Dhannâ, "Listen, Friend Brâhmaṇ;
Bring me also the saintship."
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

II.

Saith the Brâhmaṇ, "Listen, Friend Dhannâ!
Wait now a little while.
I will give thee a good God,
Big and somewhat stout:
The father of all (the gods) is my house.
You come with me."
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

III.

Dhannâ came to the Brâhmaṇ's house,
"Brâhmaṇ, give me the God."
He searched about and gave him a four-*sér* weight (stone),
"Dhannâ, this is the God!
(But) first confer on me a gift
That thou mayest succeed."
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

IV.

Dhannâ gave him a milch cow,
And taking his God, went outside:
He commenced his worship at a pool,
And spread out a blanket;
Bathed, washed, and placed his God:
His dinner * came from his house.
(Said the God), "If you eat I will eat."
Dhannâ plucked up his courage:
(And) the Knower-of-hearts, the Creator of man,
Gobind, fell to eating.
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

* The day's food brought to husbandmen in the fields.

V.

Said Nârâyaṇ* "Listen, Friend Dhannâ;
You have found out Hari's secret."
Said Nârâyaṇ, "Listen, Friend Dhannâ;
You have done me service.
(So) I will drive your Persian-wheel, I will dig your field,
Thus will I work;
I will graze your cows, I will work carefully,
I know all the art.
As you have given yourself, body and soul, to me,
Your service shall be fruitful."
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

VI.

Handing over the work to Hari,
Dhannâ went home:
Whereon his wife began questioning,
"Whom have you set (to work) outside?
Field work is very difficult,
Confiding in whom have you come?"
(Replied Dhannâ) "The Brâhmaṇ has done me a good turn;
And given me a good workman."
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

VII.

Saith Dhannâ, "Listen, Friend Brâhmaṇ:
The God is grazing the cows:
He watches over all the house and work,
I look after nothing:
Your God is just as he was;
Mine, Friend, is well-liking:
My God eats his fill;
You are starving your God to death."
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

---

* Hari, Ṭhâkur, Gobind, Nârâyaṇ, Naranjan, Krishn, Murârî, and Shâm, are all names for the same God; our word is Krishṇa usually.

VIII.

Saith the Brâhman, "Listen, Friend Dhannâ,
Thou hast found out Hari's secret:
Thy sincere devotion* was to Hari.
Naranjan, the God, hath met (thee):
Show him to me, Dhannâ;
I am thy priest."
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

IX.

He took the Brâhman outside:
Shâm† was grazing the cows.
"Look at him, Brâhman, among the herd
He is doing all the work."
Dhannâ could see Hari;
He did not show himself to the Brâhman.
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

X.

Saith the Brâhman, "Listen, Friend Dhannâ:
Make him show himself to me:
The *Gurûs* have saved thousands of followers.
I (too) would save some followers.
I also am very fortunate, Dhannâ,
In that I have consorted with you.
Praying on my behalf;
Fall at his feet.
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

XI.

Hari was the helper of Dhannâ;
As he said, so he obeyed:
He ground for him pots of boiled millet;
Plucked him sugar-cane to chew;
Gave him a relish (greens) to his bread,
And butter-milk in a brass cup to drink.
"Be pleased to show thyself to my priest?"
He called out to him with a loud voice.
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

* *Literally*, String, rope, cord. † Sanskrit, Śyâma.

XII.

Saith Dhannâ, "Listen, Nârâyaṇ;
Be pleased to show thyself to my priest:
So show thyself, Nârâyaṇ,
That thy kindness be pleasing to thee."
Said Nârâyaṇ, "Listen, Friend Dhannâ;
I will not show myself to him.
In life after life hath the Brâhmaṇ been deceitful,
He hath done no good work:
All his life hath passed thus:
To this very day is his mind not upright."*
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

XIII.

Said Nârâyaṇ, "Listen, Friend Dhannâ;
I am Krishṇ Murârî,
Those who give me adoration,
Whether men or women;
Those who repeat (the name) of the Supreme God,
I bring to salvation.
The Brâhmaṇ (too) is under good patronage;
He too shall cross over (to salvation)."
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

XIV.

Saith Dhannâ, "Listen Nârâyaṇ;
Thy (power of) fascination is very great:
They whom thou thyself exaltest
Who shall call a mustard-seed, (of no account)?"
The company of holy men is most blessed:
Dhannâ hath well said.
Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

Refrain.

Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari:
Dhannâ's devotion was sincere:
To the supreme, infinite and immortal
Hari was his devotion.

---

* *Lit.* Wet.

No. IV.

THREE FRAGMENTS ABOUT SARWAR,

AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI AT FIROZPÛR FROM THE LIPS OF THE LOCAL BÎṚÂÎṄS OR BARDS, FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL, IN 1879.

[These fragments, given originally as the whole tale of Sakhî Sarwar (!), are very useful and valuable in filling up gaps and explaining obscure points in more elaborate legends.]

TEXT.

SAKHÎ SARWAR DE GÂWAN.

I.

Sarwar jammiâ, hoiâ shâdî,
Agge râzî hoiâ Zainu'l-'âbdîn:
  Pîrâṅ de man shâdiâṅ;
    Shadiâne wajwâe.
Lâiq hoiâ, 'ilm wachâre;
Paṛhiâ 'ilm kitâbâṅ châre.
  Mâî 'Aesha de farzandâ
    Mehnat utte dil dhariâ.
Mehnat kardâ walî Allah dâ
    Ayyaṛ pichchhe chhiṛiâ.
Ayyaṛ châre atte paṛhe Qurân.
Majlisâṅ pîrâṅ dâ ahsân:
  'Aesha eh kamâî kîtî:
    Bakhshish oh nûṅ miliâ.
Vich wanâṅ pîr chhachhâ châre;
Rozâ, khair, namâz guzâre:
Sarwar khorâṅ sâṅjh rachâî;
Nadî kinâre kanak bijwâî:
  Râkhâ jâ khalâriâ khorâṅ;
    Nazar sher de chaṛhiâ.
Dûji wârî Sarwar âî:
Dhan, tû jaiâ 'Aesha Mâî!
  Khetar de vich jâ khilotâ,
    Sarwar ghar thîṅ ṭuriâ.

Âke sheṟ kalîlâṅ khâve,
Sarwar utte ghûrî pâve:
    Agge Sarwar namâz paṛhdâ,
        Pakaṛ khaṇḍâ mâriâ.
Sarwar, mere utte pagaṛ âe!
Sher jehe tûṅ, Pîr, mâr gawâe!
Bâdshâh lâggî turt ghalâe;
Kan pûchhal doveṅ waḍḍh le âe.
(*Âbî âkhe Sanhû*)* "Pîrâṅ dâ karâh karâe!"
    Ghanûṅ Paṭhân bakhsh bakhshâṅ.
        Sarwar râzî kitâ.
Is Paṭhân karâmât dekhkar,
        Ghoṛâ, joṛâ, poshâk diṭṭâ.
Fuqrâṅ sawâl Khudâ dâ pâiâ:
Sarwar ghoṛâ dast phaṛâiâ,
    Kapaṛ pâṛ kitiâṅ lîrâṅ,
        Langoṭî paimûn kaṛiâ.
Dûtiâṅ jâke chughlî khâî;
Ghanûṅ Paṭhân barât mangwâî.
Ûpar ghoṛâ Sarwar ândâ;
Dekhkar Paṭhân hoiâ dil mândâ.
Ik fuqrâṅ jullî pâî,
Sâhib agge faryâd sunâî:
    Eh ghoṛâ joṛâ 'arshoṅ âiâ;
        Ân hawâle kariâ.
"Kyâ teri qudrat, Ghanûṅ Paṭhânâ,
        Maiṅ par zor chalâiâ?"
Bâdshâh hoke khalâ nimânâ,
        Pair piâde âiâ.
"Gunâh chabakhshîṅ, Sayyidâ;
        Kissî bhulle bhullâîâ."
Mil matte gall samjhâî,
Hukm shara' dâ râh batâe:
    Mattî dî khairâyat changî;
        Âqibat pâr langhâve.

* A very curious aside; as it were a stage direction.

Bâî dî kuṛmâî âî:
Pîrâṅ dushâle diṭṭe:
Lâggî râzî kîtâ.
Majlis karke gandhe pâiâṅ,
Khabarâṅ pîrâṅ te pahunchâiâṅ;
Nâl Paṭhân de sâk kariâ:
Maulla eh kuchh kîtâ.
Mâyâṅ pâiâ Sarwar dânâ:
Ralke hûrâṅ baddhâ gânâ.
Sarwar de biâh nûṅ gânâ
Likhiâ harf Qurânâ!
Change mel sadâe:
Mâî 'Aesha hukm karâe.
'Arshoṅ hûrâṅ paṛîâṅ âîâṅ,
Ghaṛâ gharôlî bharke le âîâṅ.

II.

Kakkî jammî ghâr tarkhânâṅ;
Dekh Sarwar mul karâiâ ân:
Sarwar agge baiṭh hoi Kakkî,
Piṭhoṅ chauṛî te titar lakhî.
Lakkh khurâkâṅ kîtiâṅ Sarwar;
Mar palâke chaṛhiâ.

Jad Sarwar Kakkî de wârisâṅ de ghar giâ, tad unhâṅ ne inkâr kîtâ: karâmat nâl Kakkî bol uṭhî,

Wanâṅ wakârâṅ
Pîr diâṅ kahârâṅ
Pîlûṅ mang mothoṅ lîâ.
Poh Mâgh bâr lagâî,
Wan darakht mewâ lagâiâ.

III.

Dânî âkhe, "Rauzâ-khânâ
Baiṭhâ râj kare Sultânâ.
Le ṭur ân Nigâhe âwan
Sarwar de darbâre.
Dânî nûṅ pîr beṭa diṭṭâ,

Sewadâr Sarwar dâ kîtâ :
Kuttîn chûrîân kare tayyârî
Pîrân sadwâiân.
Unhân pîrân âsâdâr chele kîte ;
Sarwar de unhân ustut kîtî ;
Khatam darûd akhwâiâ.
Bahiron âiâ Karmâ Dharmâ,
"Kihâ shor machâiâ ?"
Dânî âkhe, "Sarwar Pîrâ ;
Us vich was nahîn kuchh merâ."

TRANSLATION.

Songs about Sakhî Sarwar.

Sarwar was born ; rejoiced
And moreover satisfied was Zainu'l-'âbdîn : *
The hearts of the saints rejoiced
And they beat drums.
Growing up he acquired knowledge ;
He learnt knowledge in the Four Books : †
The son of Mâî 'Aesha ‡
Applied his mind to labour.
Labouring, the saint of God
Followed his flock to pasture.
He grazed his flock and read the Qurân,
(Becoming) chief of the assemblies of saints.
'Aesha's earning was this :
This gift was given her. §
The saint grazed the goats in the jungles ; (and)
Passed his life in fasting, charity and prayer.
Sarwar formed a partnership with his enemies,
And sowed wheat by the river-banks.
His enemies set him (in the field) as a watchman :
He fell under the gaze of a tiger.

* Name of Sarwar's father.
† Qurân, Tauret, Zabûr, Anjîl : *i.e.* Qurân, Pentateuch, Psalms of David, Gospels.
‡ Sarwar's mother.
§ Idiom : This was the kind of son 'Aesha bore.

Sarwar's turn came a second time:
Well done! Thou son of mother 'Aesha!
To stand in the midst of the field
Sarwar left his house.
The tiger came and showed his teeth,
And gazed fiercely at Sarwar:
Then Sarwar repeating prayers,
Seized his staff and slew him.
Sarwar, come and be my helper!
Thou saint (that) hast slain such a tiger!
The king sent messengers at once;
They cut off both the tail and the ears and brought them.
(*Said Ábî to Sanhâ**) "Let us make sweetmeats
(In honour) of the saint!"
hanûñ, the Pathân,† gave gifts
And satisfied Sarwar.
Seeing his miraculous power, the Paṭhân
Gave him a horse, and a suit of clothes and raiment.
The *faqîrs* begged (them of him) in the name of God.‡
Sarwar gave up the horse,§
And tore the clothes into strips,
And made waist-cloth and drawers (of them).
Spies went and slandered him;
Ghanûñ, the Paṭhân, assembled his Court.
Sarwar came (riding) on the horse ||;
Seeing this the Paṭhân was ashamed in his mind.
Together the *faqîrs* had prayed,
And told their trouble to God:
This horse and clothes came from heaven
And they gave them over (to Sarwar).
(Said Sarwar) "What power have you, O Ghanûñ Paṭhân,
That you applied force to me?"
The king stood full-of-grief

* Wife and Husband: followers of Sarwar.
† Said to have been ruler of Mûltân.
‡ The ordinary way of *faqîrs* begging.
§ Whereon the *faqîrs* ate it up, as other legends show.
|| Restored to life.

And came (to meet him) on foot.
"Forgive my fault, O Sayyid,
Some one has misled me."
Together the assembly explained the matter (to the king),
And showed the way and orders of the Law:
The charitable decision of the assembly was good
And brought (them) to salvation.
Bâî was betrothed (to the Saint):*
They gave shawls to the saints,
And satisfied the hangers on.
Collecting an assembly they tied the marriage-knot,
And sent news (of it) to the saints.
They made (the saint) a relative of the Paṭhân (king).
This much did God (for Sarwar).
Sarwar the wise underwent (the usual) seclusion.
Hûrîs meeting them tied the marriage-knot.
The marriage-knot at Sarwar's marriage
Was inscribed with words from the Qurân!
A grand assemblage was called:
Mâî 'Aesha issued all the instructions.
Hûrîs and fairies came from heaven
Bringing the pots and pitchers filled (with water).†

II.

Kakkî‡ was born in the carpenter's house:
Sarwar saw her and came and bought her:
Kakkî lay down before Sarwar,
Broad in the back and brown as a partridge.
Sarwar gave her endless food
And lept on to her back.

When Sarwar went to the house of Kakkî's owners they refused her: and Kakkî miraculously spoke out (as follows):—

In the woods and forests
The saint's *ḍolî*-bearers

* Bâî was Ghanûn Paṭhân's daughter and Sarwar's wife. This was "the charitable decision."
† The concluding ceremony of a marriage.
‡ Sarwar's mare.

Asked me for some *pîlú** fruit.
In January and February the forest became green,
And the *wan*† tree bore fruit.

III.

Said Dânî, "In the domed-building
Sultân‡ sits and rules."
They started and went to Nigâhâ,
To Sarwar's shrine.
The saint gave Dânî a son,
She made him a follower of Sarwar:
Making ready cakes and sweetmeats
She called the saints.
The saints made him a follower and disciple,
And sang songs in praise of Sarwar,
And repeated texts from Qurân.
Karmâ and Dharmâ came from outside,
"Who is making this noise?
Said Dânî, "Sarwar the Saint;
I had no power in the matter."

---

* *Quercus arcana* bears fruit in June-July.
† Same as *pîlú*. ‡ Sarwar.

No. V.

THE MARRIAGE OF GHÂZÎ SÂLÂR,

AS RECORDED FOR THE AUTHOR FROM THE PRIVATE KÂITHÎ MS. KEPT BY A SINGER FOR HIS OWN INFORMATION.

This man is in the habit of coming annually to the Ambâlâ Cantonment in May to sing this song at the Chharî kâ Melâ, or Fair of the Flags, which is held in honor of Mas'ûd Sâlâr Ghâzî, the great Saint of Bahrâich, and now Patron Saint of the inhabitants of the British Cantonments in Northern India.

[The song, which gives internal evidence of considerable antiquity, is valuable for its language. It has proved exceptionally difficult to translate.]

[Sâlâr Ghâzî, Baṛe Miyâṅ, Bâle Miyâṅ or Mas'ûd Sâlâr Ghâzî, as he is variously called, was the son of Sâhû Sâlâr and nephew of Maḥmûd of Ghaznî. He was fanatically opposed to Hinduism, and was killed when only 19 at Bahrâich in Awadh, in an outbreak caused by his fanaticism on 15th June 1033 A. D. Vernacular accounts of this celebrated hero are to be found in the Persian work *Mirât-i-Mas'ûdî* by 'Abdu'r-Rahmân Chishti and in the Urdû abstract of the same entitled *Khulâsa Tawârîkh-i-Mas'ûdî* by Sayyid Akbar 'Ali.]

TEXT.

GÎT SHÂDÎ SAYYID SÂLÂR SÂHIB KÂ.

PAHILÂ KHAṆḌ.

Sayyid Rânâ ne karî tayyârî;
  Ang phûle nahîṅ samâe.
  Sahar Radaulî Gâjan ko lâe.

Tuk.

Sahar Radaulî lâe Gâjan ko;
  Sab log dekhne dhâe.
Dhan kok, jahâṅ Sayyid paidâ!
  Banṛâ sab ke man bahâe.
Sayyid Rânâ ne karî tayyârî:
  Sab pharas phanûs karâe.
Bichhe gulam galîche, ṭane lâl chândnî,
  Gotakie hâl lagâe.
Sattar Sâlâr kî baiṭhî majlis:
  O sarbat pân mangâe.
Gulhal gulâl chhirak dîâ,

Upar rahe jis ke atar bâs mahkâe.
Khânâ tayyâr thâ Sayyid ke;
O sab ke dast dhulâe.
Khânâ khilâe, hûe the phârig:
Bîvî ne Bhamman ko bîg bulâe.
Bhamman bulwâe lîâ majlis meṅ;
O patrî hâl khulâe:
Greh châlîs paṛe Gâjan ke:
Paṇḍit ne hâl batâe.
Sakhî sahilî gâotî mangal:
Mâmul dil hubb badhâe:
Haṅsî khosî meṅ kaṭî rain,
Je o sab ko bidâ karâe.

Kaiâ.

Pânch pakherû chale âge ko,
O jad Mâmul ghar âe.
Khusî khusîâl bhaiṅ Mâmul;
Bîvî ne kul kurmî khes bulâe.
Bîvî Mâmul ne suratdharî thî bhârî,
Bîvî ne sahnak kî karî tayyârî:
Sâtôṅ suhâgan to aveṅ,
Sahnak Bîvî ke bharâveṅ:
Bîvî man meṅ hulsâveṅ,
Bîṛî Gâjan ko khilâveṅ:
Bîvî Allah Rasûl ko manâveṅ;
"Kîâ karam tû Ilâhî!"
Rainâ Allah kî jagâê:
Sunio jeṭhe, baṛe bhâî!
Rahyâ yûṅ hî chalî âî.
Bîvî mullâṅ makdûm ko khilâve.
Hare hare bâṅs to katâve,
Mâmul maṛwâ jochhwâve:
Sandal ke khumbe jo gaṛâve,
Hîre lâl to ṭakâve:
Bîvî jau se kalas gothâve:
Lâle lâle chandwâ to ṭanâve,

Sandal chaukî to bichhâve,
Jis par Gâjan ko biṭhâve:
Dastoṅ kangan to bandhâve:
Miyâṅ ke kâman tel chaṛhâve.
O to sakhîâṅ thîṅ surang:
Machâ tel vich rang:
O baṛî haiṅ surang:
Bâje tâl aur mardang.

Jhaṛtî.

O to jhûmaṛ khûb machâeṅ.
Mîrâsan jo âveṅ ghare ḍholâ to bajâveṅ:
Bîvî dânâ to lutâveṅ:
Khaṛî bel to wahâṅ par pâveṅ:
Bîvî baiṭhî dân to luṭâveṅ.

Kalâ.

Bîvî Mâmul ne man rakhâ sabhoṅ kâ:
"Tum Gâjan ho autâre!"
Sayyid Rânâ hulsâve,
Âtis bajoṅ ko bulâe:
Un kâ dâm to chukâve:
Ṭhâl mehdî kâ bharâve.
Wahâṅ sab Sayyid jamâ bhî âe.
Sayyid Rânâ ne mehdî kâ ṭhâl saṅwâre:
Sâhû Sâlâr ke ghar kî chalne kî karî tayyârî.
Khûb rawâis kîâ Sayyid ne,
Angintî sâj saṅwârâ.
Gulhal gulâl bandhe takhtoṅ se,
Sohine ho ajab hajârâ:
Kitne phulwâre bandhe takhtoṅ se?
Jaise gagan chiṭak rahe târâ!
Kele kaṅwal bane at khâse,
Sarhoṅ kâ peṛ nirâlâ.
Maiṅ kyâ târîph karûṅ phûloṅ kî?
Rahe un kâ bhâû nirâlâ.
Âge sawârî chalî Sayyid kî;
Pîchhe log sab jâtâ.
Jâ pahunche Bahṛâich sahar meṅ:

Sab log dekhne jâtâ.
Jâîjoi chhuṭeṅ, hath phulre,
Aur chhuṭeṅ mâhtâb jhalkârâ.
Kitne pahâṛ par gaê raushnî ?
Chamke akâs bîch satârâ.
Charkhî hath phûl chhuṭne lâge;
Wahâṅ kartâ shor anârâ.
Maiṅ bhûî champâ kî kyâ karûṅ ?
Sipat rahe yûṅ kath gae Nath Mall Lâlâ.
Raushan phanûs jaleṅ : mom kî battî rahî,
Jis kâ jot ujâlâ.
Dhûm gajar se pahunchî mehdî,
Aur pahunche Mâmul ke dwâre.
Hotâ râg, rang bâjte naubat,
Luṭ gae khilone sâre.
Bîbî âdar mân rakhâ sâjan kâ,
Mehdî ka ṭhâl utâre :
Khânâ khilâ dîâ Sayyid ko,
Aur sâjan ko bidâ karâve :
Mehdî dast rachî Gâjan kî,
Bîbî kul kunbe khes bulâve.

Kalâ.

Rachâ biyâh mere pîr kâ;
Mukh barse nûr upâṛ.
Leke phauj Râjâ Sohal chaṛhâ :
Angintî sâjhî dhâṛ.
Angintî sâjhî dhaṛ, jî, aur mastak :
Bhâg un kâ bhalâ.
Nathû, Nand Lal gwâl rahe khet meṅ,
So le gaîâṅ Râjâ Sohal chalâ.
Le gaîâṅ Râjâ Sohal chalâ;
Kharî Jâso bal lâe,
"Gahonâ teg, Miyâṅ Gâjanâ,
Nahiṅ, Jâso bâhur khâe."

Tuk.

Mâmul ghar ânand badheṅ,
Rainâ biyâh kî jo-âen :

Sohal khabarîṅ sun pâeṅ;
Miyâṅ kî gaîâṅ le churâeṅ.

Jhaṛtî.

Ab kyâ Bidhnâ ne bant banâî?
Râjâ gaîâṅ le jâve.
Khaṛâ Nandâ pachtâve,
Apne jî meṅ ghusse khâve
Aur kuchh kahâ na jâve.
Yeh kyâ kartâ hai khel Ilâhî?
Bole Nandâ to ghumîr,
"Suno Bhâî, tum Ahîr;
Dil meṅ bândho apne dhîr;
Yad karo Gâjan tum pîr.
Jâke kamar puṛ karo, Bhâî!"
Pâî gwâlâṅ ne khabar,
Sab mil bandhe kamar,
Chhakâ Sohal ke ḍagar.
"Ab taiṅ jâvegâ kidhar?
Taiṅ ne Bâle sang dagâ kamâî."
Bolâ Nande ghusse khâe,
"Sohal, bhâgâ kahâṅ jâe?
Kyâ taiṅ jî meṅ na ḍaṛâe?
Kyâ tere ajal to lâe?"
Nandâ ne apne sâng uṭhâe.
Bolâ Sohal, o Râo,
"Nandâ âge kyûṅ na âo?
Kyâ tu dhamkî dikhlâo?"

Jhaṛtî.

"Gâjan banṛe ko bulâo:
Tu kyâ dekhegâ teg hamâr?"
Ran meṅ Ghosî hai Ahîr,
Dil meṅ saṅwarâ Gâjan pîr;
Mâreṅ khabaraurâ tîr,
Bargâ bhârî paṛe bhîṛ:
Gwâlâṅ ne jâlim mâr machâe.
Râjâ Sohal hai be-pîr,

Jis ne kâṭe sab Ahîr.
Nadî Sarjû ke tîr
Bahotî rukat se nîr.

Jhaṛtî.

Râjâ gaîâṅ le chalâ jâve.
Jâso chhâkâ lene jâve:
Dekhke ran ko dahlâve
Aur kuchh kahâ na jâve.
Apne jî meṅ uktâve,
Jâso ulṭî pichhaṛ khâve,
Burâ hâl to banâve.
Chîṛâ lohû meṅ dabâve,
Sâre badanoṅ meṅ lagâve:
Âke banre ko dikhâve.

Jhaṛtî.

Jâso sar ke bâl khaṛî noche.
Jâso nârî
To pukârî
"Sun pharyâd tû hamârî!
Râjâ gaîâṅ le gîâ sârî,
Aur julam kar gîâ bhârî!"

Jhaṛtî.

"Miyâṅ kaṭ gae gwâl sab tumhârî."
Miyâṅ ko sîne chaṛhtâ tele;
Banṛâ baiṭhâ chaupuṛ khele.
Sang meṅ ajab haiṅ naurele;
Muhammad Ghorî albele.

Jhaṛtî.

Huâṅ par Brahnâ Bâbâ chaṅwar dhulâve:
Jâso kûk to machâve,
Banṛâ chaupuṛ ko uṭhâve:
Hâth se kangan ṭorâ, bhâî,
Dastoṅ mehdî dhuwâî.

Jhaṛtî.

Gâjî Miyâṅ ghare shamsher ko uṭhâveṅ.

Kalâ.

Ghusse jor Gâjan dil khâve,
Chalke pâs ammâṅ ke âve.
"Mâmul, ghat ko jo sambhâle,
Kin pe sâjî jûlâ hâle?
Ammâṅ bâteṅ sun hamârî:
Râjâ le gîâ gaîâṅ sârî,
Aur julam kar gîâ bhârî."

Jhaṛtî.

"Ham se Jâso ne âṅke kahâ, re!"

Kalâ.

"Beṭâ, tere biyâh kî karî tayyârî!
Taiṅ ne kyâ ṭhânî?
Gâjan, dil jânî!"

Tuk.

"Taiṅ ne kyâ ṭhânî?
Gâjan, dil jânî!
Beṭâ, maiṅ terâ biyâh kar lâûṅ:
Terâ karûṅ biyâh, dulhan ghar lâûṅ.
Beṭâ, jab dil ke hubb miṭâûṅ.
Beṭâ, mere dil meṅ yehî khusî rahî,
Terâ julwâ wakt dilâûṅ.
Âj kî rain biyâh kî, beṭâ!
Terâ saryat sahrâ paṛhâûṅ.
Merâ kahâ mân le, beṭâ!
Aur maiṅ terî bal jâûṅ."
Wahâṅ palt jawâb dîâ Gâjan ne,
"Maiṅ jaldî se phir âûṅ"
Bahî nain to nîr
Nahîṅ bândhî dhîr.
"Suno, Gâjan Pîr;
Ai beṭâ, maiṅ terî bal jâûṅ!
Tum ne ḍâlâ kangan ṭor, dho ḍâlî mehdî!
Beṭâ maiṅ ḍolâ kis se banâûṅ?"
"Tum khatar jamâ rakho, merî ammâṅ;
Maiṅ jaldî se phir âûṅ.

Mere dil meṅ chain paṛegî jad hî,
Jad gaîâṅ phir lâûṅ.
Kyâ! gaîâṅ chhoṛ, baiṭh rahûṅ ghar meṅ?
Kyâ jag meṅ muṅh dikhlâûṅ?
Mujhe sub milke kyâ kaheṅ, 'bhalâ re!'?
Kyâ kul meṅ dâgh lagâûṅ?
Maiṅ kâṭûṅ sîs Sohal Râjâ kâ,
Aur jad maiṅ biyâh rachâûṅ.
Jaisâ phirûṅ, jab karûṅ biyâh re,
Nahîṅ sahrâ kabar chaṛhâûṅ."

Kalâ.

"Bakso sîr, tuphel Khudâ ke!
Sun, Mâmuṅ, merî mâeṅ!
O kaisâ gabar jabbar kahlâve?
Maiṅ jhâṛûṅ us kî gumrâhî!"

Kalâ.

Baksâ sîr mihar kîâ mâî:
"Jâ, beṭâ! tere phatte karegâ Ilâhî!"
Gâjan sîr baksâve:
Lillî ghoṛî khol mangâve:
Jîn pâkhaṛ kaswâve:
Dohrî tarkas lagâve.

Jhartî.

Age jin ke tabal dharâ re.
Age nakîbâ to phirâve:
Sattar yâr wahâṅ par âve;
Bânâ jangî banwâve:
Nahîṅ koî dhîlâ to lagâve.

Jharti.

Sab Sayyid jamâ to bhîṛî;
Gâjan Rabb ke dil jânî;
Phaujeṅ bane Bhûbânî,
Sunke Dhartî dahlânî:
Râjâ Bâsak ne Bhû mânî.
Mere rakhio lâj, Khudâ re!
Sattar yâr wahâṅ par ṭhâṛe:

Muhammad Ghorî silâdharî.
Gâjan dulhâ ne lalkâre,
Pahunchî phauj hî kî ḍhârî.
Jad lohṛî par phîl chilâre.

Kalâ.

Mârû tabal bajâ us ran meṅ;
Sun kâir kî sûrat bhulânî.
Chaṛhe Sayyid to Sâlâr;
Kuchh lagî nahîṅ bâr:
Bahî Lillî par aswâr,
Pakṛe hâthoṅ meṅ hathiâr.
Jab khabar ambar sun pâî.

DÛSRÂ KHAṆḌ.

Sobhâ jalû detî haiṅ phaujeṅ:
Miyâṅ ke laskar umaṛ chaleṅ sab phaujeṅ!

Tuk.

Miyâṅ ke laskar chaleṅ sab phaujeṅ,
Aur kahâ, "Karam Rabb bhînâ!"
Nîyat khair kâ paṛhâ phâtihâ:
Harâwal ajîû ko kînâ.
Umṛî phaujen sab saras dîn kî,
Us ko jâe Sarjû par lînâ.
Jab donoṅ phaujeṅ huî barâbar,
"Taiṅ sun, châtar rang bhînâ!
Taiṅ ne mâre gwâl, chhîn leṅ gaîâṅ;
Tain, kâphar, dagâ jo kînâ.
Tum mâno! Dîn chhoṛ! Do gaîâṅ!
Nahîṅ, ṭorûṅ terâ sînâ!"
"Terî gaîâṅ nâ phirenge, Turkâ!
Taiṅ sun, Sâhû ke lâl dulârî!
Chhattardhârî dekhûṅ teg tumhârî."
Râjâ Sohal jawâb yûṅ dînâ.
Pakaṛ shamsher Gâjan Gâjî,
Chaṛhâ ghamsâṅ wahâṅ par kînâ.

Laṛte Sayyid baghlî, jin ke dastoṅ Miyâne sele :
Unhoṅ ne kitne dil pele,
Ran meṅ châchar jaise khele.

Jharti.

Âge jin ke tabal dharâ re !
Âge kâphar karte choṭeṅ.
Sayyid sar mukh jad hoten
Pare lunḍe munḍe lotheṅ :
Wahâṅ lothoṅ par loth paṛe re !
Laṛte Bhîm balkârî :
Ran meṅ ghâû karte kârî ;
Râjâ Sohal ne himmat hârî ;
Jad hotî us kî khwârî.

Jhaṛtî.

Us ne pîchhe ko surat dharî re !
Ran meṅ khumbâ wahâṅ gâṛâ :
Aur râh barse lohû sârâ :
Gâjan dulhâ ne lalkârâ :
Kitne kâpharoṅ ko mârâ ?

Jhaṛtî.

Jad Jogan khappaṛ bhaṛâ re !

Kalâ.

Mârû tabal bajâ us ran meṅ.
Suno, Sohal bhâg chalâ re !
Rabb ne rachnâ yeh rachâî.
Palṭâ suniyo ! mere Bhâî !
Us kâ kuchh na bas âe.
Kyâ karam Ilâhî !
Wahâṅ ran khumbâ gaṛâ re !

TISRÂ KHAṆḌ

Gâjan Miyâṅ ran meṅ jî kiâ dalîl :
Umak piṭh Lillî chaṛhe ; sû pakaṛ hâth meṅ.

Tuk.

Umak pîṭh Lillî chaṛhe : sû pakaṛ hâth meṅ.
Chaṛhe Sayyid to Sâlâr : o mashhûr Gâjî.

Râjâ Sohal ne phauj phir naî sañwâñ.
Donoñ phaujoñ ke bîch mârû mast bâjâ.
Laṛe Râjpût Ghorî,
Pahine surkh joṛî.
"Rakhiyo lâj, Shambû!" kahtâ Râjâ.
Brahnâ jodhâ yâroñ ke bîch âyâ,
Ghussâ jor khâke, aur soṇṭâ ghumâyâ:
"Kahâñ jâe bhâgâ? âge âo, Râjâ!"
Laṛe Nirmal par-hiyâl, sobhî, matwâlâ:
Un ne ânke ran ke bîch bhochkâ ḍâlâ.
"Yâro, Gâjan ke nimak ke rakhiyo tum lâjâ!"
Laṛe ab ajab: nahîñ mukh moṛâ;
Miyâñ jabar ghabar kâ, o to sîs ṭorâ.
Gaeñ bhâg phaujeñ, âge bhum bâjâ.
Laṛe Muhammad Ghorî, bândhî dast kaṭârî:
Chhakeñ gidgîdâñ Jogan ḍakârî:
Gaeñ bhâg phaujeñ: lîâ gher Râjâ.
Râjâ hâñk mârî:
Dhâî phauj sârî.
"Age âo, Turkâ, jin ne bhâî mâre!"
Itnî bât kahke, Râjâ hâthî sâjâ
Râjâ farmâve
Ṭopeñ ḍagwâve:
Chhuṭeñ kahkahâ karke, bijlî turpâve.
Mârtâ tîr talwâr chalâ âve Râjâ.
Kahte âp Sâlâr, Sâhû kâ dulârî;
"Laṛo ân Sohal! kyûñ tum ran meñ thâṛî?
Dekhûñ teg terî! Tû kaisâ hî Râjâ?"
Râjâ hâthî holâ
"Suno, Gâjan dulhâ,
Lillî par sambhâlo, Sâlâr! kuchh taiñ bhasam bhûlâ!"
Mârâ khaiñch ûnâ:
Kîâ jor dûnâ.
Kîâ jor dûnâ
Gîâ ṭûṭ sînâ
Gîâ wâr khâlî: mileñ hath Râjâ.
Gâjan ghussâ kînâ:

Lillî ko îṛ dînâ.
Ûṛî châl Lillî : nahîṅ bâr kînâ.
"Kahâṅ jâe bhâgâ? taiṅ sun, Sohal bhînâ!"
Lîâ khaiṅch shamsher mâr ḍâlâ Râjâ.

TRANSLATION.

THE SONG OF THE MARRIAGE OF SAYYID SÂLÂR SÂHIB.

FIRST PART.

Sayyid Rânâ* made preparations;
His swelling body could not contain itself (for joy).
They brought Gâjan† to Radaulî City‡

Song.

They brought Gâjan to Radaulî City;
All the people came to look on.
Fortunate the womb in which the Sayyid was born!
The bridegroom pleased the minds of all.
Sayyid Rânâ made preparations:
Made (ready) the carpets and lamps,
Spread the carpets and rugs, stretched the red canopies,
And shook out the large cushions.
Seventy sat down in Sâlâr's company:
He procured sherbet and betel.
He sprinkled red powder
After which it came to the perfuming with *'atar* (of roses).
The Sayyid's feast was ready
And he washed all their hands:
He gave them a feast and when they had finished
The lady (of the house)§ quickly called a Brâhmaṇ.
She called the Brâhmaṇ into the company:
He explained the state of the horoscope.
Forty planets influenced Gâjan:
(As) the *paṇḍit* explained.
Maids and women sang joyfully.
And kindled love in Mâmul's|| heart.

* The bride's father. † Ghâzî Sâlâr.
‡ In the Bârâ-Bânkî District, Awadh.
§ Ghâzî Sâlâr's mother.
|| Name of Ghâzî Sâlâr's mother.

They passed the night in laughter and jokes,
Till he bade farewell to all.

Time.

Five birds* went forth.
When they went to Mâmul's house.
Pleased and happy were the sisters and Mâmul:
The lady called all the kith and kin.
The lady Mâmul was very intent (upon it).
The lady made ready the Lady's Plate:†
The seven wives came
And filled the Lady's Plate:
The lady was happy in her mind,
And gave Gâjan betel-leaves to eat:
The lady called on the Prophet and God, (saying).
"Thou hast shown grace, O God."
She kept the vigil of God.
Hear O elder brother!
Thus went the proceedings as usual.
The lady fed the priests and high-priests.
Cutting fresh and green bamboos
Mâmul set up the house-of-rejoicing:‡
When she set up the sandal-wood posts
She set diamonds and rubies in them:
The lady twisted green-barley round the pitchers.§
She spread several red canopies;
And placed a couch of sandal-wood,
On which she sat Gâjan.
She fastened the marriage-bracelets on their wrists:
The Miyâṅ's matrons anointed him with oil.
Her maidens were beautiful
And anointed (him) with oil amidst laughter.
They were very beautiful,
And the drums were sounded and they clapped their hands.

* Sign of good fortune and success.
† Offering to Fâtima, Muhammad's daughter.
‡ *I. e.*, the temporary shed under which the marriage takes place.
§ In token of the future good fortune of the wedded pair.

Drums.

They sang the chorus loudly.
Songstresses came to the house and beat drums:
The lady distributed gifts:
Standing she gave them presents:
Sitting the lady distributed gifts liberally.

Time.

The lady Mâmul honored them all.
(Saying) "Gâjan thou art a handsome man!"
Sayyid Rânâ was pleased
And called the makers of fireworks:
And settled their price:
And filled the plate of myrtle.
Then all the Sayyids collected.
Sayyid Rânâ prepared the plate of myrtle,
And made ready to go to the house of Sâhû Sâlâr.*
The Sayyid made grand preparations,
And set out things innumerable.
Red flowers were fastened on planks,
Resplendent with a thousand wonders:
Many fireworks were fastened on planks,
Like stars glittering in the heavens!
Plantains† and lotuses† were made very beautiful,
And exquisite mustard-plants.†
How shall I praise the fireworks?
Their form was very beautiful.
On went the Sayyid's cavalcade,
And all the people followed it.
Fireworks were let off, hand-fireworks blazed,
Glittering moons† were let off.
The blaze lighted up many a hill,
As stars glitter in the heavens!
Wheels† and hand-fireworks were let off
As pommegranates† buzzed there!

* Ghâzî Sâlâr's father. † Kinds of fireworks.

How shall I tell the beauty of the jasmines*?
Solemnly saith Nâth Mall Lâlâ.†
Lamps were lighted and there were wax candles,
Whose light was very brilliant.
In the early morning the myrtle reached,
And they reached Mâmul's house.
There was singing, and many kinds of music was played,
All the toys were distributed.
The lady treated the guests with honor and respect,
And took the plate of myrtle.
She gave a dinner to the Sayyid
And bade farewell to the guests:
Gâjan's hands were stained with the myrtle,
And the lady called her family and kith and kin.

Time.

My saint's marriage was celebrated:
His face shone forth with a great light.
The Râjâ came up with his army,‡
An innumerable following of bandits.
An innumerable following of bandits, sir, and furious:
And their fate was propitious.
Nathû§ and Nand Lâl,§ herdsmen were in the field,
And Râjâ Sohal took away the (saint's) cows.
Râjâ Sohal took away the cows:
Jâso|| stood and made herself a sacrifice,¶
"Bind on thy sword, Miyâñ Gâjan,
Or Jâso will take poison" (said she).

Song.

Mâmul received happy congratulations in her house,
When the night of the marriage arrived:
Sohal had news of it
And stole the Miyân's cows.

* Names for fireworks. † Composer of the song.
‡ Taking this opportunity to steal the Saint's property.
§ Servants to Sâlâr. || Wife of Nand Lâl.
¶ Swore vengeance.

Drums.

What hath Fate achieved now ?
The Râjâ took away the cows.
Nandâ stood and grieved,
And was wrathful in his heart
And could not speak (for anger).
What caprice of God was this ?
Said then Nandâ, the wise,
"Listen, Friend, thou Herdsman ;
Have patience in thy heart
And remember Gâjan, thy saint.
Go and arm thyself completely, Friend !"
The news reached the herdsmen,
They all collected and armed themselves,
And overtook Sohal on the road.
"Where are you going to now ?"
"You have cheated Bâlâ *" (said they).
Spake Nandâ in his wrath,
"Sohal, where are you running to ?
Why have you no fear in your heart ?
Why have you brought on your hour of death ?"
And Nandâ up-lifted his crook.
Spake Sohal, the king,
"Nandâ, why don't you come on ?
Why do you (only) threaten ?"

Drums.

"Go and call thy beloved Gâjan :
How can *you* face my sword ?"
In the pasture were Milkmen and Herdsmen,
And they remembered Gâjan, the saint, in their hearts ;
They shot penetrating arrows,
Which fell in very great multitudes :
The Cowherds raised up a very violent disturbance.
Râjâ Sohal was without faith,*

* Ghâzî Sâlâr.

† *Lit.*, Without a saint, *i.e.* beyond the pale of ordinary religion.

And he slew all the herdsmen.
On the banks of the River Sarjû
The water was (red) with much blood.

Drums.

The Râjâ took away the cows.
Jâso went to draw butter-milk:
Saw the pasture and was very agitated
And could not speak (for grief).
She was distressed at heart.
Jâso fell backwards (in a swoon)
And was in a bad way.
She dipped her clothes in the blood
And spread it over her whole body:
And came and showed it to the bridegroom.

Drums.

Jâso stood tearing the hair of her head.
Jâso, the woman,
Then cried out,
"Hear thou my complaint!
The Râjâ has taken off all the cows
And great oppression has been committed!"

Drums.

"Saint, all thy cowherds have been slain."
The saint's breast was anointed with oil;
The saint was sitting playing at *chaupur*;
Grand people were in his company,
And worthy Muhammad Ghorî.*

Drums.

There Bâbâ Brahnâ† was waving a fan:
Jâso cried out loudly.
The bridegroom picked up the *chaupur*: ‡

---

* Probably an historical confusion and meant for the great Shahâbu'ddîn Muhammad Ghorî, who flourished two centuries after Ghâzî Sâlâr.

† He appears to have been merely some person . attendant on the Saint.

‡ Stopped the game.

Tore off the marriage-bracelets from his arms,
And washed the myrtle-stains from his hands.

Drums.

Gâjî Miyâṅ took his sword from his house.

Time.

Gâjan was very angry in his heart,
And went to his mother.
"Mâmul, that art steadfast in thy mind,
Upon whom have the robbers made war?
Mother, hear my words:
The Râjâ has taken off all the cows,
And great oppression has been committed."

Drums.

"Jâso came and told me this, alas!"

Time.

"My son, I got ready thy marriage!
What hast thou resolved on?
Gâjan, my heart's darling!"

Song.

"What has thou resolved on?
Gâjan, my heart's darling.
My son, I must marry thee:
I must marry thee and bring home the bride.
My son, I must strengthen the love of thine heart.
My son, only this joy in my life remained,
To bring thee the time of the unveiling (of thy bride).
To-night is the wedding night, my son!
I must bind the bridal chaplet on thy head.
Listen to my words, my son,
And I will be thy sacrifice."
And then Gâjan gave her a ready answer,
"I will soon come back."
Then flowed the tears from her eyes,
Nor was she patient.
"Hear Gâjan, my saint;

Ah, my son, I will be thy sacrifice.
Thou hast torn off the bracelet, washed off the myrtle-stains!
My son, whose marriage must I perform?"
"Rest assured in thy heart, my mother;
I will soon come back.
Mŷ heart will then rejoice,
When I bring back my cows.
What! shall I leave the cows and sit at home?
How should I show my face in the world?
What would all men say of me? Well done!?
Shall I cast a stain on my family?
I will cut off Râjâ Sohal's head
And then will I prepare for the marriage.
Just as I return will I perform my marriage,
Else will I place my chaplet in my tomb."

Time.

"Grant me of thy milk,* for the grace of God!
Hear me, Mâmul, my mother!
What a mighty man he has made of himself?
I will correct his foolish ways."

Time.

She gave him her milk, (for) his mother was gracious;
"Go my son! God grant thee victory!"
Gâjan was granted the milk:
He sent for his mare Lillî:
And fastened on cloth and saddle:
And buckled on a double quiver.

Drums.

Before him the drums and timbrels were sounded,
Before him went the heralds:
Seventy friends came there (to him);
Dressed in the habiliments of war:
None delayed at all.

---

* By way of oath.

Drums.

All the Sayyids collected in crowds, (to)
Gâjan, the beloved of God's heart;
Bhawânî* collected the army,
And hearing it earth trembled:
Râjâ Bâsak† felt the earth.
Protect thou my honor, O God!
Seventy friends gathered there:
Muhammad Ghorî was standard-bearer:
Gâjan the bridegrom raised the war-cry,
And the army collected in crowds,
Till elephants screamed in the field.

Time.

Drums and timbrels were beaten in the pasture;
They that heard them forgot their courage.
Sayyid Sâlâr went on;
There was no delay:
He mounted and rode on Lillî,
And held his arms in his hands,
Till the news of it reached the heavens.

SECOND PART.

The army made a splendid retinue:
All the Miyâṅ's army and camp went forward together.

Song.

On went all the Miyâṅ's army,
And said, "Gracious is the glorious God!"
They repeated the prayer of good-fortune
And the heralds made him glorious.
The army of each and all his servants collected
And overtook him (Sohal) at the Sarjû.
When the two armies met together
(Said Gâjan) "Hear you dextrous one and well-favored!
You killed my herdsmen and took away my cows;
You were an infidel when you did the wickedness.

* A name of Devî.
† Vâsuki, the Serpent, who supports the earth.

Hear you! Let go my servants! Give me the cows!
Else I will break your breast!"
"Your cows will not return, you Turk!
Hear, you beloved son of Sâhû!
I would see (the prowess of) your royal sword,"
Thus answered Râjâ Sohal.
Gâjan, the Ghâzî, seized his sword,
And made a great slaughter there.
Fighting the Sayyids vaunted, with daggers and spears in their hands,
And pierced many a heart,
As if they were dancing *châchar** in the pasture.

Drums.

Before them were sounded drums and timbrels!
And the infidels were hurting them.
When the Sayyids met them face to face
Corpses fell lopped and shorn;
There they fell corpse on corpse.
Fighting like the warrior Bhîm,†
They inflicted mighty wounds in the pasture;
Râjâ Sohal's courage failed him:
And trouble came upon him.

Drums.

He bent his mind to flight!
In the field (Gâjan) set up pillars (of victory):
And all the blood was spilt upon the way:
Gâjan the bridegroom set up the war-cry:
And killed many infidels.

Drums.

And a blood offering was made to Jogan!‡

Time.

Drums and timbrels were beaten in the pasture.
Hear ye! Sohal fled away!

* A dance round a pole at the Holî festival.
† Bhîma, one of the Pândavas.
‡ Yoginî, *i.e.* Durgâ or Kâlî.

God performed this deed.
Hear the revenge ! my friends !
His (Sohal's) power came to naught.
How great is God's mercy !
They set up pillars (of victory) in the pasturethere !

THIRD PART.

Gâjan Miyâṅ thought it over in his mind :
All at once he mounted Lillî and seized his sword in his hand.

Song.

All at once he mounted Lillî and seized his sword in his hand.
On went Sayyid Sâlâr : he the well known Ghâzî.
The Râjâ raised again a new army.
In both armies loud drums were beaten.
Ghorî fought the Râjpût,
Clothed in a scarlet suit.
"Have mercy, Shambû !" * said the Râjâ.
Brahnâ† the warrior came amidst his friends,
He was in great wrath and whirled his staff, (saying)
"Where are you running to ? come on Râjâ !"
He fought with Nirmal,‡ the brave, the splendid, the furious :
Coming in to the pasture he astonished them.
"My friends, be true to the salt of Gâjan !"
They fight continuously : no face turned back ;
The Miyâṅ struck off the head of the swaggerer.§
Away fled that army and songs (of victory) were sung.
Muhammad Ghorî fought with his dagger in his hand :
Trembling seized them and they called on Jogan.
Away fled that army and the Râjâ was surrounded.
The Râjâ gave the word,
And his army rushed forward.

* *I. e.* Śiva.
† Sâlâr's servant.
‡ Sohal's brother.
§ *I. e.* Sohal's brother.

"Come on, you Turk, that killed my brother!"
Saying this, the Râjâ got ready his elephant.
The Râjâ gave the order
And the cannons were let off:
And being let off thunders bellowed and lightnings flashed.
Slaying with arrow and sword on came the Râjâ.
Then spake Sâlâr himself, the beloved of Sâhû,
"Come and fight, Sohal! why do you tarry in the pasture?
I would see your valour (sword)! what sort of Râjâ are you!"
The Râjâ goaded his elephant;
"Hear, Gâjan bridegroom,
Look to yourself riding on Lillî, Sâlâr! you have made a mistake!"
He drew his sword and struck;
He used immense force.
He used immense force
And hurt his chest.
He missed his aim and the Râjâ fell into the (Sayyid's) hands.
Gâjan was very angry,
And spurred on Lillî.
Swiftly went Lillî and made no delay,
"Where are you running to? Hear you fine Sohal!"
He drew his sword and slew the Râjâ.

No. VI.

THE LEGEND OF GURU GUGGÂ,

AS PLAYED ANNUALLY AT JAGÂDHRÎ AT THE HOLÎ FESTIVAL IN THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT.

[It has been difficult to describe this poem. In the vernacular it is called a *Swâng* or metrical play, and as such it is actually played by the natives. In it however are introduced purely narrative passages in the third person, and some passages also which merely explain the movement of the tale. On the other hand characters are constantly made to speak without introduction as in a real play. In practice the characters are assigned to different persons, and these speak the narrative and explanatory portions of their parts as portions of their speeches.]

[The whole story of Guggâ is involved in the greatest obscurity. He is now-a-days one of the chief Muḥammadan saints or objects of worship of the lower classes of all sorts, and is also known as Zâhir Pîr. In life he appears to have been a Hindû and a leader of the Chauhân Râjpûts against Maḥmûd of Ghaznî about A.D. 1000. His habitation was probably in Bikâner.* This tale would connect him with the Râjpûts reigning in Kâbul before the Musalmân rule there, but Tod disputes the identity of the Râjpût Gajnî with Ghaznî. The story here given of Guggâ's marriage with a princess of what appears to be the line of the Aham rulers of Kâmrûp in Assam is very curious. Tod, Malcolm and Elliot all mention Guggâ: Tod does so three times, and each time with a distinct tale.]

TEXT.

Swâng Gûge Râjpût Bâgar Des kâ.

Sârad Mâtâ, tû barî! Dharte terâ dhyân!
Kirpâ apnî kîjîye! karo chhand kâ gyân!
Karo chhand kâ gyân, Mât merî! man ichhâ bar pâûn.
Tû hai, Mâtâ, buddh kî dâtâ! Charnoṅ ab niwâûṅ.
Karo buddh pargâsh! ânke nis din tujhe manâûṅ.
Kar hirde man bâsh, sâng Gûge kâ chhand banâûṅ!
Arî Shâkumbharî Mâî!
Terî hai jot siwâî,
Kahtâ Bansî Lâl; ânke karo sahâî
Bâgaṛ Des suhâunâ; Jewar Râjâ nâm.
Rahe dharm meṅ nit: sadâ nahîṅ pâp se kâm.

TRANSLATION.

The Legend of Gûgâ, the Râjpût, of Bâgar.*

O mother Sârad† thou art great! Blessed be thy worship!
Grant me thy grace! Give me knowledge of poetry!
Give me knowledge of poetry, Mother mine, that I may obtain the desire of my heart.
Thou, Mother, art the giver of wisdom! I lay my head at thy feet.
Grant me the light of wisdom, that day and night I may come and worship thee!
Dwell in my heart and soul, that I may sing the legend of Gûgâ.
Ah, Mother Shâkambharî!‡
Excellent is thy light!
Saith Bansî Lâl, 'come thou and help!'
Pleasant was the land of Bâgaṛ, Jewar was the Râjâ's name.
He dwelt ever in the law and never at all committed sin.

---

* Bâgaṛ is usually placed in Bikâner. It was really however a tract, occupied by Chauhân Râjpûts mostly, and situated in parts of what is now Gujarât and Mâlwâ.

† *I.e.* Saraswatî, the Goddess of Learning.

‡ The Herb Cherisher, a name of Devî, the great Goddess.

Nahîn pâp se kâm: rahe beâkul din râtî.
Nahîn chit ko chain: ren nindrâ nahîn âtî.

Râjâ Jewar.

"He Prabhûjî! Nâ âge sautan: jatan kuchh ban nahîn âve.
Yeh Karmon kî rekh likhî: ab kaun hatâve?
Nâ âge koî putar râj kâ thâmanhârâ.
Sochat hûn din ren: kaun kînî, Kartârâ?
Prabhû, yeh kyâ gat kînî?
Hûâ dukh mujh ko bhârî:
Karm rekh balwân, nahîn ṭartî hai ṭârî."

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Dosh kaun ko dîjîye? Apnâ nirbal bhâg!
Binâ putar, Râojî, lagî badan men âg.
Lagî badan men âg: suno yeh bât hamârî.

He had committed no sin, (yet) remained uneasy day and night.
No joy was in his heart and sleep came not at night.

Râjâ Jewar.

"O Lord! I have no offspring to leave, nor have I any resource!
This is the decree of Fate: who shall now withstand it?
I have no son to leave as guardian of the kingdom.
I brood over it day and night, what hast thou done to me, O God?
Lord, what misery is this thou hast caused?
My grief is very great:
The decree of Fate is strong and waits not for postponing."

Queen Bâchhal.

"Whom wouldst thou blame? Thy fate itself is evil!
Without a son, Râjâ, thy body is aflame.*
Thy body is aflame: listen to these my words.

---

* *I.e.* In very great grief.

Maiṅ kis ko dûṅ dosh? maiṅ hîṅ Karmoṅ kî mârî!
Ai Prabhûjî! kabhî nahîṅ dînâ dân: man Har kâ nahîṅ lînâ!
Yûṅ hîṅ umar dî khôî: bhajan man meṅ nahîṅ kînâ.
Pichhle kînî pâp: wahî ab âge âe.
Jis bidh likh dîe ank, soî main ne bhar pâe."

Râjâ Jewar.

"He Rânî! Is jagat meṅ Har bin kaun sahâî?
Bin karnî sansâr meṅ kaun pâr ho jâe?
Kaun pâr ho jâe jagat meṅ? ochhe bhâg likhâveṅ!
Binâ putar nahîṅ gatî jagat meṅ shakal bed sab gâveṅ.
Is duniyâ ke bîch ânke birthâ janam ganwâven.
Yeh sansâr saupan kî mâyâ; nit soche pachhtaveṅ.
Ik âwat, ik chalâ jât hai; karam kare phal pâve.
Maiṅ nir-bhâg, karam kâ hînâ, soch mujhe nit khâve."

Whom should I blame? I, too, am Fate's victim!
O Lord! I gave no alms: I took not the name of Hari!*
Thus I wasted my life: I praised thee not in my heart.
I committed sins in my former lives:† now have they come up against me.
The decree that fate has written down against me have I suffered in full."

Râjâ Jewar.

"O Queen! without Hari what help is there in the world?
Who can be saved in this world without good deeds?
Who can be saved in this world? our fate has been recorded as wretched!
Without a son is no salvation in the world, (as) all the scriptures have sung.
Our life has been wasted fruitlessly in this world.
This world is an illusory dream; we ever sorrow and grieve.
One comes, another goes; if fate will they reap a reward.
I am unfortunate and the victim of fate; sorrow ever wears me out."

---

* Vishnu.

† Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Râjâjî! Sun lîjîye man mere kî bât.
Binâ putar beâkul rahûn, jûn chakwî ko rât:
Jûn chakwî ko rât, Râo, main rahûn beâkul din râtî.
Nâ bâlak khelâ angan men, bhar bharâve chhâṭhî.
Kyâ, Bidhnâ, tain likhî karam men? nit sîs dhanû pachhtâtî.
Main nir-bhâgan parî taṛaphtî; nâ kuchh pâr basâtî."

Râjâ Jewar.

"He Rânî! Sun lîjîye: kyûn soche din rât?
Man kî chintâ dûr kar: bhale karen Raghunâth.
Bhale karen Raghunâth. Suno tum man chit lâke.
Jab pûran ho bhâg us se dîn âp bulâke.

---

*Queen Bâchhal.**

"O Râjâ, listen to the thoughts of my heart.
Without a son I am uneasy as a *chakwî*† at night.
Like the *chakwî* at night, Râjâ, I am restless day and night.
No child plays in the yard and my heart is very full.
What, Fate, has thou written in my fate? that I grieve with lowered head.
I unfortunate have fallen into sorrow, nor have I any resource."

Râjâ Jewar.

"O Queen! Listen: why grieve day and night?
Keep the sorrow of your heart afar: God‡ is gracious.
God is gracious. Listen with heart and soul.
When our fate is accomplished He will Himself call us to pleasure.

---

* Bâchhal was the favorite wife of Râjâ Jewar.

† The *chakwî* is a water-fowl, the *anas casarca*. It has a very plaintive cry at night, which is the conventional simile for the cry of unrequited love in India, and also for cries of grief.

‡ Raghunâth in the text: *i.e.* Râma, or in modern times, simply 'God.'

He Rânîjî ! karam dharam ik baṛâ; inhîn chhoṛo mat koî
In ke bal se Surg mukat donoṅ gat hoî.
He Rânîjî ! Jo hotî aulâd karam meṅ, tum se hotî.
Paṛe Swât kê bûnd, sîp bin hoi na motî."

Paṇḍit Rangâchâr.

" Râo, soch mat nâ karo : bhale kareṅ Raghbîr.
Man kî chintâ dûr kar : man meṅ rakho dhîr.
Man meṅ rakho dhîr, Râo : ab soch karo mat bhârî.
Is mâyâ sansâr bîch meṅ dukh bahot nar nârî.
Hoṅge putar tîn, Mahârâjâ : mâno bât hamârî.
Ik putar aisâ ho, râjâ parjâ nîweṅ sâre !

O Queen ! Faith and works are a great thing; let go neither of them.
Through their aid Heaven and salvation will come to us both.
O Queen ! If posterity had been decreed in my fate, it would have been through you.
Drops of rain may fall in Swât,* (but) without shells there are no pearls."

Paṇḍit Rangâchâr.†

"O Râjâ, grieve not : God‡ is gracious.
Keep the sorrow of thy heart afar : keep courage in thy heart.
Keep courage in thy heart, Râjâ : grieve now no more greatly.
In this illusory world is much sorrow to many men and women.
There will be three sons, Mahârâjâ : mark my words.
One son shall be such, that all kings and subjects (alike) shall bow to him !

---

* *Swât* is Arcturus : the popular belief is that if a rain drop fall into a shell when the moon is in *Swât* it becomes a pearl.

† Paṇḍit Rangâchâr was the family priest of Râjâ Jewar.

‡ Raghbîr in the text is the same as Raghunâth.

Is chintâ ko dûr karo; hûî pûran âs tumhârî.
Yeh tujh ko bar dîâ, Râo: main sach: mâno kahî hamârî!"

Ik same ke bîch meṅ pahunche Gorakhnâth;
Bâgh bîch bistar kîâ; pûran haiṅ karâmât.
Pûran hain karâmât: nâth ne bistar dîâ lagâe.
Ho gae pûran kâm Râo ke; bhâg jagâ chhin mâṅhîṅ.
Jo kuchh kare âp woh kartâ, us ke hâth sahâî:
Binâ bhâg nâ mile jagat meṅ, karâ nâ birthâ jâe.
Mâlî âyâ daurke.

Mâlî.

"Suno, Râo Mahârâj;
Âke utarâ bâgh meṅ ik sâdhû hai âj.
Âke utarâ âj bâgh men: pûran bhâg tumhârî.

Keep this sorrow afar, for your desire is fulfilled.
I have told you this word, Râjâ: I am true: mark my words."

In the mean time Gorakhnâth* arrived.
He rested in the garden: full is he of miraculous power.
Full is he of miraculous power: the saint made his bed to rest himself.
The object of the king is fulfilled; his fortune prosperous in the twinkle of an eye.
What can be done he (the saint) doeth; protection is in his hand.
Without (the favour of) fate nothing is obtained in the world, and good deeds are never useless.
The gardener came running.

Gardener.

"Listen, Sir King,
A saint has come into the garden to-day.
He has come into the garden: your fate doth prosper.

---

* He appears to have been the Brâhmanical opponent of the Free-thinking reformers of mediæval India headed by Râmânand, Kabîr and others, who flourished in the 11th and 15th centuries A.D.

Chalo hamârê sang, Râojî; mâno bachan hamârî.
Chand chakor sûrij kî kireṅ aisî rûp nihârî ?
Darshan karo ; pâp kaṭ jâṅge ; mukat rûp ho jârî?"

Râjâ Jewar.

" Sâdhû darshan kî mujhe rahtî soch hamârî.
Ab chalke darshan karûṅ. Kaisâ hai darvesh, piârî ?
Kaisâ hai darvesh, piârî ? mânî bât tumhârî. "

Mâlî.

" Rath, ghoṛâ aur pînas pâlkî, saj kî chalî sawârî."
Sâl, doshâlâ, motî, mûnge, bhar kanchan kî thâlî :
Hâth joṛ parnâm kare, dhar denî baith âgâṛî.

Râjâ Jewar.

" Sâdh darshan hai durlab ! karûṅ man lâke sewâ !
Katen janam kî pâp ; pâr ho jâtâ khewâ ! "

Come with me, Râjâ ; hearken to my words.
His beauty is glorious as the glories of the sun.
Visit him and thy sins will be forgiven and thy salvation will be glorious."

Râjâ Jewar.

" My anxiety is to see the saint.
I will go now and visit him. What sort of saint is he ? my friend.
What sort of saint is he, my friend ? I hearkened to thy words."

Gardener.

" Carriages, horses and *pâlkis* ; he comes with a splendid retinue."
Shawls and hangings (he took), and filled a golden platter with pearls and coral ;
With joined hands he made salutation, placed them down and sat before (the saint).

Râjâ Jewar.

" To visit saints is honorable ! I serve thee heart and soul !
May my sins be forgiven ! may I reach the farther shore !"*

---

* May I obtain salvation.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"He Bândî, jaldî jâo ! yeh hî karo tum kâr !
Kaisâ ghulba ho rahâ mahiloṅ ke darbâr ?
Mahiloṅ ke darbâr, rî Bândî ! abhî jhapaṭke jâo !
Kaisâ shor huâ hai, Bândî ? jaldî ân sunâo.
Jâke pûchho dwârpâl se : mat dil meṅ ghabarâo !
Yeh hî bât tum pûchho jâke : phir mujhe samjhâo."

Itnî sun, bândî chalî: nahîṅ lagâî bâr.
Kaisâ raulâ mach rahâ ? Bhîṛ joṛî pachwâr.
Bhîṛ joṛî pachwâr : karî hai sundar sajî sawârî :
Rath, ghoṛâ aur pînas pâlkî, soran jaṛî anbârî.

Bândî Hîrâ Deî.

"Nâ ghar janamâ putar Râo ke : ho rahî jaisî jîkârî !
Dwarpâl, jald se mujhe kaho haqîqat sârî."

Queen Bâchhal.

"My maid, go quickly ! this is your work !
A great disturbance is going on in the court of the palace.
In the court of the palace, my maid ! Run off now and quickly !
What is this noise (about), my maid ? Come and tell me quickly.
Go and ask the door-keeper and do not lose your head !
This is what you must ask and then explain to me."

Hearing this the maid went off and tarried not.
There was a great noise and a crowd assembled in the courtyard.
A crowd assembled in the courtyard: they were preparing a beautiful and splendid cavalcade.
Carriages, horses and *pâlkis* covered with untold gold.

*The Maid Hîrâ Deî.**

"No son is born to the king and they hold such rejoicings !
Door-keeper, tell me quickly the whole story."

* Rânî Bâchhal's private servant.

Sipâhî.

"Hirâ Deî Bândî, suno! kahûñ tumhâre pâs.
Ik sâdhû utarâ bâgh meñ; hai sûrij kâ pargâsh:
Hai sûrij kâ pargâsh: khilâ hai jaise phûl hazâre;
Mohan marwâ, râî, chambelî; dî rahî ajab bhârî.
Darshan karne lage Râjâ; is kâran sâjî sawârî.
Sun, Hîrâ Deî, bât: kahî maiñ tujhe haqîqat sârî."

Bândî Hîrâ Deî.

"He Rânî! Is bâgh meñ â utarâ parmans:
Aisî astûtâ kar rahe, jûñ Sarwar kâ hans.
Jûñ Sarwar kâ hans, bâgh meñ utarâ âe.
Maiñ kahtî kar jor, karo tum darshan jâe.
Aisâ sundar rûp, kaheñ sab nar aur nârî;

Door-keeper.

"Thou maid, Hîrâ Deî, listen and I will tell thee.
A saint has come into the garden as glorious as the sun:
As glorious as the sun is he; blooming as a thousand flowers,
Sweet marjoram, mustard, jasmine: he is showing great wonders.
The Râjâ goes to visit him, and for this is the glorious cavalcade.
Mark my words Hîrâ Deî: I have told thee the whole tale."

The Maid Hîrâ Deî.

"O Queen! a mighty saint* has come into this garden.
They praise him as being like the swan of Sarwar.†
Like the swan of Sarwar he has entered into the garden.
I tell thee with joined hands and to go and visit him.
Very great is his beauty say all men and women;

---

* *Parmans* in the text: should be *param hans*, *i.e.*, an ascetic of the highest order.

† For the Mânsarobar Lake, the fabled dwelling of the *hanśa* on Mount Kailâsa in the Himâlayas. *Sansk.* Mânasa—sarovara. It is used later however in this song for a *lake* in the garden.

Nâ Indrâsan bîch rûp kisî ko hai bhârî.
He Rânîjî! Sab mil darshan karo. Bât yeh mâṅ hamârî.
Maiṅ kahtî kar joṛ, âs pûran ho tumhârî."

Jab Rânî ne turt hî solah kî singâr,
Kaṛî, panjpâṅ, jhâṅwaráṅ, sab abran lîâ sâr:
Sab abran lîâ sâr: hâth meṅ motîṅ thâl sujâyâ;
Khil rahî jot âkâs gagan, jûṅ bhân nikas chhâyâ.
Hâth joṛ ohîṅ gurû charnoṅ meṅ sîs niwâyâ.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Ho tumharî partâp, Nâth! jab sîl ho gaî kâyâ!"

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"He Mâî! Tû kaun hai? yehâṅ âî kis kâm?
Kaun tumhârâ nagar hai? kaun tumhârâ nâm?

No (maid) in Indra's Court* hath greater beauty.
O Queen, let us all visit him together. Hearken to my words.
I tell thee with joined hands, thy desires will be fulfilled."

Then the Queen at once dressed herself in her best.†
Bracelets, rings and anklets, each and all her ornaments;
Each and all her ornaments: and took a platter of pearls in her hand.
Her glory shone as a star in the heavens, as the sun driving away the shadows.
With joined hands she bowed her head at the feet of the Gurû there.

Queen Bâchhal.

"If thou cherish me, Saint, then will my body rejoice."

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"My lady! who art thou? Why hast thou come here?
Where is thy home? What is thy name?

---

* The conventional abode of beauty and licentiousness.
† *Lit.*, Put on the 16 appliances for decoration.

Kaun tumhârâ nâm ? kaho tum mukh se sachî bânî.
Ai Mâî, tû dekhî mujhko bhale gharoṅ kî Rânî."

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Nâ kuchh man meṅ châo !"

Ronke bolî mukh se bânî.
Itnî kahke bât, nâth ke bharâ nain se pânî.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ ; suno, Gurûjî, bât.
Maiṅ to binâ aulâd kî hûṅ, beâkul din rât.
Hûṅ beâkul din rât : rahî tan kî sudh jâtî.
Hâth malûṅ, sir dhunnûṅ, nahîṅ kuchh pâr basâtî.
Binâ putar, Mahârâj, rahûṅ man bîch udâs,
Jaise jal bin mîn rahe thal ûpar piyâs.
Maiṅ dokhâ dokhî bharî ; karo merî pratipâlâ !
Mujh pâpan kâ âj karo mukh chandar ujâlâ."

What is thy name ? Tell the truth with thy lips.
O lady, thou seemest to me to be a Queen of a great line."

Queen Bâchhal.

"I have no pleasure in my heart."

Weeping (thus) spake she with her lips.
When she spake thus the saint's eyes filled with tears.

Queen Bâchhal.

"With joined hands I pray thee : hear, Saint, my words.
I am without a child, miserable day and night.
Miserable day and night am I : pleasure hath left my body.
I wring my hands, I dash my head, I have no resource.
Without a son, Mahârâj,* sorrow remains in my heart,
As a fish without water lies thirsting on the sands.
I am a great sinner ; be thou my protector !
Make thou my sinful face bright and happy to-day."

---

* Form of address to Brâhmans.

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Is mâyâ sansâr meṅ dukh hai âṭhon jâm.
He Mâî, is jagat se nahîṅ mujhe kuchh kâm.
Nahîṅ mujhe kuchh kâm jagat se; alakh-purakh, abinâs,
Brahmâ wohî, Bishn wohî hai, sahasr wohî rûp Kailâs:
Us kâ nâm le: mukat hûî likh, chhuṭ jâ jûn chaurâsî.
Jâo mahil ke bîch, Mâî; kyûṅ rudan kare hai yehâṅ sî?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"He Gurû Gorakhnâthjî, tum ho kirpâ nidhân!
Maiṅ dâsî hûṅ charan kî; pûran kîjo kâm.
Pûran kîjo kâm: dhyân charnoṅ se lâûṅ.
Dijo mukh se bachan, dân putar kâ pâûṅ.
Khân pân sab te jâ rahûṅ beâkul din râtî,

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"In this illusory world grief is always present.*
My lady, I have nothing to do with this world.
I have nothing to do with this world: the invisible Being, the imperishable,
Brahmâ is he, Bishn† is he, Kailâs‡ is he of the thousand forms:
Take thou his name: salvation is written down for thee (by fate), thou art released from the eighty-four lives.§
Go to thy palace, Lady: Why art thou grieving here?"

Queen Bâchhal.

"O Gurû Gorakhnâth, thou art the home (ocean) of mercy!
I am (but) a slave-girl at thy feet: fulfil my desire.
Fulfil my desire: I worship at thy feet.
Speak a word from thy lips and I shall obtain the gift of a son.
I cannot eat or drink at all, miserable day and night,

---

* *Lit.*, Throughout the 8 watches.
† Vishnu. ‡ Śiva.
§ The eighty-four *lâkhs* of lives: the conventional expression for the transmigration of souls.

Jûṅ jangal ke bîch phirî hai maknâ hâthî,
Jûṅ bhojan bin rahî hai durbal kâyâ.
Maiṅ pâpan nirbhâg! nahîṅ sukh maiṅ ne pâyâ."

Rânî Kâchhal.

"He Bândî! tum se kahûṅ; yeh hî karo tum kâr.
Chalo sangat, ham se abhî dekhan bâgh bahâr.
Dekhan bâgh bahâr, rî Bândî: kahûṅ tujh se samjhâke,
Pân, supârî, mewâ, misrî, lâo thâl meṅ pâke.
Khabar kisî ko nâ ho, piârî: sunîyo chit lagâke.
Jaun bâgh meṅ utarâ sâdhû, kîjûṅ darshan jâke."

Bândî.

"Bachan tumhârâ mânke abhî karûṅ tatkâl;
Ab tumhâre hukum ko nek karûṅ, nahîṅ ṭâl:
Nek karûṅ, nahîṅ ṭâl; suno, Rânî, ik arzî hamârî.

As a tuskless elephant wandering in the forests.
As a body growing weak without food.
I am a miserable sinner! I have received no joy!"

*Queen Kâchhal.**

"My maid, I tell thee, this must thou do.
Come with me, we must visit the beautiful garden at once.
See the garden at once, my maid; I tell thee.
Betel leaves and nuts, fruits, sugar-candy, bring me on a platter.
Tell no one, my dear: listen with all thy heart.
The saint that has come into the garden must I go and visit."

Maid.

"Obeying thy order I will do it forthwith;
I will now carry out your order well, there shall be no delay:
I will carry it out well without delay; Listen, Queen, I have a tale.

---

* Sister of Queen Bâchhal. The scene changes here.

Wâ gaî darshan karan sant ke, Bâchhal bahin tumhârî:
Jab woh âve mahil bîch meṅ kahûṅ haqîqat sârî.
Dhîraj kar, Rânî, man mâṅ: yeh mâno kahî hamârî."

Jab Rânî ne soch meṅ baiṭhî sangam rât:

Rânî Kâchhal.

"He Bândî, uṭh jâgîye! hun lagî prabhât:
Hun lagî prabhât! karo sukh! Har simran uṭh, piârî.
Jal se yeh bharî dharî sundar kanchan kî jharî;
Lîâ jaldî âshnân karûṅ: kyâ kartî soch bachârî?"

Phir basan bhoshan Rânî sang sâkhî hûî sârî
Â charnoṅ meṅ parî.

Rânî Kâchhal.

"Gurû! hove pûran âs hamârî!
Tum ho âp dayyâ, sukh sâgar, nem dharam, Brahmchârî!"

She has gone to visit the saint, has Bâchhal, thy sister:
When she returns to the palace I will tell the whole story.
Have patience, Queen, keep a (brave) heart: hearken to my words."

The Queen then remained in sorrow all night.

Queen Kâchhal.

"My maid, wake up, it is already dawn.
It is already dawn! take comfort! get up and worship Hari, my dear.
This beautiful golden ewer filled with water has been placed here;
Taking it I will quickly wash: why should I grieve sorrowfully?"

Then donning ornaments the Queen with all her attendants
Came and fell at (the saint's) feet.

Queen Kâchhal.

"Gurû! may my hope be accomplished!
Thou art full of pity and mercy,* observer of the law, a teacher of religion!"

---

* *Lit.*, Pitiful and an ocean of pleasure.

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"He Mâî, tû kaun hai? kaho mukh sachî bât.
Kaun nagar se âunâ? kaun nagar ko jât?
Kaun nagar ko jât? Bât to kah de mukh se, Mâî.
Kyâ hai kâm? Kaho jaldî se. Kis kâran yehâṅ âî?
Tû hai kutal kaṭhor nâr! taiṅ chhalke duniyâ khâe!
Mârûṅ bâṅs! Chalî jâ yehâṅ se! kyûṅ martî bin âî?"

Rânî Kâchhal.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ: kîjo merî sahâî.
Beṛâ paṛâ samundar meṅ: dîjo pâr langhâe.
Dîjo pâr langhâe! kar joṛ! sahâî!
Tum ho pûran, brahmthârî, mâyâ nahîṅ pâî!
Ho tumhârâ partâp, rahe jag nâm tumhârâ.
Jo ho jâ ik putar âp kâ jî jîkârâ."

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"My Lady, who art thou? Tell the truth with thy lips.
From what home hast come? To what home art going?
To what home art going? Tell me with thy lips, Lady.
What is thy desire? Say quickly why hast thou come here?
Thou art a black and hard-hearted woman! Thou hast deceived the whole world!
I will beat thee with a bamboo! Be off from here! Why dost thou court death?"

Queen Kâchhal.

"With joined hands I pray: be my protector.
My bark is on the sea; make it to cross over.
Make it to cross over! With joined hands! Protection!
Thou art perfect, a spiritual guide, without illusion.
May thy splendor (increase), and my name remain in the world!
If there be a son through thee may thine heart rejoice."

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Ik bachan merâ suno: man meṅ bândho dhîr.
Is chintâ ko dûr kar: sadâ bhajo Raghbîr.
Sadâ bhajo Raghbîr, bâwarî! Kyûṅ dil meṅ ghabarâo?
Sâdh sant kî sewâ karnî, man ichhâ phal pâo.
Yeh sâgar sansâr karam kâ; kyûṅ nâhaqq pachhtâo?
Yeh mâno tuni bachan hamârâ. Abhî mahil ko jâo."

Us rât nakhanḍ gaî sab jag karat ârâm;
Rânî* mahiloṅ se chalî dhar Gorakh kâ dhyân:
Dhar Gorakh kâ dhyân; jabhî Rânî bâgh meṅ âî,
Hâth joṛ, âdhîṅ hûî, charnoṅ meṅ sîs niwâî.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Binâ putar maiṅ phirûṅ taraptî? tan man huâ sudâî.

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Hear one word of mine: take courage in thy heart.
Keep this grief afar: worship always Raghbîr.
Worship always Raghbîr, thou fool! why art confounded in thy heart?
Serve saints and holy men, and receive the desire of thy heart.
This world is full of fate,† why dost grieve for nothing?
Hearken to these my words. Go to thy palace at once!"

That night at midnight when all were at rest;
Queen (Bâchhal) left the palace and worshipped Gorakhnâth.
Worshipped Gorakhnâth: when the Queen came into the garden
With joined hands she saluted him and bowed her head at his feet.

Queen Bâchhal.

"Without a son I live in sorrow! my body and mind are in trouble.

---

* *Scil.* Bâchhal. † *Lit.*, Ocean of fate.

Karo, Nâth, man ichhâ pûran : is kâran chal âî."

Gurû Goraknath.

"Jâ kâ tan tashnâ âdhik so andhâ kar deh :
Pâp pun jâne nahîṅ châhat karan sneh:
Châhat karan sneh : kahûṅ main mukh se sachî bânî.
Yeh duniyâ hai khân kapaṭ kî : tûṅ kyûṅ hûî díwânî ?
Jo kuchh ank likhâ Kartâ ne, lag gaî karam nishânî.
Jâ ghar ! Baiṭh raho mahiloṅ meṅ, Har se dhyân lagânî."

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Jo châho, soî karo ! Tum sat ho, Gorakh !
Is duniyâ ke bîch meṅ nâm mahârâ râkh !
Nâm mahârâ râkh : hâth tumharî hai ḍorî !
Jo châho, so karo ! tumheṅ kis kî hai chorî ?
Bhû sâgar meṅ bahî ! karo merâ nastârâ !
Dhirag jîûṅ jagat bîch ; binâ putar hai hârâ."

Fulfil, saint, the desire of my heart : for this am I come."

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Whose body is full of envy it makes him blind.
Not knowing right from wrong he would be loving :
He would be loving : I speak truth from my lips.
This world is a pit of deceit : why art become mad ?
The fate that god has written, the sign of that fate has
been made.
Go home ! sit in the palace, worshipping Hari."

Queen Bâchhal.

"Do as thou wilt ! Be thou true, Gorakhnâth !
Protect my name in this world !
Protect my name : the power* is in thy hand !
Do as thou wilt ! whom dost thou fear ?†
I am afloat on the sea of the world ! Grant me salvation !
Accursed I live in the world, ruined (by being) without
a son !"

---

* *Lit.*, The thread.

† An idiom. *Lit.*, From whom is concealment to you ?

Rânî Kâchhal.

"Hâth jor binti karûù, he Gurû Gorakhnâth!
Bahot dinoù sewâ karî : lâj tumhâre hâth.
Lâj tumhârê hâth, Gurû! main tum se 'araz lagâî:
Jis par kirpâ hûî tumhârî, pâr karo chhinmâe.
Dhan dhan bhâg pûran haiù un ko, jis ghar janam le âe!
Amar nâm un kâ hai jag meù! Dhan hai jantî mâî!"

Jholî meù se nâth ne do phal lîe nikâl.

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Jâ Mâî, tujh ko dîe! janamenge do la'l:
Janamenge do la'l. Jâo, ab mat na kîjo derî.
Jân lîâ main bahot dinoù sewâ karî gherî.
Phir kabhî ânâ nahîù yehâù se! kahî manîye merî.

---

*Queen Kâchhal.**

"With joined hands I pray, O Gurû Gorakhnâth!
Many days have I served thee: my honor is in thy hands.
My honor is in thy hands, Gurû! I make my prayer to thee:
On whom is thy mercy is saved at once.
Happy fates were fulfilled to them in whose house thou wert born!
Immortal is their name in the world! Happy is thy bearing mother!"

The saint took two flowers from out of his wallet.

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Go lady, I have given to thee! Two sons will be born:
Two sons will be born. Go, make no delay now.
I know that thou hast done me many days of service and worship.
Come here again no more! Hearken to my words:

---

* The scene changes here.

Kis kis ko den putar? doltî denâ phirî bahoterî."
Bhar lîâ garwâ dûdh kâ: lîâ apne hâth:

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Dayyâ karo hamesha apnî, ai Gurû Gorakhnâth!"

Râgnî.

"Karo kirpâ, Gurû mere!
Charan kî dâsî hûn terî!"
Yeh hî kah ro paṛî Rânî.
Nain men bhar âyâ pânî.
"Putar bin hîn hûn nârî!
Ren chakwî ko jûn bhârî,
Yeh hî gat ho rahî merî!
Gurû, main dâsî hûn terî!
Karo pûran merî âsâ!
Meṭ man kâ shakal sânsâ!"

Shall I give a son to every one? Child-giving is a constant request."

She*filled a cup of milk and gave it (the Gurû) with her own hands.

Queen Bâchhal.

"Have mercy always, O Gurû Gorakhnâth!"

Song.

"Have mercy, my Gurû!
I am a slave at thy feet!"
Saying this the Queen fell to weeping,
And her eyes were full of tears.
"I am indeed a woman without a son!
As the night is wearisome to the *chakwî*,
So is this evil plight to me.
Gurû, I am thy slave!
Fulfil my desire!
Wipe out all my sorrows from my heart!"

---

* *I.e.*, Bâchhal *not* Kâchhal. Scene changes again.

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Jâ, laṇḍî kî! Bhâg jâ! jo jîwat châhe prân.
Tiryâ ko nahîṅ mârnâ; hot dharm kî hân.
Hot dharm kî hân. Chalî jâ! mat nâ sûrat dikhlâve!
Kal dînî do phal tere ko; zarâ lâj nahîṅ âve!
Is duniyâ se rahe akelâ: nâ kisî ko patyâve!
Is kal jug kâ yeh hî rûp hai: sab dharm uṛ ho jâve!"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Jhûṭ bachan bolûṅ nahîṅ, he Gurû Gorakhnâth!
Koî tum ko chhal le gaî tiryâ chanchal zât.
Tiryâ chanchal zât 'aqal har le gaî tumhârî.
Kyûṅ bhole, Mahârâj? ulaṭ qismat gaî mahârî!
Nâ tumharâ kuchh dosh: phirûṅ karmoṅ kî mârî!

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Go, thou daughter of a cur!* Be off! If thou wouldst preserve thy life.
One should not strike a woman; it is against the law.†
It is against the law. Be off! show thy face no more!
I gave thee two sons (fruits) yesterday; thou hast no shame at all!
One must live alone in this world and trust no one!
This is the condition of this age:‡ all religion has fled away!"

Queen Bâchhal.

"I speak no lie, O Gurû Gorakhnâth!
Some wanton woman has deceived thee.
Some wanton has misled all thy discrimination.
Why dost frown, Mahârâj? My fate has become unfortunate!
No blame is yours: I live a victim of fate.

---

* A term peculiar to *faqîrs* as abuse.
† *I.e.*, religious law.
‡ The Kali Yuga, the 4th or present age of the world, always considered as very degenerate.

Jûṅ chakwî ko ren hûî, aisî gat mahârî!
Jûṅ yatîm bin rain rahe sab abran phîkâ!
Jûṅ jal bin rahe mîn, hâl bîte merî jî kâ!

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"He Rânî, roîye matî! kyûṅ soche har bâr?
Jâ! Tere sat hovegâ Gûgâ Râjkuṅwâr!
Gûgâ Râjkuṅwâr hovegâ, sûr, bîr, kallâdhârî.
Janamat sâr lage gîn par, jis se parjâ bhûnî sârî.
Ghar ghar thapî dî nagar meṅ: gâveṅ mangal nârî.
Jo ham ko woh le gaî chhalke, he pâpan hatyârî!
Janamat sâr maregî jannî: parî nipat atî bhârî:
Bârah baras kî hûî 'umar kî. Rakhîye yâd hamârî."

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Âj mujhe yeh bar huâ, man meṅ kîâ ânand.
Janam janam ke kaṭ gae mere shakal dukh phand."

As the *chakwî's* at night, so has my plight become (evil)!
As a deserted wife without a husband remains devoid of ornaments!
As from a fish without water the joy of my life has departed!"

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Weep not, my Queen! Why art always sorrowful?
Go! Thy son will be the Prince Gûgâ!
The Prince Gûgâ will he be, beautiful, brave, miraculous.
From his very birth shall he work miracles that the whole world may be his subjects.
In every house shall be congratulations throughout the city: the women shall sing songs of rejoicing.
The woman who deceived me, the deceitful sinner!
She shall die at their birth, very heavy sorrow shall fall on her.
Twelve years shall their life last. Remember my words.'

Queen Bâchhal.

"To-day has my boon been granted, rejoicing my heart.
The meshes of the sorrows of all my lives have been cut."

Râgnî.

"Kaṭe dukh janam ke sâre!
Bhâg nirmal hûe mahâre!
Hûî kirpâ Gurû tuhârî!
Phirûn thî karam kî mârî:
Râkh, lajjâ lîe maharî!
Gurû! main dâsî hûn tuhârî.
Bipat men sukh mujhe dînâ:
So phal jag men hûâ jînâ."

Sabîr Deî.

"He Bâchhal! Is jagat men tain dî lâj ganwâe!
Jogî râkhâ bâgh men: nit uṭh us par jâe.
Nit uṭh us par jâe: bhûrî zarâ lâj nahîn âî.
Nit uṭh ta'na dî hain sarîke: ho gaî jagat hansâî.

Song.

"The griefs of all my lives have been blotted out!
My fate has become propitious!
Thy mercy, Gurû, has come upon me!
The victim of fate did I live,
But thou hast preserved my honor!
Gurû! I am thy slave.
Thou gavest me joy in my sorrow:
So my fruit hath ripened in the world."*

Sabîr Deî.†

"O Bâchhal! Thou hast destroyed thy honor in the world!
Thou didst keep the *jogî* in the garden, always going to him.
Always going to him: no shame came to thee at all.
Our relatives are always blaming thee, and the whole world jeers.

---

* The desire of my heart is accomplished.
† The sister of Râjâ Jewar.

Khoî dî kul kî marjâdâ jab se biyâhî aî.
Ghar ghar charchâ râhe râtâñ: hañste log lagâe.
Is jîne se marnâ behtar: ab kyûñ sûrat dikhâî?
Aisâ zulm kîâ taiñ, pâpan: zarâ lâj nahîñ âî."

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Pâp pun jânûñ nahîñ: suno hamârî bât.
Kyûñ khoṭe mukh se kahe? nâ âve kuchh hâth.
Nâ âve kuchh hâth: kahe mukh koṭî bânî.
Kyûñ kartî badnâm: âp ho, beṭî, syânî!
Bin dekhan, bin sunan, kahe jo mukh se bânî.
Yâ le! Nische jân! Narak meñ jâe prânî.
Bigṛat hai parlok dharm apnâ jo hâre.
Un kâ sat nâ rahe kahâ patî kâ jo ḍâṛe!"

The honor of the family has been lost since thou wast married into it.
All night are scandals in the house and the people have begun to jeer.
Better die than live thus: how canst thou show thy face now?
Such wickedness hast thou done, thou sinner, that no shame comes at all!

Queen Bâchhal.

"I know nor good nor evil: listen to my words.
Why speak evil with your lips? No good comes of it.
No good comes from speaking evil with the lips.
Why do you give me a bad name: thou art a wise woman, my girl!
Speaking evil with your lips without seeing and without hearing.
Take this (to heart). Know this for certain! Thy life will be passed in Hell.
Who forsakes the law will be destroyed in the next world.
Her virtue remains not who disobeys her husband's word!"

Sabîr Deî.

"Jo bâtân tain ne karî: aisî karî na koî.
Bâgaṛ des Chauhân kî dîe lâj sab khoî.
Dîe lâj sab khoî, Bahû: main sun Kâchhal se âî.
Awandî Jewar bhayyâ ko dûn mahilon se khaṛwâî.
Nahîn kâm mahilon men terâ: jit châhe ut jâîye!
Kyâ mukhṛâ dikhlâve jag men: maro, zahar bas khâîye."

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Jo karnî so kar chuko! mat nâ kîjo ṭâr!
Jo mukat men likh dîâ nâ koî meṭanhâr.
Nâ koî meṭanhâr: karo jo tum ko bhâve.
Tujh ko tîn talâq mahil se nâ khaṛwâve.
Jo tû mukh se pher kahegî khoṭî bânî,
Marûngî kaṭârî khâe: tajûngî ab zindagânî.

Sabîr Deî.

"As thou hast done hath no one done.
All the honor of the Chauhâns* of Bâgaṛ is lost.
All the honor is lost, my sister: I heard it all from Kâchhal.
I will go to my brother Jewar and have thee turned out of the palace.
Thy place is not in the palace: go where thou wilt!
Why dost show thy face in the world: take poison and die!"

Queen Bâchhal.

"Do you what you have to do! Delay not!
What is written in one's fate† none can blot out.
None can blot out: do as you please.
I swear to thee thrice. Get me turned out of the palace!‡
If you speak evil words again with your lips,
I will stab myself and die: I will destroy my life at once.

---

* Gûgâ was a Chauhân Râjpût † A curious use of *mukat*.
‡ *I.e.* do your worst.

Nà jîûṅ pal ik: prân chhîn meṅ kho dûṅgî!
Dhur dargahoṅ bîch pakaṛ pallû terâ lûṅgî!"

Sabîr Deî.

"Are bhâî Jewar mere! kahûṅ tum hîṅ se àj!
Bâgaṛ des Chauhân kî ṭâr dharî hai lâj!
Ṭâr dharî hai lâj bairan meṅ: samjhâûṅ tujh koî.
Aisâ zulm kîâ Bâchhal ne jag meṅ hûa nâ hûî.
Jogî rakh bàgh meṅ: le bhojan nit jâe:
Adhî rât nikhaḍ gaî thî jab mahiloṅ meṅ âî.
Zulm is ne kîâ bhârî:
Lâj sab khoî hamârî.
De mahiloṅ se kaṛh!
Nahîṅ, us ko de mârî!"

I will not live a minute: I will destroy my life in a moment!
I will bring you to account for it in the next world*"

Sabîr Deî.

"Ah Jewar, brother mine! I would speak with you to-day!
The honor of the Chauhâns of Bâgaṛ has been taken away.
Honor has been lost through an enemy: † I will tell it all (to you).
Such wickedness as Bâchhal has done has not been since the world has been.
She kept the *jogî* in the garden and was always going and giving him food:
It was dead of night at midnight when she returned to the palace.
Great wickedness has she done:
All our honor is gone.
Turn her out of the palace
Or else destroy her."

---

* *Lit.*, I will seize and take the hem of thy garment in the midst of the distant court.

† *I.c.* Bâchhal: *bairan* fem.

Râjâ Jewar.

"Sunke tumhare bachan ko, gîâ krodh tan chhâe:
Ab jîwat chhoṛûṅ nahîṅ: dûngâ prân gaṅwâe.
Dûngâ prân gaṅwâe: abhî mahiloṅ se dûṅ khaṛwâe.
Mâr koṛûṅ, khâl uṛâ dûṅ: rahâ krodh tan chhâe.
Maiṅ jânûṅ thâ hai satwantî: augun rahî chhipâe.
Tiryâ jât 'aqal mat hînî; nâ mukh karo baṛâe.
Mahâ kapat kî khân jân lîe! hogî jagat haṅsâe.
Itnî hî sanjog likhâ thâ: Bidhnâ bât banâî."

Sabir Deî.

Ai Bhâî, soche matî: kîjo ik upâe.
Kyâ? tû bhijwâ us ke bâp ko: nahîṅ dîjo jân gaṅwâe.
Nahîṅ dîjo jân gaṅwâe: baran maiṅ kahûṅ tujhe samjhâke.
Nahîṅ chorî kî bât rahî: tû pûchh mahil meṅ jâke.

Râjâ Jewar.

Hearing your words my body is full of anger:
I will not now let her live; I will destroy her life.
I will destroy her life: I will turn her out of the palace at once.
I will beat her and flay off her skin: my body is full of anger.
I thought her virtuous and secretly she was vile.
Womenkind are without thought or mind: praise them not with thy mouth.
Hold them as the very pit of deceit! The world will jeer (at her).
My connection with her is at an end:* Fate hath done this."

Sabir Deî.

"Ah Brother, grieve not: make a plan.
What? Send her to her father; do not destroy her life.
Do not destroy her life: I will tell thee a plan.
It is no secret: go and ask the whole palace.

---

* *Lit.*, This much connection (fate) had written.

Dekh ! turt mukaṛegî Rânî, sau sau qasmâṅ khâke.
Mat nâ karo 'itbâr kisî kâ : mare zahar khilâke.
Mat karo soch bichâr : baran kyâ hâth lage pachhtâke ?
Anhonî hûî rît hamârî isî jagat meṅ âke."

Râjâ Jewar.

"Itnâ hî sanjog thâ : Bidhnâ rachî ûpâr."

Jhaṭ khunṭî se târke lîâ hâth kaṭâr.
Lîâ hâth kaṭâr.

Râjâ Jewar.

"Piârî, kadhî kâm nahîṅ âyâ.
Aî parîr sâr, Bhâî, maiṅ jis khâtir tû haṭâyâ."

Aisî kahke bât, Râo ke nainoṅ meṅ jal chhâyâ.
Nahîṅ miyâṅ ko chhoṛe khâṇḍâ ! He Gorakh kî mâyâ !

See ! the Queen will at once deny, swearing a hundred oaths.
Believe none of them : they will kill thee with poison.
Grieve not : what sorrow has come to grieve about ?
An unexpected evil has come upon in this world."

Râjâ Jewar.

"So long we were connected : Fate hath decreed separation."

He took his dagger in his hand immediately from off the peg.
He took his dagger in his hand.

*Râjâ Jewar.**

"My beloved, never have I used thee."
A heavy sorrow, friend, has come for which I draw thee.

When he said this the king's eyes filled with tears.
The blade would not leave the scabbard, through Gorakhnâth's power !

---

* Speaking to the dagger

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Binâ khatâ, taqsîr bin, kyûṅ mâro Mahârâj ?
Kaun pâp ham se hûâ ? kyâ bigṛâ kuchh kâj ?
Kyâ bigṛâ kuchh kâj, Pati ? sun 'araz hamârî.
Kyûṅ taiṅ kînâ krodh ? nîr nainoṅ se jârî ?
Kyûṅ lîâ khâṇḍâ hâth meṅ ? surkhî kyûṅ chhâî ?
Dîjîye sâch batâe. Tum hîṅ hai Râm duhâî !"

Râjâ Jewar.

"Jo, Rânî, tû ne karî aisî karî nâ koî.
Bâṅh pakaṛke dhâr dînâ adhar ḍaboî.
Dînâ adhar ḍaboî : tû hai kamzât lugâî.
Jab se prît kasî jogî se, ho gaî jagat haṅsâî.
Yeh Bidhnâ ke hâth bât hai : jit châhe âwat jâe.
He pâpan nirbhâg, samajh le : tujhe soch nahîṅ âî !"

Queen Bâchhal.

"Why slayest thou (me), Râjâ, without crime, without fault ?
What crime have I committed ? What injury have I done ?
What injury, O my Lord ! Hear my prayer.
Why art thou angry ? Why fall tears from thy eyes ?
Why hast thou taken the sword in thy hand ? Why are (thine eyes) full of redness ?
Tell me the truth. Thou art my God and protector !"

Râjâ Jewar.

"O Queen as thou hast done none hath done.
Seizing my arm thou hast plunged me into the stream (of sorrow).
Plunged me into the stream : thou art an evil woman.
Since thou hast made love to the *jogî* the world has laughed.
This matter is in the hands of Fate, which does as it pleases.
O miserable sinner, listen : thou didst not dread (the result) !"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Kaun Bidhâtâ dukh dîâ? kîjo ân sahâî?
Kyûn biptâ dînî mujhe, jo dukh sihâ na jâe?
Jo dukh sihâ na jâe, Bidhî: taîn kyâ gat karî hamârî?
Ṭap ṭap ansû paṛe dharan par: nîr nain se jârî."

Kis bidh karat bilâp mahil men? Jabhî kûk mukh mârî.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Yeh man uṭhat biyog: marûn, main tan men khâe kaṭârî."

Chalî mahil se bâhir nikas; jhat karî turt aswârî.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Likhî karm kî rekh, dekhîyo, yeh gat hûî hamârî.
He Prabhû! sun lîjîye! Lâj tumhâre hâth!

Queen Bâchhal.

"O Fate what misery hast thou given? come and protect me!
Why hast given me such grief that I cannot bear the pain (of it)?
I cannot bear the pain, Fate; why hast thou made me so wretched?
My tears drop upon the ground: tears fall from my eyes."

What wailing there was in the palace when she cried out from her mouth!

Queen Bâchhal.

"My heart will (not) bear this separation: I will die, stabbing myself with a dagger."

She went outside the palace and at once entered a carriage.*

Queen Bâchhal.

See, this was written in the lines of Fate: this misery of mine.
O God! Hear me! My honour is in thy hands!

---

* A *rath* or native lady's carriage drawn by bullocks.

Binâ bulâî maiṅ chalî : kyâ kahenge pitû mât ?
Kyâ kahenge pitû mât mujhe ? 'ab kis kâran tû âî ?'"

Gaṛh Gajnî kî hûî rastâ, lambâ kûnch karâî.
Is bidh karat bîchâr : bhân jhaṭ gîâ sukh par âî.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Châr ghaṛî bisrâm karo ; yehâṅ jal, pîo, lo nahâe.
Yeh biptâ ban ghor hî : garjî ân paṛî mujh pâe.
Kyâ janûṅ thî aisî hogî ? detî prân gaṅwâe !"

Gâṛîwân.

"Châr ghaṛî bisrâm kar : sikhar bhân gîâ âe.
Maiṅ in bailoṅ ko abhî yehâṅ lâûṅ jal piâe."
Yehâṅ lâûṅ jal piâe."

Bail le jhaṭ sâgar pe âyâ :

I go uninvited ; what will my parents say ?
What will my parents say to me ? 'why hast thou come now ?'"

Her road lay to Ghaznî Fort, a long march she made.
Sorrowing thus (was she when) the sun rose quickly and she rested herself.

Queen Bâchhal.

"Let us rest an hour* : here is water, let us drink and bathe.
This is a dreadful grief that has come upon me : I have received the sorrow that has come to me.
Had I known it would be thus I would have destroyed my life."

Coachman.

"Let us rest an hour : the full sun has come (on us).
I will drink these bullocks and return here soon.
I will drink them and return here."

He took the bullocks at once to the river :

---

* *Châr ghaṛî* = 96 minutes.

Lage pîwan pânî sâgar meṅ bhachîr ḍhang lagâyâ.
Kâṭ-sâr gir paṛe dharan par: bhawar Baikuṇṭh lok ko dhâyâ.
Lagâ shîsh dharnî se mâran: kûk mâr mukh royâ.

Gariwân.

"Ai Bâchhal, sun le mujh ko: Bhâvê ne ân dabâyâ!
Tû to phirî Karne kî mârî! maiṅ kyâ pâp kamâyâ?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"He Bhâvê, taiṅ kyâ karî, is jangal meṅ âe?
Bail hamâre mar gae; lîe sarap ne khâe.
Lîe sarap ne khâe: dîe biptâ kyûṅ bhârî?
Nâ jîwan kî âs: chalî ab jân hamârî.
Is jângal ke bîch nahîṅ koî hamrâ sâthî.
Hâth malûṅ, sir dhunnûṅ: ghaṛî woh mere hâth na âtî!"
Is bidh karat bilâp, jab tan murchhâ gae âe.

They began to drink in the river where a serpent was on the bank.
Bitten they fell to the ground, and their life went to the next world.*
He began to dash his head on the ground and cried out and wept.

Coachman.

"O Bâchhal, hear me: Fate has come and destroyed me!
Thou art the victim of Fate! but what harm have I done?"

Queen Bâchhal.

"Ah Fate, what hast thou done in this desert?
My bullocks are dead, bitten by a snake.
Bitten by a snake: why hast given me great sorrow?
I have no hope of life: now will my life depart.
In this desert I have no friend.
I wring my hands, I dash my head: do what I will it is in vain!"
Thus did she cry out till she swooned away?

---

* *Baikunth*, Paradise.

Jab Gûge ne udar mâṅ parchâ dîâ lagâe.
Parchâ dîâ lagâe.

Gûgâ.

"Soch mat karnî Mât hamârî!
Gaḍî nîche kharâ nîb: ik toro us kî ḍâlî;
Le Gorakh kâ nâm: ân sudh legâ abhî tumhârî.
Kaun chîz hai zahar! utar jâe, lage na pâl kî derî.
Ik ṭakâ dhar Gurû Gorakh kâ: ho pûran âs ṭumhârî.
Itnâ kâm karo, Mâtâ: yeh mâno kahî hamârî!"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Yeh supnâ mujh ko âyâ: kyâ kahûṅ? kahî na jâe!
Gaḍî nîche nîb kâ peṛâ dîâ batâe.
Peṛâ dîâ batâe nîb kâ: aisâ supnâ âyâ.
Hai ik bâlak baṛâ sohanâ sâ: pas hamâre âyâ.

Then did Gûgâ from within her womb work a miracle.
Work a miracle.

*Gûgâ.**

"Grieve not, mother mine!
Near the carriage stands a *nîm*† tree, cut one of its branches;
Call on Gorakhnâth: he will come and protect thee.
What is there in poison (after all)? It will go away without a moment's delay.
Lay aside a mite for Gurû Gorakhnâṭh and thy hope will be fulfilled.
Do this much, Mother, and hearken to these my words!"

Queen Bâchhal.‡

"Thus did I dream: what shall I say? I cannot say it!
It showed me a *nîm* tree near the carriage.
It showed me a *nîm* tree: such was my dream.
It was a very lovely child that came to me.

---

* Speaking from his mother's womb.
† *Melia indica.* ‡ To the coachman.

Bhojâ pakaṛke kar lîe baiṭhe, yeh mukh se farmâyâ ;
'Gurû Gorakh kâ nâm batâ ! gae antar dhyân lagae !' "

Kalâm Rânî Bâchhal kâ Gurû Gorakhnâth se.

"Ai Gurû Gorakhnâthjî ! karîye merî sahâî !"

Lekar ḍâlî nîb kî : dhar dîâ ṭakâ chauhâî.
Dhar dîâ ṭakâ chauhâî ; jabhî mukh Gorakhnâth manâyâ.
Paṛh paṛh mantar asṭ kulî ke jab gâṛar ko gâyâ.
Utarâ zahar jabhî ik chhîn meṅ, jab oh ne sîs hilâyâ.
Turt khaṛe ho gae bail ! Gûge ne parchâ lâyâ !

Rânî Bâchhal.

" Kirpâ hûî Gorakhnâth kî : sârî hamârî kâj ;
Sab jag pâlanhâr ho ! baṛe gharîb nawâj !

He caught my arm, took my hand, sat down and said with his lips.
'Call on Gurû Gorakhnâth! The difficulty will go as you worship !' "

Prayer of Queen Bâchhal to Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Ó Gurû Gorakhnâth ! Be thou my helper !"

She took the branch of the *nîm* tree and placed the offering of a mite.
Placed the offering of a mite : and called on Gorakhnâth.
She repeated the charms for the eight kinds (of snakes) and then sang the praises of the charmer.
Then the poison went away in a moment, and they lifted their heads.
And the bullocks stood up immediately ! Gûgâ worked this miracle !

Queen Bâchhal.

"(Through) the mercy of Gorakhnâth my desire has been fulfilled.
Thou art the supporter of the whole world : the great cherisher of the humble !

Bare gharîb nawâj, Nâthjî! Pahile tujhe manâûn!
Ab jân lîâ nische: nit charnon dhyân lagâûn!
Karî kirpâ mujh ûpar tum hî. Main bâbal ghar jâûn.
Mil dusoṭâ mujh birhan ko, phir nâ haṭke âûn."

Jab Rânî wahân se chalî, dhar Gorakh kâ dhyân;
Majal majal kar, â gaî Gaṛh Gajnî âsṭhân.
Ghaṛh Gajnî âsṭhân, jabhî Rânî mahilon men âî,
Bhojâ pasâr milî mâtâ se; parî dharan par jâe,
Umang umang bharâve chhâṭî! kyâ kahûn? kahî jâe!

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Wâ din kyûn na dîe mâr main jis din janam le âî?"

Great cherisher of the humble, O Saint! First of all I worship thee.
Now I know thee well: always will I worship at thy feet!
Thou hast shown mercy to me. I will go to my father's house.
I, the unfortunate, have been dismissed, never will I return."

Then the Queen worshipped Gorakhnâth and went on.
Stage by stage she journeyed and reached her house in Gajnî* Fort.
Her house in Gajnî Fort: when the Queen entered the palace,
She met her mother with extended arms and fell on the ground.
Great longing filled her breast: How shall I say? It cannot be said.

Queen Bâchhal.

"Why didst thou not slay me the day I was born?"

---

* I.e. *Ghaznî.*

Mâtâ Rânî Bâchhal kî.

"He beṭî, kyûn rotî? Kyûn man kiâ udâs?
Kaun bât kâ dukh tujhe? Kaho hamâre pâs!
Kaho hamâre pâs, ai beṭî! Kyûn man udan lagâe?
Kyâ patî, nand, bahin terî ne mukh bhar ta'n sunâe?
Kadhî nahîn itnâ dukh pâyâ jab se janam le âî.
Ab mukh se kah de, tû beṭî! Kis kâran chal âî?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"He Mâtâ, sun lîjîye! kahûn, tumhen samjhâe.
Jogî utarâ ânke, karî sewâ man lâe.
Karî sewâ man lâe nâth kî: man charnon chit lâe.
Nand morî ne jâ Râjâ se aisî chughlî khâî.
'Jogî râkhe, târ diâ hai: sârâ mâl luṭâe.
Yâ tû dîjîye mâr, nahîn mahilon se die kharwâe.'
Barî soch rahtî mujhe, nâ jîwan kî âs!

The Mother of Queen Bâchhal.

"My daughter, why dost weep? Why dost sorrow in thy heart?
What troubles thee? Tell me!
Tell me, O my daughter! Why is sorrow in thy heart?
What reproach have husband, sister-in-law and sister cast on thee with their lips?
I have borne no such sorrow as this since I was born.
Tell me with thy lips, my daughter! Why hast come here?"

Queen Bâchhal.

"O mother hear me! I will explain and tell it you.
A *jogî* came (into the garden), I went and worshipped him.
I went and worshipped the saint: I laid my heart and soul at his feet.
My sister-in-law went to the Râjâ and slandered me thus.
'She has kept the *jogî* and bestowed gifts on him and squandered all her property.
Either do you kill her or turn her out of the palace.'
(So) I am in great sorrow and have no hope in life!

Nahîṅ bâlak paidâ hûâ, lagâ bârwîṅ mâs!
Lagâ bârwîṅ mâs, rî Mâtâ! kyâ gat hûî hamârî?
Jab se paṛâ gharab meṅ mere yâ gat huî hamârî!
Tyâg dîe Râjâ ne mujh ko, aisî bât bichârî.
Maiṅ nir-bhâg janam kî! Aisî hûṅ pâpan hatyârî!"

Kalâm Gûge kâ Shikam meṅ.

"Mât hamârî ko rahî yâ chintâ din rât.
Us kâ dukh niwâr do, he Gurû Gorakhnâth!
He Gurû Gorakhnâth! ânke kîjo bîg sahâî!
Mât hamârî man apne meṅ rahî bahot dukh pâe.
Hogâ mujh ko ta'n jagat meṅ, jo yehâṅ janam le âe.
Pitâ mere ko de parchâ, merî mâtâ ko le jâe.
'Araz sun lîjo mahârî, dhyân charnoṅ se lâyâ!
He Gurû Gorakhnâth! Baṛâ dukh pâyâ!"

My child is not yet born, though this is the twelfth month (of my pregnancy).
Though this is the twelfth month, Mother! what a sad plight am I in?
Since he came into my womb I have been in sorrow!
The Râjâ dismissed me thinking such (evil) things.
I was born ill-fated! I am such a dreadful sinner!"

Gûgâ speaks from the Womb.

"My mother lives in sorrow day and night.
Take away her sorrows, O Gurû Gorakhnâth!
O Gurû Gorakhnâth! come and succour her quickly!
My mother lives on with great sorrow in her heart.
I shall suffer great reproach in the world if I am born here.
Show my father some miracle that he take back my mother.
Hear my prayer that worship at thy feet!
O Gurû Gorakhnâth, we are in great trouble!"

Râjâ Jewar.

"Sowan thâ sukh chain meṅ, sukh se âsan lâe.
Nahîṅ hosh tan kî rahî, paṛâ dharan par jâe:
Paṛâ dharan par jâe; merî sab rahî sudh jâtî.
Beâkul hûâ, hosh nahîṅ mujh ko, nâ mukh barnî jâtî.
Kahe mujh ko, 'Sun, mûrakh Râjâ; kyûṅ 'aqal rahî jâtî?
Jo Rânî ko nahîṅ lâvegâ, mar paṛe din râtî.'"

Hâth joṛ Mantrî kahe.

Mantrî.

"Suno Râo Mahârâj!
Rânî ko lâo abhî sidh hoîṅ sab kâj.
Sidh hoîṅ sab kâj, Râojî! Mâno bât hamârî.
Jo Rânî ko nahîṅ lâoge jâegî jân tumhârî.
Tûṅ har Chauhân bair lag jâegâ: jaldî karo tayyârî.

---

*Râjâ Jewar.**

"I was sleeping in ease and comfort: I lay down at ease.
I lost consciousness of myself and lay on the ground:
I lay on the ground and lost all consciousness.
I was restless though unconscious: no words came from my lips.
(Something) said to me, 'listen, foolish Râjâ; why have thy senses left thee?
If thou bring not thy Queen back, sorrow will fall on thee day and night.'"

Said his Minister with joined hands:

Minister.

"Hear my Lord Mahârâjâ!
Bring back the Queen at once, and all will be well.
All will be well, Sir King! Hearken to my words.
If you bring not the Queen back your life will be lost.
All the Chauhans will be your enemies: so make ready quickly.

---

* Speaking to his minister: the scene changes.

Rath, hâthî, aur pînas pâlkî, lejâ sab aswârî."
Itnî sunkar bât, Râo ne man meṅ yeh hî bichârî:

Râjâ Jewar.

"Ganpat Deo manâe, dekh mahûrat ko karûṅ tayyârî.
Âd Sârdâ simarke dharâ Ganpat kâ dhyân;
Asṭ sidh nau nidh ke bar dâyak Hanumân!
Bar dâyak Hanumân! Râkhîyo! yeh hî lâj tumhârî!"
Gaṛh Gajnî ke ho lîe rastâ; kûṅch majal kîâ bhârî.
Jâ pahunche haiṅ bâgh bich meṅ, sundar sajî sawârî.
Jab yeh khabar hûî Râjâ par, kush.* hûî man bhârî.

Carriages, elephants, and *pâlkis*; take your whole cavalcade."
When he heard this the Râjâ thought thus in his mind.

Râjâ Jewar.

"I will worship Ganpat,* find out the favourable time and make ready.
First I will worship Sâradâ† and then I will worship Ganpat.
O Hanumân‡ granter of the heart's desire §
Granter of desires, Hanumân! Preserve us! This is to thine honor!"
He took the road to Gajnî Fort; and marched many stages.
He reached the garden with a splendid and glorious cavalcade.
The news of it reached the Râjâ and his heart was very pleased.

---

* Ganeśa, the Elephant-headed God. He is always worshipped on the commencement of any project, such as a journey, a new house, a new well, a new book of accounts, and so on.

† Sâradâ = Saraswatî. ‡ The Monkey-God.

§ *Lit.*, The 8 perfections and the 9 riches.

Itnî sun Râjâ chale, le mantrî ko sang :
Hâth joṛ âge khaṛâ, man meṅ bahot umang.
Man meṅ bahot umang.

Râjâ Chandarbhân.

"Baṛâ jagat meṅ bhâg hamârâ!
Baṛî kirpâ hûî ham par, Râjâ: darshan hûâ tumhârâ.
Kushal tumhârî des! kushal hai sab parwâr tumhârâ!
Bahot dinoṅ se milne kî nit kar rahâ soch bichârâ.
Ab pûran hûî âs hamârî mahiloṅ meṅ pag dhârâ.
Hath joṛke paṛe charan meṅ: maiṅ hûṅ dâs tumhârâ."

Râjâ Jewar.

"Ab rukhsat mûhe dîjo. Suno Râo Mahârâj.
Ab Har ne pûran kîe shakal tumhârî kâj:
Shakal tumhârî kâj, Râo. Ik mâno bât hamârî.
Bahot roz ho gae, Mahârâj; jaldî karo tayyârî.

Hearing (of it) the Râjâ came, taking his minister with him.
With joined hands he stood, very pleased in his heart.
Very pleased in his heart.

Râjâ Chandarbhân.

"Great is my good fortune in the world!
Great is thy kindness to me, Râjâ, that thou hast visited me.
Happy be thy country! Happy be thy household!
For many days have I had a continual desire to see thee!
Now is my desire fulfilled since thou hast put thy foot in my palace.
With joined hands I fall at thy feet: I am thy slave."

Râjâ Jewar.

"Grant me leave now! Hear, my Lord Mahârâjâ.
Now hath Hari granted all thy desire.
All thy desire, Râjâ. Hear a word from me.
Much time has passed, Mahârâjâ: let us make ready quickly.

Ab ichhâ haigî chalne kî ;- mujhe soch hai bhârî.
Chhan-chhan hot, â bair mere ko : soch rahe nar nârî.
Hâth jor âdhîn kahûn : ab mukh se bâram bârî.
Âiye mahil se bâhir, Râo : ab 'Râm Râm' lo hamârî."

Jab Râjâ wahan se chale, man men bahot umang,
Dahine tîtar boltâ, aur bâven rahe Bhûhang.

Pandit Rangâchâr.

"Bâven rahe Bhûmang, Râo : main changâ shugan bichârâ.
Hogâ putar kallâdhârâ : hai pûran bhâg tumhârâ.
Khûb tarah se khoj khoj jotish kâ ank nikâlâ.
Janamat sâr dekh, Mahârâj : nivegâ jag sârâ.
Bhâdon tith hai ashtamî, jin men zâhir dîwân.

Now my desire is to go ; my anxiety is very great.
Quarrels arise, my enemies come upon me : all men and women are anxious.
With joined hands I pay my respects : answer me with your lips.
Come out of the palace, Râjâ, and bid adieu to me."*
When the Râjâ departed thence he was very pleased in his heart ;
On the right a partridge called, and on the left was a snake.†

Pandit Rangâchâr.

"On the left is a snake, Râjâ ; I think the omen good.
Thy son will be a miracle-worker : thy good fortune is accomplished.
I have examined the decree of the stars thoroughly.
Look to the commencement of his life, Mahârâjâ, all the world will honour him.
The eighth day of Bhâdhon‡ is the propitious time (for his birth), in which he will make his appearance.

---

* *Lit.*, Take my '*Râm, Râm*' : my parting salutation.
† Signs of good omen
‡ The month of August-September.

Phûloṅ ke paṅkhe chaṛhe aur nîle chhaṛî nishân.
Nîle chhaṛî nishân."

Râo ne janam hâ adh-râtî.
Jî jîkâr hûî mahiloṅ meṅ : pariâṅ mangal gâtî.
Naubat-khâna bajeṅ Râo ke : ik âve, ik jâte.
Ghar ghar hûâ ânand : kahe koî, 'Nâ karmoṅ kâ sathî.'
Rao ne bhale bichâre :
Dân kîâ hai bhârî :
Bâgaṛ Des anant rahe :
Ho jî jîkârî.

Râjâ Jewar.

"He Mantrî tum se kahûṅ : kar hirde meṅ gyân.
Râj tilak de Kaṅwar ko : kahâ hamârâ mân.

They will use fans of flowers and set up blue standards.
Set up blue standards !"*

The Râjâ (Gûgâ) was born at midnight.
The palace rejoiced : lovely maidens sang songs of joy.
The drums of the Râjâ were sounded,† one after the other.‡
Every house rejoiced : saith one, 'There is no fathoming fate.'
The Râjâ thought that it was well :
He gave very many gifts.
The land of Bagaṛ rejoiced,
And was glad at heart

Râjâ Jewar.

"O Minister, I say to thee : take it to thy heart.
Put the sign of royalty on the Prince (Gûgâ) : obey my command.

---

* A tall pole covered over with a blue and white striped cloth, surmounted with a large tuft of peacock's feathers, is the peculiarity of Gi ggâ's festival in the autumn.
† The custom at the birth of a *boy*.
‡ *Lit.* One comes, another goes.

Kahâ hamârâ mân : abhî paṇḍit ko bîg bulâo.
Jab kâ nikse lagan mahûrat, so ham ko batlâo.
Rahe rât din soch mujhe: yeh sunâ merî manâo.
Mangal châr karo mahiloṅ meṅ : bâje subhe bajâo."

Paṇḍit Rangâchâr.

"Bâchan tumhârâ mânke, abhî chalûṅ tat kâl.
Jo Râjâ kâ hukum ho kaise kar dûṅ ṭâl?
Kaise kar dûṅ ṭâl? Bachan maiṅ mânûṅ tuhâre.
Le yûṅ pushtak hâth, chalûṅ maiṅ sang tumhâre.
Kis kâran meṅ âj Râo ne bîg bulâyâ?
Kaho hamâre pâs: nahîṅ? Kyûṅ bhed batâyâ?
Âe Râj darbâr, kahûṅ mukh imrat bânî:
'Kaho mukh se, Mahârâj, âp jo man meṅ ṭhânî!'"

Râjâ Jewar.

"Charan tumhâre maiṅ lagûṅ, he Paṇḍit dujrâj!

Obey my command: send for the priest at once.
When the auspicious moment has been found, tell me.
Day and night have I thought this over: obey my command.
Let there be rejoicing in the palace: let joyful music be played."

*Paṇḍit Rangâchâr.**

"Hearing thy command, I will go now without delay.
How shall I delay the Râjâ's orders?
How shall I delay them? I will obey thy order.
Taking the book thus in my hand I will go with thee.
Why has the Râjâ sent for me so quickly to day?
Tell me: no? why make it a secret?
When I reach the Râjâ's presence I will speak sweet words with my lips.
'Say with thy lips, Mahârâjâ, what thou hast resolved in thy mind!'"

Râjâ Jewar.

"I fall at thy feet, O thou High Priest!

---

* Speaking to the Minister.

Dekh mahûraj khojke râj tilak kâ sâj.
Râj tilak kâ sâj: yeh hî âblâkh hamârî,
Jo kîjoge tilak khush haiṅ sab nar nârî.
Yeh jag âwan jân, banî jhûṭî rushnâî.
Khat, munî, jan, sant, baid ne nische gâe.
Nâ pitu, mâtâ, bharât: nahîṅ apnâ hai koi:
Sab swârath ke nît: janam yeh brithâ jâe."

Paṇḍit Rangâchâr.

"Khub bât tum ne kahî: maiṅ ne lîe bichâr.
Âj mahûrat âsal se: karo râj kâ kâr.
Karo râj kâ kâr, Râo: mere yeh hî samajh meṅ âî.
Is laṛke sûraj aṭhoṅ gâo âj se âî.
Hogâ bahot ânand, Râo; kuchh dîjo dân karâe.
Nahîṅ karnî kuchh soch, Râo; kuchh bhale kareṅ Raghâe.

Enquire and ascertain the auspicious moment for
 putting on the signs of royalty:
For putting on the signs of royalty: this is my desire.
All the men and women are pleased that you should
 put on the marks (on Gûgâ).
This world is fleeting, its appearances false.
Sages, saints and doctors have always sung this.
Nor father, nor mother, nor brother, nor any one is a
 friend.
All are always for self: this life is worthless."

Paṇḍit Rangâchâr.

"Thou hast well spoken: I have thought it over.
To-day is the really auspicious time: make the investi
 ture.
Make the investiture, Râjâ: this is what I think.
From to-day this boy will enter on the eight kinds of
 wisdom.
There will be great rejoicing, Râjâ; grant me some alms.
There is no necessity for anxiety, Râjâ: God* will grant
 some blessing."

---

* Raghâe=Ragunâth=Raghbir=Râma, as before

Rânî Bâchhal.

"He Râjâ! sun lîjîye: kahûṅ tumhâre pâs.
Us din Paṇḍit ne kahâ lagâ dûsrâ mâs.
Lagâ dusrâ mâs, Râo; sun araz hamârî!
Ab, kahûṅ, gâe ho bhûl jaun hirde meṅ dhârî
Maiṅ kahtî, kar joṛ; araz merî sun lîjo.
De gadî biṭhlâe! der pal kî nâ kîjo!"

Râjâ Jewar.

"Ganpat Deo manâke lenî panch bulâe.
Hâth joṛ tum se kahûṅ karîyo merî sahâî.
Karîyo merî sahâî: Bipr ke charnoṅ sîs niwâyâ.
Dekh mahûrat lagan ghaṛî: kyâ maiṅ tum ko farmâyâ?
Ab nâ kîjo der, Gurû: maiṅ charnoṅ sîs niwâyâ.
Hât joṛke khaṛâ âgâṛî, bâr bâr samjhâyâ."

Queen Bâchhal.

"O Râjâ, hear me; I would speak to thee.
It is two months since the day the Priest spoke.
It is two months, Râjâ; hear my prayer!
I tell thee, thou hast now forgotten the intention of thy heart.
I tell thee with joined hands: hear my petition.
Seat him on the throne! make not a moment's delay!"

Râjâ Jewar.

"Worshipping Ganpat I have sent for the nobles.
With joined hands I say to you do my desires.
Do my desires: I have laid my head at the Brâhman's feet.
See the auspicious hour and moment: have I not ordered thee?
Make no delay now, Gurû: I lay my head at thy feet.
With joined hands I stand before thee, earnestly* do I beseech thee.

---

* *Lit.*, Time after time.

Prât hûî : uṭhkar jabhî, aisî karî bichâr.

Gúgá.

"Yâ mere man meṅ âî, kahîṅ chaleṅ shikâr.
Kahîṅ chaleṅ shikâr : âj aise man ko bhâe.
Dînâ ghoṛâ chheṛ chalâ, chalûṅ maiṅ is jangal ke mâîṅ.
Ham Chhatrî Râjpût, phire bin nâ kabhî baiṭhâ jâe."

Ho yehâṅ bhân sarchhâyâ, tan murchhâ gae âe.
Dînâ ghoṛâ chheṛ, Râo jhaṭ khûî par gae âe.

Gúgâ.

"He Dâdî ! mujhe pânî pîlâ de ! nahîṅ mukh bolâ jâe.
Mujhe pânî ḍe piâe,
Khûṅ meṅ tumhâre tâîṅ.
Hûâ ḥâl beḥâl !
Nahîṅ mukh bolâ jâe."

It was dawn, and when he (Gûgâ) arose thus thought he.*

Gúgâ.

"This is in my heart, that I go somewhere for the chase.
I will go for the chase somewhere : this is the desire of my heart to-day.
I will spur on my horse and will go into this forest.
I am a Rajput warrior, I can never stay at home without wandering (at times)."

The sun's rays here became scorching and his body was aweary.
He spurred on his horse and the Râjâ quickly reached a well.

Gúgâ.

"O Brâhmanî ! Give me a drink of water ! I can hardly speak with my lips.
Give me a drink of water,
From the well by you.
I have come into misfortune !
I can hardly speak with my lips."

---

* Scene changes : very probably a quantity of verses have been forgotten here.

Brâhmanî.

"Ai beṭâ Gûgâ mere, kahûṅ tumheṅ samjhâe.
Maṭî kâ bartan merâ : kis bidh deûṅ pilâe ?
Kis bidh deûṅ pilâe, ai beṭâ ? sun le bât hamârî.
Jo lag jâge chhînṭ bigaṛ jâ hai maṭî kî jhârî."

Is bidh kahke bât, jabhî chalne kî karî tayyârî.
Ṭhâkar doghaṛ dhare sîs. Man kartî soch bichârî.
Itnî sunkar bât, jâb dhar Gorakh kâ dhyân,
Jhaṭ kândhe se ṭârke lînî hâth kumân.
Lînî hâth kumân, jabhî man krodh hûâ hai bhârî;
Mâre khainch gulel, jabhî yeh phûṭ gaî har jhârî.
Bhîj gae sab bashan, jabhî man ron karî hai bhârî.
Jitne the wahâṅ khaṛe khûṅîṅ pe soch kareṅ ati bhârî.

Brâhmanî.

"Oh, my boy Gûgâ, I will tell thee and explain.
My pitcher is an earthen one : how can I give thee to drink (without pollution) ?
How can I give thee to drink, my boy ? Hear my words !
An earthen pot is polluted if even a drop of water* falls on it."
Having said this she made ready to go.
She lifted up and put the two pitchers on her head†
He (Gûgâ) was grieved in his heart (at the insult) ;
Hearing her words he worshipped Gorakhnâth.
Quickly he took his bow from his shoulder into his hand.
He took his bow in his hand and was angry in his heart.
He drew his bow and let fly and both pitchers broke at once.
All her body was drenched and she began to weep (and sorrow) in her heart.
And all who were standing by the well began to be very anxious.

---

* *I.e.*, from the mouth of one of a lower caste.

† The *dogharâ* or *doghaṛ* is the practice of carrying two pitchers on the head, one on top of the other.

Brâhmaṇî.

"Jaise taiṅ karî waise karî na koe!
Nâ khâî, nâ bilsâî:"
Yûṅ kahtî ro roe.

Ragnî.

"Kahûṅ mukh se yeh hî bânî:
Nâ ho jag meṅ terî jiwânî!
Maro, Gugâ, terâ yânâ!
Nahîṅ ṭuk ho kabhî syâyâ!
Lago dhokâ tujhe dhar kâ!
Ḥâl dekho mere tan kâ:
Phoṛ do gaṛhe dîe mahâre:
Ţâr gharat lîe sâre."

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ: mat nâ ho dilgîr.
Jo bhij gae haiṅ sûtrû, lejâ resham chîr.

Brâhmaṇî.

"As thou hast done hath no one done.
Mayest thou not live or prosper!"
Thus spake she weeping.

Song.

"I tell thee this from my lips:
Mayest thou not live in the world!
Gûgâ, may thy children die:
May their youth be never attained!
May thy good fortune come to naught!
Look at the state of my body.
Thou hast broken my two pitchers,
And made me thoroughly ashamed."

Queen Bâchhal.

"With joined hands I pray thee: be not sorrowful.
For thy coarse clothes that have been wetted, take silken cloths.

Lejâ resham chîr : phûṭ gaê gâgîr terî ;
Wâ mâṭî ki gaî : jâo kaṭhor le kalas jhârî.
Bole bachan kaṭhor : nahîṅ larzî hai kâyâ !
Yo bâlak nâdân, inhîṅ barjo bhâṅ koî.
Na in ko kuchh gyân : kareṅ man âve soî."

Râjâ Sanjâ.

"He Paṇḍit, sun lîjye : vâ mujh ko âblâkh.
Chhariyâl Râjkuṅwâr kâ jâe karo kahîṅ sâk.
Jâe karo kahîṅ sak : kahîṅ dekho sundar Râjkuṅwârâ.
Jâ jaldî se : der karo mat : mâno kahâ hamârâ.
Hai ik bhûp Des Bâgaṛ kâ ; aisâ Jewar nâm uchârâ :
Ho kul changâ sîlwant : koî achhâ ho gharbârâ.
Âge bhâg rahâ beṭî kâ : nahîṅ kisî kâ chârâ.

Take silken cloths : thy pitchers were broken.
They were of earth, go and take pitchers of brass.
Thou hast spoken hard words and thy body does not tremble !
This is an unthinking child : there is no confidence in his deeds.
Nor has he any wisdom, however much you warn him."

*Râjâ Sanjâ.**

"Thou Priest, listen : this is my desire.
Go and find somewhere a match for the Princess Chhariyâl.
Go and find her a match : seek somewhere a handsome prince.
Go quickly : delay not : hearken to my words.
There is a king of the land of Bâgar : they say his name is Jewar.
He is of a good virtuous line : his family has some wealth.
The rest is my daughter's fate, (over which) none hath power.

---

* Scene changes again. Sanjâ, king of (?) Kâmrûp in Assam, was father of Chhariyâl, Sariyâl, or Siriyal, wife of Gûgâ. Her name may be a corruption of Sâradyâ Devî, still worshipped at the Kâmâkhyâ shrine near Gauhâti in Assam. Sâradyâ=Saraswatî.

Jaldî jâ : mat der karo : ab mat kar soch bichârâ."

Paṇḍit Gunmân.

"Khûb bât tum ne kahî : pûran ho gaî kâj.
Ganpat Deo manâeke, sidh karûṅ, Mahârâj.
Sidh karûṅ, Mahârâj. Âj maiṅ Ganpat Deo manâyâ.
Pûrab, Pachham, Utar, Dakhan ; chấr dissâ phirâyâ.
Chheh mahîna ho gae phirte, nahîṅ mujhe bhar pâyâ
Ai Siriyâl ! tû bhî dukh bharîye, jaisâ maiṅ dukh pâyâ !
Kaun ghaṛî khotî thî shâid* meṅ ghar se chal âyâ ?"

Is bidh soch hûî man meṅ, chal ghar Jewar ke âyâ.

Râjâ Jewar.

"Charan tumhâre maiṅ lagûṅ, he Paṇḍit Gunmân !
Kaun des se âunâ ? kaun nagar âsthân ?

Go quickly : delay not : waste not time in thinking."

Paṇḍit Gunmân.†

"Well hast thou said : the work shall be accomplished.
Worshipping Ganpat, I will complete it, Mahârâjâ.
I will complete it, Mahârâjâ. To-day will I worship Ganpat.
East, West, North, South, all four have I seen wandering.‡
Four months have I spent wandering and attained nothing ;
O Siriyâl ! may you suffer as I have suffered (for you) !
What an evil hour it was, the moment of my leaving home !"

Grieving thus in his mind, he reached Jewar's house.

Râjâ Jewar.

"I fall at thy feet, O Paṇḍit Gunmân !
From what land hast thou come ? where is thy home and city ?

---

* For Sâ'at. † Family priest to Râjâ Sanjâ.

‡ There is a break here, and this speech is said on the road to Râjâ Jewar's house.

Kaun nagar âsthân? kaho tum mukh se imrat bânî.
Raho sukh se nit mahil bîch meṅ, he Paṇḍit surgyânî.
Kyûṅ nit uṭh rahe soch tere ko? nahîṅ bhâve âu pânî!
Kah de sachî bât âp mukh, jo hirde meṅ thânî."

Paṇḍit Gunmân.

"Sat samundar pâr hai Dhûpnagar âsthân.
Râjâ Sanjâ nâm hai, jis kâ karûṅ bakhân.
Jis kâ karûṅ bakhân, Râo: maiṅ châr khunṭ phir âyâ.
Yeh Bidhnâ ke hâth, Râo: jî âj mujhe parâyâ.
Karûṅ sagâî Gûge kî; maiṅ is kâran chal âyâ.
Tilak karûṅ Râjâ ke mastak: yeh mere man bhâyâ."

Khabar hûî yeh mahil meṅ: khûsh hûî man mahîṅ.

Where is thy home and city? Speak pleasant words with thy lips.
Remain at thy ease in my palace, O sage Paṇḍit.
Why art thou ever in thought? that thou canst neither eat nor drink!
Tell the truth with thine own lips, what thing thy heart hath resolved."

Paṇḍit Gunmân.

"My home Dhûpnagar is across seven rivers.*
The Râjâ's name is Sanjâ, whose order I obey.
Whose order I obey, Râjâ: I have wandered over the four Quarters.
This is in the hands of Fate, Râjâ, that to-day I have succeeded.
I would betroth Gûgâ: for this am I come hither.
I would put the marriage-mark on his forehead: this is the resolve of my heart."
The news reached the palace and joy entered their hearts.

---

* Conventional expression for a long way off.

Bhâîband sab nagar ke lînî turt bulâe.
Lînî turt bulâe.

Râjâ Jewar.

" Lâj yeh hâth tumhâre, Bhâî.
Jis bidh us se samajh tumharê, kyûṅ nahîṅ hamen sunâî ?
Âî lachhmî ko nahîṅ haṭâûṅ, lûṅgâ man chit lâe."

Ho rahâ mangal-châr mahil : Gûge kî hûî sagâî.

Paṇḍit Gunmân.

" He Râjâ, sun lîjîye, pûran hûe sab kâm.
Rukhsat ham ko dîjîye ; khushî raho jujmân !
Khushî raho jujmân ! tumhârî sadâ raho rajdhânî !
Yâ hai merî sîs, Râojî : so phal hamârî bânî !
Hîre, motî, lâl, jawâhir : nâ mukh jât bakhânî !
Karî sagâî bidâ huâ : mere man kâ brahm miṭânî."

They sent for all their relatives in the city at once.
At once they sent.

Râjâ Jewar.

" My honor is in your hands, Friends.
As the matter seems to your understandings why do you not explain to me ?
I will not rebuff the bride that has come, I will take her heart and soul."

There was joy in all the palaces : Gûgâ was betrothed.

Paṇḍit Gunmân.

O Râjâ, listen : all the work has been performed.
Give me leave : may my patrons rejoice !
May my patrons rejoice ! may'st thou ever remain a ruler !
This is my blessing, Râjâ : may my words be fruitful !
Diamonds, pearls, rubies, jewels : so the blessing leaves my lips !
The betrothal over I take my leave : the anxiety of my heart is blotted out.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"He Bhâvê! tain kyâ karî? kyûn biptâ dîe ḍâr?
Man kî man mâñ rah gaî! piyâjî gae Surg sidhâr!
He Piyâjî, tum gae Surg sidhâr! kaun gat hûî, jî, hamâri?
Nâ koî thâmbanhâr! Dî biptâ kyûn bhârî?
Ai Prabhûjî! sukh meñ dukh de dîâ! Nahîn karmon kâ sâthî!
Nahîn nikat hain prân: paṛî ṭaraphûn din râtî.
Ho gae ang be-dhang! hameñ kit chhoṛo jâe?
Ik bâr mukh se bol, hameñ dîjo batlâe?"

Râjâ Sanjâ.

"Hûî soch mujh ko ghanî: jagî badan men âg.
Ai beṭî Siriyâl merî! Khoṭî terî bhâg!

---

*Queen Bâchhal.**

"Ah Fate! what hast thou done? why hast thrown misfortune (on me)?
The desires of my heart have remained in my heart!† My husband has gone to Heaven.
O Husband, thou art gone to Heaven! what misery is in heart!
There is none to protect (me)! why is such trouble given (to me)?
O Lord! thou hast given griet in the midst of joy! There is no fathoming Fate.
My life will not go: I am fallen in grief day and night.
My body has become unkempt! whither hast gone leaving me?
Speak one word with thy lips and tell me!"

Râjâ Sanjâ ‡

"Great is my anxiety: my body is aflame.
Ah Siriyâl my child! untoward is thy fate!

---

* Scene abruptly changes, for Râjâ Jewar is now dead.
† *I.e.*, have been unsatisfied.
‡ At his own place on hearing of Râjâ Jewar's death.

Khoṭî terî bhâg, rî beṭî, jis din se tû jâî.
Nahîṅ rahâ sukh un ke ghar meṅ, jab karî sagâî.
Hai nirbhâg janam kî hînî khoṭî qismat lâê.
Rah gaî man kî man meṅ mere ; na kuchh honî pâî.
Yeh thâ châo mere man mâṅ, 'maiṅ dûṅ us ko parnâî.'
Yeh Bidhnâ ke hâth : nahîṅ kuchh hotî man kî châî."

Jab aisî chiṭṭhî likhî, man meṅ karat biyog.

Râjâ Sanjâ kî Chiṭṭhî.

"Ham nâtâ karte nahîṅ : na de nâm sanjog.
Na de nâm sanjog, Râojî : sunîyo bât hamârî.
Nahîṅ kareṅ ham biyâh tumhârâ : 'Râm Râm' lo hamârî."

Is bidh chiṭṭhî likhî Râo ne : dîe bât kah sârî.
Itnî sunke bât Rânî ne, jabhî kûk mukh mârî.

Untoward was thy fate, my girl, from the day thou wert born.
There has been no joy in the (bridegroom's) house from the time of thy betrothal :
An evil fate brought a bad and wretched destiny at thy birth.
The desires of my heart have remained in my heart : nothing has been accomplished.
This was the desire of my heart, that I should promise thee to him (Gûgâ).
It was in the hands of Fate that the desire of my heart should come to naught."

Then he wrote a letter that he desired a separation.

Râjâ Sanjâ's Letter (to Gûgâ).

"I will not make the connection : take not the name of relationship.
Take not the name of relationship, Râjâ : hear my words.
I will not give her in marriage : take my adieus."

Thus the Râjâ wrote the letter : said all his say.
As soon as the Queen* heard it she cried out.

---

* Bâchhal.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Ai Prabhû ! taiṅ kyâ dî biptâ ? Râjâ mare pachhtârî:
Nahîṅ jânûṅ thî aisî hogî jag meṅ hâṅs hamârî !"

Gûgâ.

"He Mâtâ, kyûṅ rotî ? kyûṅ hûî hâl be-hâl ?
Kyûṅ mukh se nahîṅ boltî ? kyûṅ pâṛe sir bâl ?
Kyûṅ pâṛe sir bâl, rî Mâtâ ? kyûṅ man ron lagâe ?
Pichhlî bâtâṅ, he Mâtâ, kyâ yâd tumhârî âî ?
De ham ko batlâe, rî Mâtâ ! tujh ko nâth dohâî !
Kyâ ? kisî ne tujh ko mukh se koî khoṭî bât sunâî ?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"He beṭâ, sun lîjîye man mere kî bât :
Hûî sagâî haṭ gaî ; yûṅ sochûṅ din rât.
Yûṅ sochûṅ din rât, Kaṅwar : merî khoṭî qismat âî.

Queen Bâchhal.

"O Lord ! what misfortune has thou brought ? I was grieving for my dead Râjâ:
And I did not know that the world would thus jeer at me !"

Gûgâ.

"Why dost weep, my mother ? Why art so miserable ?
Why dost thou not speak ? Why dost thou tear the hair of thy head ?
Why dost thou tear the hair of thy head, mother ? Why is grief in thine heart ?
Why dost thou brood over things that are past, mother ?
Tell me, mother ; may the saint protect thee !
What ? Has any one spoken evil to thee with his lips ?"

Queen Bâchhal.

"My son, hear the words that are in my heart :
Thy betrothal is broken off : that is why I sorrow day and night.
Thus do I sorrow day and night, Prince : an evil fate is on me.

Pitâ tumhâre Surg sidhâre jab yeh haṭî sagâî.
Kiâ kisî bhâî dushman ne, jâ khoṭî kharî sunâî.
Nâ jîwane kâ dharam hamârâ rahâ jagat ke mâhîṅ."

Mâtâ kâ sunke bachan gîâ krodh tan chhâe:
Jâ jangal bayâbân meṅ lînî bîn banâe.
Lînî bîn banâe Râo, jab Gorakhnâth manâve.
Kahîṅ tarwar kî baiṭh chhâû meṅ Râg Bhairavî gâve:
Chheh râg, chhattis râgnî, sabhî bîn meṅ gâve.
Moh lîe parsû panchhî ban ke murlî adhar bajâve.
Jab Bâsak ne âwâz sunî hai, man apne khansâve.

Bâsak Nâg.

" Aisâ kaun balî hûâ jag meṅ, sote nâg jagâve ?

When thy father went to heaven the betrothal was broken off.
Some unfriendly relative has done this, going and speaking evil.
I have no right to live on in the world now."

Hearing his mother's words his body was filled with anger.
Going into the wild forest he took and made a flute.
The Râjâ made a flute and called on Gorakhnâth.
Sat somewhere under the shade of a tree and sang the *Râg Bhairavî**
Six *râgs* and thirty-six *râgnîs*,† all he played on his flute.
He played his flute with his lips so that the beasts and birds of the forest were pleased.
When Bâsak‡ heard the sound he was displeased in his heart.

Bâsak Nâg.

"Who hath such power in the world, that he should wake the sleeping snake ?

---

* The Song of Defiance and War.
† The conventional movements of a complete musical composition.
‡ *Sansk*, Vâsuki, the chief of the snakes

Kaun balî paidâ hûâ, dîe mukh bîn bajâe?
Mrit-maṇḍal ke bîch meṅ dîe sab nâg jagâe!
Dîe sab nâg jagâve. Khabar jald se jâkar lâo.
Kyûṅ dîe bîn bajâe? yeh hî sab hâl pûchhke âo.
'Kyâ biptâ tum par paṛî? mukh se bol sunâo!'
Sabhî bât pûchho: yeh jâke zarâ der mat lâo."

Tatîg Nâg.

"Ai Bhâî, tû kaun hai? kaho mukh sachî bât!
Kaun tumhârâ nagar hai? kaun tumhârî zât!
Kaun tumhârî zât? Hameṅ to de sachî batlâe.
Is jangal bayâbân bîch meṅ kyûṅ taiṅ bîn bajâe?
Main bhijâ Râjâ Bâsak ne, kahîye, tumhârî tâîṅ.
Nahîṅ, mârûṅ phunkâr kop ke, turt bhashan ho jâe!"

Who is this strong man that is born that plays the flute with his mouth?
He has waked all the snakes in this transitory world!
He has waked all the snakes. Go quickly and bring news (of him).
Why has he played the flute? Go and ask the whole story.
'What misfortune has fallen on thee? tell me with thy lips!'
Ask the whole tale: Go now and make no delay."

*Tatîg Nâg.**

"My friend,† who art thou? speak the truth from thy lips!
Where is thy city? What is thy caste?
What is thy caste? Tell me the truth.
Why art thou playing the flute in the wild forest?
Râjâ Bâsak has sent me to speak to thee.
(Speak) or I will blow on thee in anger and thou wilt at once become ashes." ‡

---

* The servant and priest of Bâsak Nâg.
† Speaking to Gûgâ.
‡ It is a common notion that the breath of the cobra can scorch.

Gûgâ.

"Potâ Râjâ Amar kâ, Gard Ḍareṛâ gâoṅ,
Beṭâ Jewar Râo kâ, Gûgâ merâ nâoṅ.
Gûgâ merâ nâm: Gorakhnâth ne yeh hî ṭahrâyâ.
Hûî sagâî haṭ gaî merî. Is kâran chal âyâ.
Sat samundaroṅ pâr kahîṅ haiṅ; Sanjâ nâm batâyâ.
Bîhaṛ paṛe maiṅ yâd kareṅ haiṅ. Is kâran chal âyâ."

Bâsak Nâg.

"He Tatîg, tum se kahûṅ; ab suniye man lâe:
Jo Gûge ka hukum hai, abhî karo tum jâe.
Abhî karo tum jâe; der pal kî nâ matì lagâo.
Hai Gorakh kâ chelâ piyârî, us kâ hukum bajâo.
Binâ hukum jâuâ nahîṅ, Bhâî: kyûṅ socho pachhtâo?
Abhî khabar lâo jald se, pâs hamâre âo."

Gûgâ.

"I am grandson of Râjâ Amar, my village is Gard Ḍareṛâ.*
I am Râjâ Jewar's son, my name is Gûgâ.
Gûgâ is my name, given me by Gorakhnâth.
My betrothal has been broken off. This is why I have come.
He (the injurer) lives across seven rivers; his name they call Sanjâ.
I came to the forest to complain. This is why I have come."

Bâsak Nâg.

"O Tatîg, I tell you: listen now with all your heart.
Whatever Gûgâ orders go and do thou now.
Go and do thou now: delay not a moment.
He is the beloved follower of Gorakhnâth,† obey his orders.
Leave him not without his command, my friend: why do you hesitate and think?
Go now and bring me news of him, and come back to me."

---

* Probably Darerâ in Bîkâner.
† Gorakhnâth is fabled to have had special power over snakes.

Tatîg Nâg.

"Jo bât tum ne kahî maiṅ lîe khûb bichâr.
Jo mukh se tum ne kahî, soî karûngâ kâr.
Soî karûngâ kâr âp ne jo mukh se farmâyâ.
Jahâṅ kahîṅ bîhaṛ paṛe, Mahârâj, karîye merî sahâî!"

Itne kahke mukh apne se chal Gûge pe âyâ.
Hâth joṛ parnâm karî, charnoṅ meṅ sîs niwâyâ.

Tatîg Nâg.

"Jo kuchh hukum kaho mukh satî: pâs tumhâre âyâ.
Maiṅ Bâsak ne tum pe bhijâ, bin sune uṭh dhyâyâ."

Gûgâ.

"He Bhâî, tum se kahûṅ: aisâ kîjo kâm.
Sat samundaroṅ pâr hai; Dhûpnagar hai nâm.
Dhûpnagar hai nâm; Râo kî Siriyal Râjdulârî.
Karî sagâî; mukaṛ gîâ hai. Wâ hai mâng hamârî.

Tatîg Nâg.

"I have thought carefully over what you have said.
What you have ordered with your lips, I will do it all.
I will do it all as you have spoken with your lips.
Wherever I may be in the forest, Mahârâjâ, be my help!"

Saying this with his lips he went to Gûgâ.
With joined hands he saluted him and bowed his head at his feet.

Tatîg Nâg.

"If thou hast any command say it with thy lips: I am come to thee.
Bâsak Nâg sent me to thee: worshipping thee without hearing thee."

Gûgâ.

"My friend, I command thee: do this.
It is across seven rivers: its name is Dhûpnagar.
Its name is Dhûpnagar: the king's daughter is Siriyal.
She was betrothed (to me) and then he drew back. This is what I want.

Ye itnâ hî kâm hamârâ; kahî ḥaqîqat sârî.
Kârû Des, Kamachhyâ Debî, 'ilm ghazab hai bhârî."

Tatig Nâg.

"Dhûpnagar âsthân kâ sunûn jabhî se nâm,
Rom rom meṅ bas gîâ, âe badan meṅ prân.
Âe badan meṅ prân; abhî maiṅ Dhûpnagar ko jâûṅ.
Ik phir kâ hai rastâ, nâ dil meṅ ghabarâûṅ.
Lûngâ kâyâ palat sarap kî, Brâhman kâ rûp banâûṅ.
Is bidh mahiloṅ bîch jâe Siriyal kâ darshan pâûṅ."

Gûgâ.

"Jo châho so hî karo, hai tumharâ ikhtiyâr.
Lâj hamarî rûkh le, aur biyâh de Siriyal nâr.
Biyâh de Siriyal nâr, hamârî sab sudh bisrâe.

This is all I want: I have told the whole facts.
The country is Kârû; the Goddess Kamachhyâ;* (the people) are great sorcerers."

Tatig Nâg.

"Since I heard the name of the city of Dhûpnagar,
It has dwelt in every hair (of my body) life has come into my body;†
Life has come into my body. I will go to Dhûpnagar at once.
It is a journey of a moment and I will not lose my head.
I will drop my snake's body and assume the form of a Brâhman.
Going thus into the palace I will see Siriyal."

Gûgâ.

"Do as thou wilt, it rests with you.
Guard my honour and marry me to Siriyal, the damsel.
Marry me to Siriyal, the damsel; and all my joy will come about.

---

* Kâmâkshî, a form of Devî worshipped at Kâmâkhyâ near Gauhâtî in Assam. This celebrated shrine is in the District of Kâmrûp=(?) Kârû. If so Dhûpnagar is Gauhâtî.

† Meaning, I can never forget: common idiom.

Mukh se karte ta'n sarîke jab se hûî sagâî.
Aisî khoṭî bolî bânî mukh se log lagâe.
Nit uṭh ron karî hai Bâchhal, yeh dukh suhân jâe."
Jab itne mukh se sune, bharâ nain meṅ nîr.

Tatîg Nâg.

"He Gurû Gorakhnâthjî, ân bandhâo dhîr.
Ân bandhâo dhîr; nîr nainoṅ se jârî.
Is biptâ ke bîch ân sudh le hamârî."

Chhoṛ dîâ sab des nagar Sanjâ ke âyâ:
Phirke châroṅ taraf, aur bâgh meṅ bistar lâyâ.
Sât sahelî sangat haiṅ Siriyal Râjkaṅwâr,
Âwat dekhî bagh meṅ. Lîe dhartî nichkâr.
Lîe dhartî nichkâr; banâ koî hai buḍhâ Brahamehârî.
Hâth laṭhîâ, kândhe dhotî, jab durbal de dhârî.

My relatives have reproached me with their lips ever since the betrothal.
Very wicked words have the people said with their lips.
Continually is Bâchhal weeping: charm away her grief."
When he (Tatîg) heard this from his lips, his eyes filled with tears.

Tatîg Nâg.

"O Gurû Gorakhnâth, come and give me courage.
Come and give me courage: my eyes are dropping tears.
Come and give me joy in the midst of this misfortune."

He left all the country and came to the city of Sanjâ.
He wandered all round it and rested himself in the garden.
The Princess Siriyal was with her seven maidens,
She came to see the garden. He was lying quietly on the ground.
He was lying quietly on the ground, dressed up as an old Brâhman priest:
Stick in hand, kerchief on shoulder, and lean in appearance.

Tatîg Nâg.

"Dîjo dân! mahâ pun hogâ! Hûṅ buḍhâ Brahamchârî!
Dharm phaile bâbal ghar tere! yeh hai âsîs hamârî!"

Siriyal Râjkaṅwâr.

"Yeh Brâhmaṇ kyâ mâṅgtâ? aur ho rahâ hâl behâl!
Arî Sahelî pûchhîye! kyûṅ paṛâ hamâre khiyâl?
Paṛâ hamâre khiyâl, rî Bândî? pûchho us ko jâe."

Nau mâshe kâ angustânâ dînâ kâḍh lagâe.

Siriyal Râjkaṅwâr.

"He Buḍhe, tû thâ le is ko! dîâ tumhâre tâṅîṅ!"

Tatîg Nâg.

"Mailâ dân nahîṅ lene kâ, yeh nir-phal ho jâe."

Jab Siriyal jhûlan lagî, gâ rahî râg tilâr;

Tatîg Nâg.

"Give alms! it will be a good work! I am an old Brâhman priest!
May virtue increase in thy father's house! This is my blessing!"

Princess Siriyal.

"What does this Brâhman want? why is he so wretched?
Ho, my maid, ask him! why does he trouble about me?
Why does he trouble about me, my maid? Go and ask him."

She gave him a ring of nine *mâshas** covered with dirt.

Princess Siriyal.

"Here, old man, take thou this! it is given thee!"

Tatîg Nâg.

"I cannot take a dirty gift, this would not profit thee."

Then Siriyal began swinging and singing a song;

---

* A *mâsha* is $\frac{1}{12}$ *tola* or $\frac{1}{12}$th weight of a rupee.

Bahot khushî man ko hûî, ab dâû lagâkar ṭâr.
Dâû lagâkar ṭâr, jabhî yeh palṭ lîe jhiṛkâyâ?
Uṛke jâ baiṭhâ ḍâlî par, basîr rûp banâyâ.
Sahaj sahaj kar lagâ utarne, rachke apnî mâyâ;
Palak uṭhâke dekhî Siriyal, paṛî dharan bhae khâyâ.

Tatîg Nâg.

"He Prabhû, taiṅ kyâ karî âj hamâre sâth?"

Lagâ dâûṅ, khâlî gae, roe mal mal hâth:
Roe mal mal hâth.

Tatîg Nâg.

"Bât yeh gaî: hâth nâ âve!
Aur jatan kyâ karûṅ âj meṅ? Na kuchh pâr basâve.
Aisâ kartâ jatan âj meṅ, jo mere man bhâve;
Jo lag jâtâ dâûṅ hamârâ sab sûnâ miṭ jâve."

He was very pleased at heart, for now his chance had come.
His chance had come; so he quickly changed his form.
Slipped up a branch (of the tree) in the form of a snake.
Slowly and slowly he came down, planning his deceit;
Siriyal raised her eyes and saw him and fell to the ground in her fright.

*Tatîg Nâg.**

"O Lord, what hast thou done to me to-day?"

The opportunity came and was lost, he wept and wrung his hands.
He wept and wrung his hands.

Tatîg Nâg.

"This opportunity has gone: nothing came of it.
What other plan can I make to-day? I have no resource.
I made the best plan I could to-day in my mind;
The opportunity that came to me has been altogether lost."

---

* Now speaking in his snake form.

Siriyal Rājkanwár.

"Ake sarwar tâl par lagî sakhî sab nahân:
Khâî thî, par bach gaî; lîe bachâ tan prân.
Lîe bachâ tan prân, Sakhî; maiṅ kyâ kahûṅ mukh se bânî?
Dekh sûrat bhae lagâ, mere ko kâl nishânî.
Thî guḍîyoṅ meṅ nâgdaun, mere nahîṅ kisî ne ânî."
Itnî kah mukh ron karî; hai bharâ nain meṅ pânî.
Jab Siriyal ne turt hî bistar lîe utâr;
Lagî sahelî nahân sab karke man mâṅ piyâr:
Karke man mâṅ piyâr. Jabhî mukh Gorakhnâth manâyâ.
Nahîṅ lagâî bâr, turt hî basîr rûp banâyâ.
Jâe baṛhâ pânî ke bhîtar; nazar kahîṅ nahîṅ âyâ.

Princess Siriyal.

"I came to the lake to bathe with all my maidens.
I was nearly killed, but was saved: I saved the life in my body.
I saved the life in my body, my maids; how shall I tell it with my lips?
I saw him (the snake) and was very much afraid, the signs of death were on me.
I had a specific* among my playthings and no one would come to me (and bring it)."
Saying this she began to weep, and shed many tears.
Then Siriyal quickly spread out her sheets and took off (her clothes).
And all her maids began to bathe loving her in their hearts:
Loving her in their hearts. Then he called on Gorakhnâth.
He made no delay, quickly put he on the snake's form.
Went into the water and no one caught sight of him.

---

* *Nágdaun* is a fabulous kind of wood for taking off fetters, curing snake-bite, &c.

Tatîg Nâg.

"Phirûṅ ḍhûṇḍtâ Siriyal ko, maiṅ jis kâran chal âyâ."

Jab wahâṅ dâû lagâ aisâ guṇṭh pe ḍank lagâyâ.
Pîṛ hûî tan ko us ke bhârî; itnâ dukh pâyâ.
Itnî bât kahî Siriyal ko kâṛh phanâ dikhlâyâ.

Siriyal Râjkaṅwâr.

"Khâe lîe maiṅ is basîr ne, jabhî zahar chaṛhâyâ.
Is basîr ne khâe!
Zahar tan meṅ chaṛhâe!
Nahîṅ bachtî hai jân!
Kâl ne ân dabâe!"

Udan karî, beâkul hûî, paṛî dharan par jâe.
Siriyal khâe sarap ne, gîâ zahar tan chhâe.
Gîâ zahar tan chhâe, jabhî Râjâ pe khabar pahunchâî.

Tatîg Nâg.

"I wander searching for Siriyal, for whom I am come."

When an opportunity came, then he so bit her on the toe,
That great pain came into her body and she was in great trouble.
Having done this to Siriyal* he showed his hood.

Princess Siriyal.

"This snake has bitten me and the poison ran up me at once.
This snake has bitten me!
The poison has run up my body!
My life cannot be saved!
Death has come upon me!"

She moaned and became restless and fell upon the ground.
The snake bit Siriyal and the poison ran up her body.
The poison ran up her body and the news reached the Râjâ.

* *Lit.* Having said so much to Siriyal: probably some passage has been omitted.

Sahelî.

"Siriyal Râjkanwâr tumhârî abhî sarap ne khâe.
Nâ âve mukh sâns, parî hai tan kî sudh bisrâe.
Nahîn bachan kî âs, Râojî; main kahe tumhâre tâîn."

Râjâ Sânjâ.

"Jab janamî kyûn nâ marî, Siriyal Râjkanwâr?
Ab mujh ko dukh dî chalî! kyâ kînî Kartâr?
Kyâ kînî Kartâr? Hûâ dukh mujh ko bhârî!
Ik bâr mukh se bol, merî prânon kî piyârî?"

Ho gîâ mahil andher, ron karte nar nârî;
Sab beâkul hue pare, karen mukh 'hâ hâ' kârî.
'Nahîn mânî tain kahî: bâgh men pekhan âî:
Thî khotî woh gharî, lîe basîr ne khâe!'

Maiden.

"A snake has just bitten thy royal daughter Siriyal.
No breath comes from her mouth and her body lies lifeless.
There is no hope of saving her, Râjâ, I tell thee."

Râjâ Sanjâ.

"O Siriyal, my daughter, why didst thou not die at thy birth?
Now grieving me thou art gone! What has God done?
What has God done? Great is my grief!
Speak but one word with thy lips, thou darling of my life!"

Dark was the palace, men and women wept;
All were miserable, crying 'ah! ah!' with their lips.
'Thou didst not obey, we told thee: thou wouldst go to see the garden:
Unhappy was the hour: the snake bit thee!'

Tatîg Nâg.

"Maîn tum se yûn pûchhtâ, kaho mukh se bât:
Na churîâṅ karîâṅ thârî! kyûṅ nahîṅ nâk meṅ nâth?
Kyûṅ nahîṅ nâk meṅ nâth? Des meṅ bhoṇḍî châl tumhârî!
Nâ mukh se kare bain; nain meṅ bhare nîr kyûṅ thârî?
Ṭap ṭap aṅsû paṛe nain se, bashan bhij gaî sârî!
Aisî ghar ghar phiro ḍaulati, juṅ phirtî hatiyârî!"

Panhârî.

"He Dâdâ, sun lîjiye: mukh se kahî na jâe.
Siriyal, beṭî Râo kî, lîe sarap ne khâe!
Lîe sarap ne khâe; nagar meṅ is bidh sog ho âe:
Des des ke âe gâṛṛû, nâ kuchh pâr basâe.
Gard Dareṛa mang lîe, haṭî rahî binâ purânî.

---

*Tatîg Nâg.**

"I ask this of thee, tell me with thy lips:
Thou wearest neither bracelets or anklets! why hast thou no ring in thy nose?
Why hast thou no ring in thy nose? wretched is thy plight in the land!
Thou speakest not with thy lips; why are thine eyes filled with tears?
The tears drop from thine eyes and all thy clothes are wet (with them)?
Thou goest from house to house with uncertain step as wanders a disgraced woman!"

(Female) Water-Bearer.

"O Brâhmaṇ, listen: I can hardly say it.
The king's daughter, Siriyal, has been bitten by a snake!
Has been bitten by a snake: so there is weeping in the city:
The charmers of every land have come, but they availed nothing.
She was betrothed at Gard Dareṛâ, it was given up and not carried out.

---

* To the female water-bearer, in his form of a Brâhman.

Jâkar nahân lagî sâgar pe, khoṭî qismat âî!"

Tatig Nág.

"Panhârî, sun lîjîye! kaho Râjâ pe jâe,
'Âyâ hai ik gâṛrû; lîjo us se bulâe:
Lîjo us se bulâe, Râojî, kahûṅ tumhâre tâîṅ.
Woh kahtâ hai mukh apne se, dûngâ us se jiwâî;
Hai kyâ chîz zahar mere âge? dûngâ turt uṛâe;
Gae sâṅs paidâ kar dûṅ: ik hai bidhiâ mujh pâî.'"

Ituî sunke, Râo ke â gâe tan prân.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

"Lâo jald se abhî; hai paṇḍit gunwân!"

Râgnî.

"Abhî jald se le âo!
Der pal kî matî lâo.
Chalo, Paṇḍit Mahârâjâ,

She went to bathe in the lake (ocean) and an evil fate befell her!"

Tatig Nág.

"Water-bearer, listen! Go and tell the Râjâ,
'A charmer has come': send for him.
Send for him, Râjâ, I tell thee.
He says with his lips, 'I will restore her to life;
What is poison in my presence? I will send it off at once;
Fleeted breath I will restore: it is an art I have acquired!'"

Hearing, life (and hope) came into the Râjâ's body.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

"Bring him here at once, he is a worthy priest!"

Song.

"Bring him here at once!
Delay not a moment.
Come, Sir Priest,

Hâth tumhâre raḥe lâjâ !
Shakal dukh kaṭ gaî hamârî :
Gurû darshan kîe thârî."
Chîr mukh se jabhî ṭârî,
Âwan man meṅ kyâ bhârî ?

Tatig Nâg.

" Ân sahâî kîjo, he Gurû Gorakhnâth !
Ab is ko baiṭhî karo, lâj tumhâre hâth.
Lâj tumhâre hâth."

Nîb kî ḍâlî lîe mangâî.
Pahile lîâ likhâe jabhî Gûge kâ biyâh sagâî.
Paṛh paṛh mantar, lagâ jhâṛne, jab Siriyal muskâî.
Le gae goṇṭh mukh apne meṅ, lîâ chûs chhin mâîṅ.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

" Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ, charnoṅ sîs niwâe :

My honor is in thy hands !
All my grief is taken away :
(Since) the priest's visit had delighted me."
When he removed the shroud from her face,
How great was the grief in his heart !

Tatig Nâg.

" Come and succour us, O Gurû Gorakhnâth !
Make her sit up now, the matter is in thy hand.
The matter is in thy hand."

He borrowed a branch of a *nîm* tree :
But first he obtained in writing (a promise) of betrothal and marriage to Gûgâ.
He repeated some charms and began to exorcise, and then he moved Siriyal.
He took her toe in his mouth and sucked out the poison at once.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

" I adore thee with joined hands, I lay my head at thy feet.

Siriyal Râjkanwâr kî die hain prân bachâe.
Dîe hain prân bachâe! bât main kah dî apnî man kî.
Sât roz kâ biyâh dîâ main, kamî nahîn koî dhan kî.
Chale âo, le khaṭke biyâhan; samajh lîe, hai man kî.
Pûran âs hûî hai mahârî, der nahîn chhan pal kî."

Jab chiṭṭhî biyâh kî lîe, pûran hûe sab kâm.
Chalne kî tayyârî karî, dharâ Gurû kâ dhyân.

Tatîg Nâg.

"Dharâ Gurû kâ dhyân, chalâ, main ik phir men âyâ.
Sab chintâ hûî dûr hamârî; man ichhâ phal pâyâ.
Yeh hai chiṭṭhî biyâh kî apnî. Kyûn dil men ghabarâyâ?"

Sât roz rah gae phire men, jab man mân bhae khâyâ.

Thou hast saved the life of the Princess Siriyal.
Thou hast saved her life. I will tell thee my heart's desire.
In seven days shall her marriage be; there shall be no lack of wealth.
Come and obtain the bride; hearken! it is my desire.
My hope has been fulfilled: delay not a moment."

Then he (Tatîg) took the letter of (consent to the) marriage, and his work was accomplished.
He made ready to go and worshipped the Gurû (Gorakhnâth).

Tatîg Nâg.

"Worshipping the Gurû I started and I came in a moment.
All my anxieties are afar, the fruit of my desire is fulfilled.
Here is his own letter of (consent to the) marriage. Why should I be disconcerted?

It was seven days to (the time of) returning (to Dhupnagar) and fear came into his (Gûgâ's) mind.*

---

* Because the time given him was so short.

Gúgâ.

" Ân khabar lîjo abhî, he Gurû Gorakhnâth !
Bhûṛ paṛe ke bîch meṅ ! lâj tumhâre hâth."

Râgnî.

" Lâj râkho, Gurû, mahârî,
Karo ab biyâh kî tayyârî.
Soch mujh ko hûî bhârî :
Bipat aisî mujhe ḍârî.
Pâr kîjo merâ khewâ !
Tû hai Pat ! Râkhîye dîwâ !
Bhagat taiṅ ne sabhî ṭârî .
Merî bar kyûṅ hûî niyârî ?"

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

" Kyûṅ soche bhû meṅ paṛâ ? Man meṅ bândho dhîr.
Uṭh jaldî : ashnân kar : oṛh basantî chîr.

Gúgâ.

" Come and tell me now, O Gurû Gorakhnâth !
I am fallen into the midst of trouble ! my honor is in thy hand !"

Song.

" Preserve my honor, Gurû,
Make ready my marriage now.
I am in great trouble :
Great anxiety overwhelms me.
Bring me to the other shore.*
Thou art Lord ! Preserve my honor !
Thou hast aided all the saints :
Why has my turn been otherwise ?"

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

" Why art fallen on the ground in grief ? Take courage in thy heart !
Get up quickly and bathe and put on splendid garments.

---

* Of the ocean of trouble.

O.h basantî chîr, bâore! kyûn man ron lagáe?"

Le Gûge ko sang jabhî ik chhin men pahunche jáe,
Dhûpnagar ke gauṛe jâke tambû dîe lagâe,
Hem Nâth aur Khem Nâth, hain yeh mere Gur bhâî:
Lîâ chautarfâ gher, ânke aisî nâḍh bajâe:
Rath, hâthî aur pînas pâlkî, nâ gintî gintî gâe.
Dekh barât hosh gae sab ke.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

"Yeh kyâ âfat âî?
"Nahin jânûn thâ aisî hogî! khoṭî qismat âî!
Hâth joṛ bintî karûn, tum sir kâ sirtâj.
Main tum ko beṭî dîe: râkh hamârî lâj!

Put on splendid garments, thou fool! why art sad at heart?"

Taking Gûgâ with him then he (Tatîg) arrived in the twinkling of an eye.
Arriving at the fields of Dhûpnagar they pitched their tents.
Hem Nâth and Khem Nâth (were there), my brother Gurûs.*
They wept all round it and sounded their conchs.
Carriages, elephants and *pâlkîs*, beyond all number.
Seeing the procession all were astonished.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

"What devilry is this?
I did not know it would be like this! An evil fate hath come! †
With joined hands I adore thee, thou art the crown of my head.
I gave thee my daughter: preserve thou my honor!

---

* ? Of Gorakhnâth.

† The procession was so large, that he felt unable to stand the expense and attend to their wants, and feared that therefore Gorakhnâth would curse him.

Râkh hamârî lâj : âj main dâmangîr tumhârâ :
Châhe râkho, châhe mâro mujh ko, karo merâ nistârâ !
Yeh jitne jatî satî sant hain, main karûn darshan ik bârâ.
Main âdhîn saran lîe tumhârî, kahûn mukh bâram bârâ !"

Jab Râjâ ne turt hî hâthî lîe sangâr :
Hîre, motî, la'l hî, bhar lîe kanchan thâr.
Bhar lîe kanchan thâr ; Râo ne hâth men ṭhâyâ :
Le Gorakh ke dharâ âgâṛî, charnon sis niwâyâ.
Lîe janet, karî sewal, bhojan khûb jamâyâ.
Karak lagan men hainge phere ; paṇḍit ne batlâyâ.

Paṇḍit Gunmân.

" He Râjâ, sun lîjîyo : mân hamârî bât.
Lagan samâ ab â gîâ, rahî phir ik rât.

Preserve thou my honor : to-day I am thy humble servant.
Keep me or slay me, but be my salvation !
I would visit once each of these holy and revered saints.
Respectfully I place myself under thy protection, speak a word to me !"

Then the Râjâ quickly got all his elephants :
With diamonds, pearls, rubies he filled a golden platter.
He filled a golden platter : the king took it in his own hands.
He placed it before Gorakhnâth and laid his head at his feet.
He received the procession and worshipped and spread a grand feast.
The marriage was held under Cancer,* as the priest had directed.

Paṇḍit Gunmân.

" Oh Râjâ, hear me : listen to my words.
The proper time has now come, there remains but one night.

---

* The most propitious time of all.

Rahî phir ik rât, Râo: maiṅ dekhâ lagan lagâe."
Jab Paṇḍit ne bedî rachke Gorakh lîâ bulâe.
Gaurî sut karke pûjan, pherî dîe diẉâe.
Gâ rahî mangalchâr sakhî, sab sâj artâ lâe:
Koî gorî, koî patlî sundar, nainoṅ meṅ chhab chhâe!
Man meṅ hûâ ânand, 'âj Siriyal kâ biyâh rachâe.'
Bidâ hûe, ghar ko chale, bahot kîâ het piyâr.

Rânî.

"He Siriyal, merî lâḍlî, gal bhayân le ḍâr!
Gal bhayân le ḍâr! Âj ham se hûî niyârî!
Jhaṭ gîâ ham se neh, hûâ dukh mujh ko bhârî!
Ho gîâ mahil andher, merî prânoṅ kî piyârî!
Nâ jîwan pal ik: mârûngî khâe kaṭârî!"

There remains but one night, Râjâ: I have ascertained the time."
Then the priest raised an altar and called on Gorakhnâth
He worshipped Gauri's son* and performed the marriage.
The maidens sang songs of joy and all the ceremonies were performed.
Some were fair, some were slim and beautiful, their beauty filled all eyes!
Their hearts rejoiced, 'To-day have we performed Siriyal's marriage.'
They bade adieu and went home with many a loving parting.

The Queen.†

"Ah, Siriyal, my darling, put thy arms round my neck!
Put thy arms round my neck! I am desolate to-day!
My love has left me and great is my grief!
Darkened is the palace, darling of my life!
I will not live a moment; I will stab myself and die!"

---

* *I.e.* Ganeśa, before commencing the ceremonies.
† Siriyal's mother.

Siriyal Râjkanwâr.

"He Mâtâ, sun lîjîye mujh bharan kî bât.
Main tum bin kaisî jîûn; bhachar gae pitu mât.
Bhachar gae pitu mât; âj se yeh gat hûî hamârî.
He Mâtâ, main prân tajûngî; nâ hûî ik pal niyârî!"
Itnî kahke bât, mât ke gal men bhayân dârî.
Kabhî nahîn bhacharî thî ik pal, jab se sûrat sambhâlî.

Siriyal Râjkanwâr.

"Kahân gaî merî sang sahelî? thî pranon kî piyârî!"

Nâ man kî rahî hosh, ronkar bhûl gaî sudh sârî!

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"'Râm Râm' sab ko kahûn, jitne bhûp nares!
Dudh putar, dhan sab phalon, khushî tumhârâ des!

Princess Siriyal.

"Ah Mother, listen to my wretched words.
How shall I live without thee; lost are my father and mother.
Lost are my father and mother: from to-day is this my sad plight.
O mother, I will leave this life: I never had a moment's grief (till to-day)!"
Saying this, she threw her arms round her mother's neck.
Never had she been parted from her for a moment since she had made her appearance (been born).

Princess Siriyal.

"Where have my maiden companions gone? They were the beloved of my life!"

Reason left her mind and weeping she forgot all joy!

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"I pay my adieus (*Râm! Râm!*) to all you kings and rulers!
May you have flocks and herds, sons and all wealth, and happiness to your land!

Khushî tumhârâ des, Râojî; yeh hî asîs hamârâ."

Hâth joṛ parnâm kare, jhaṭ bîṛ lîe aswârî:
Âe gae haiṅ Gard Ḍareṛe, khushî hûî nar nârî.

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"He Bâchhal, maiṅ lâ dî biyâh kî Siriyal bahû tumhârî.
Raho khush mahiloṅ meṅ apne, miṭ gaî soch tumhârî."

Itnî kahke, chale Nâthji, man meṅ yeh hî bichâr.

Gûgâ.

"He Mâtâ, tum se kahûṅ, joṛ âgâṛî hâth:
Un jauṛoṅ ko milan kî hai chintâ din rât.
Hai chintâ din rât, Mât rî, man meṅ yeh hî hamârî.
Woh bhâî mâwasî ke beṭe, haiṅge prân hamârî.
Bin dekhe nahîṅ chain mujhe, we haiṅ sûrat mitwâre.

Happiness to your land, Râjâ: these are my blessings."

With joined hands they adored him, and quickly the cavalcade started:
They reached Gard Ḍareṛâ; all men and women rejoiced.

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"O Bâchhal, I have brought in marriage to thee thy daughter Siriyal.
Rejoice in the palace, all thy sorrows are blotted out."

Saying this the Saint went away, thinking thus in his heart.

*Gûgâ.**

"O Mother, I say to thee with joined hands before thee:
I have a desire day and night to visit the twins.†
I desire it day and night, Mother: this is in my heart.
They are the sons of my aunt and very dear to me.
Without seeing them no joy is in me, pleasant are they to behold.

---

* Scene completely changes.

† Urjan and Surjan, sons of Kâchhal, as promised to her by Gorakhnâth through her deceit.

Jab se merâ janam hûâ, maiṅ ik din nahîṅ bisâre."
Lîe biṭhâ godî meṅ apnî, hit karke puchkârî.

Gûgâ.

"Bin dekhe nahîṅ chain mujhe; maiṅ kahtâ pâs tumhâre."

Surjan.

"He Bhâî, tumhare binâ nahiṅ hameṅ chit chain.
Bin dekhe kaise jîeṅ? nâ nakse mukh bain!
Nâ nakse mukh bain! Rahî hai binâ patî jûṅ nârî:
Jaisî ren sasâ bin sûnî, yâ gat hûî hamârî:
Bin dîpak sûnâ hai mandar, kaun kare rakhwâlî?
He Bhâî, ham ko dîjo, kuchh âve samajh meṅ tuhârî."

Gûgâ.

"Ai Bhâî taiṅ kyâ kahî aisî khoṭî bât?
Kyûṅ bole kaṛwe bachan? nâ âve kuchh hâth!

I have not forgotten them a moment since I was born."
She sat him on her knee and loved and caressed him.

Gûgâ.

"Without seeing them I have no joy, I tell thee."

Surjan.

"Ah Brother, I had no joy in my heart until I saw thee.
How could I live without seeing thee? nor could I speak with my lips!
Nor could I speak with my lips! I was like a woman without her lord.
My life was desolate like a night without the moon: this was my state.
As a house without a lamp (son), who shall guard it?
Ah Brother give me something* as it beseems thy heart!"

Gûgâ.

Ah Brother, why hast spoken such evil words?
Why speak bitter words? They come to no good!

---

* *I.e.*, a share in the hereditary property.

Nâ âve kuchh hâth ! Are Bhâî, kis ne tujhe bahkâyâ ?
Lâkh bâr samjhâyâ tujh ko, nahîn samajh men âyâ.
He mûrakh, nâdân, dekh ! Kyâ bâtân kahke lâyâ ?
Bahot dinon se rahe fikar yeh nâ man ko samjhâyâ !"

Surjan.

"Âdhâ mujhe baṭâe de, nâ is men kuchh zor :
Tû apnâ man samajh le, bole bachan khoṛ.
Bole bachan khoṛ, Baran; tain kyâ man men jânî ?
Ham len âdhon âdh baṭâe, bole khoṭî bânî.
Jâ pûchho ab Mân Bâchhal ko; wo kyâ haigî yânî ?
'In ko mile jawâb,' aj tain yeh hirde men thânî.
Jo mukh se kuchh burî kahegâ, khus jâgî rajdhârî.
In bâton men hâth na âve, jo tain man men thânî."

Gûgâ.

"He Mâtâ, sun lîjîye man mere kî bât.

They come to no good ! Ah Brother, who has led thee on ?
Thousands of times I have told thee and thou hearest not.
Ah fool and ignorant, look ! What is it you have said ?
Long have I grieved that you did not understand this !"

Surjan.

"Give me half in share ; there is no unfairness in that :
You look to your interests and speak hard words.
Speak hard words, my brother : what is in your heart ?
We will take half shares each : you spoke evil words.
Go and ask Mother Bâchhal ; is she a fool ?
'They have been disinherited,' this is resolved in your heart to-day.
If you speak evil words from your lips, you will lose your kingdom.
No good will come of the thing you have resolved in your heart."

Gûgâ.

"O Mother, hear the words of my heart.

Surjan ne mujh ko burî ân sunâî bât.
Ân sunâî bât; kahûṅ, sun, Mâtâ, pâs tumhâre.
Chahîye rahe surkhî nainoṅ meṅ, bole bachan karâre:
'Yâ tû bâṇṭ hameṅ de âdhâ, bhalâ châhe jo piyârî.'
Le man soch bichâr, Mât: maiṅ kah dîe pâs tumhâre.
Samjhâo un ko bulwâke, mat ho bîran niyârî!
Jo tumharî woh kahî mân len, mat karîyo soch bichârî."

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Ai beṭâ Surjan mere, kyûn hotâ dilgîr?
Râj karo, Beṭâ, raho man meṅ bândho dhîr.
Man meṅ bândho dhîr: Putar, maiṅ tum par wârî.
Mân mât ke bachan, matî kar soch bichârî.
Jhûṭâ sansâr hûâ: banî sab jhûṭî mâyâ.
Jhûṭâ hai sansâr, jhûṭ ke bas meṅ âyâ.
Jhûṭâ patî, sut, nâr: jhûṭ ne dharam gaṅwâyâ.
Is mâyâ ke bîch ânke man bhar mâyâ."

Surjan came and said an evil thing to me.
He said an evil thing: I will tell thee, Mother; listen!
Your eyes will become red, he spoke (such) bitter words.
'Give me half (the property) as my share, if you would keep your loved ones safe.'
I am grieved in my heart, Mother: and I have told thee.
Call them and make them hear, that brothers be not separated.
They will hear thy words, be not anxious."

Queen Bâchhal.

"Ah Surjan, my boy, why art thou down-hearted?
Be a king, my son; keep courage in thy heart.
Keep courage in thy heart: my son, I am thy benefactor.
Hear thy mother's words, and do not grieve.
This world is false: it is all a false illusion.
This world is false: we are in the power of falsehood.
False is husband, son and wife: falsehood has destroyed religion.
The mind is full of illusion in the midst of this illusion!"

Surjan.

"He Mâtâ, aisî kahî gyân tath kî bât:
Kyûṅ nahîṅ hameṅ diwâtî? jo aisî hai dharmât!
Jo aisî hai dharmât: Mât, hameṅ gyân sunâî.
Hai tere ikhtiyâr, Mât rî, jo tumhare man bhâve.
Ham ko kahtî bâr bâr, nahîṅ Gûge ko samjhâve.
Kyûṅ badnâmî le nâhaqq? maiṅ soch aur pachhtâve."

Hâth joṛ âge khaṛâ, kar man meṅ hit piyâr.

Surjan.

"Â, Bhâî, khilan chaleṅ ham tum âj shikâr.
Ham tum âj shikâr: hamâre aisî man meṅ âî.
Ham Chhattrî Râjpût; hamârâ yeh hî dharm hai, Bhâî."

Aisâ gerâ jâl ânke, turt lîâ bharmâe.

Surjan.

"O Mother, that speakest such words of wisdom:
Why dost thou not give me (my share)? If thou be so upright!
If thou be so upright! Mother, thou hast taught me wisdom.
It is in thy power, Mother; as thy heart desires.
You speak to me often, you do not speak to Gûgâ.
Why did you blame me needlessly? I am grieved and sorrowful."

He stood before him (Gûgâ) with joined hands, loving him in his heart.

Surjan.

"Come Brother, let us, you and I, go hunting to-day.
Let us, you and I, go hunting to-day: this is in my heart.
We are Râjpût warriors: this is a law to us, Brother."

Thus he came and spread a net (of deceit) and quickly beguiled him.

Ho ghoṛe aswâr pâr, pal kî nâ turt lagâî.
Is jangal bayâbân bîch meṅ nâ kuchh dîâ dikhâî.
Khel rahâ sar kâl, phireṅ yûṅ tînoṅ hûe sûdâe.

Gúgá.

"He, Bhâî Surjan mere, hûâ chit beḥâl.
Lagî piyâs, beâkul hûe; kîje kaun aḥwâl?
Kîje kaun aḥwâl? âj yeh hûî kaun gat mahârî?
Nâ jânûṅ is jangal meṅ ab jâegî jân hamârî!
Lîe kâl ne gher ânke, gîâ bhûl sudh sârî.
He Gurû Gorakhnâth, bât yeh, aisî kaun bichârî?"

Urjan.

"He Bhâî, sun lîjîye; kyûṅ dil meṅ ghabarâe?
Kaun soch tum ko hûî? dîjo sach batâe!
Dîjo sach batâe: âj kyûṅ man meṅ soch batâe?"
Jab Urjan ne turt biṭhâke bâtoṅ Râo bharmâê;

They mounted their horses: there was not a moment's delay.
Nothing could see them in that wild forest.
Death hovered overhead and thus these three wandered madly.*

Gúgá.

"O Brother Surjan mine, my heart is in distress.
Thirst is on me, I am wretched: who will help us?
Who will help us? what plight is this we are in to-day?
Who can tell whether we shall save our lives in this forest!
Death has surrounded us, all our joys are forgotten.
O Gurû Gorakhnâth, who would have thought such a thing as this (would happen)!"

Urjan.

"Ah Brother, listen, why art upset in thy mind?
Why art in grief? Tell me the truth!
Tell me the truth: why dost show such grief to-day?"
Then Urjan sat him down and beguiled the Râjâ with words;

---

* *I.e.*, not knowing what was in store, rushed madly on death.

Jab Surjan ne khainch miyân se pahilî wâr chalâî.
Hai Bidhnâ ke hâth bât; jhaṭ lînâ Râo bachâê.
Phir dusrî kîâ wâr, jab nâ kuchh pâr basâe.

Surjan wa Urjan.

"Bin mâre ham nahîṅ chhoṛenge; denge prân gaṅwâî!"

Gûgâ.

"He Gurû Gorakhnâthjî, kyâ mujh ko gîe bhûl?
Kyâ? mere ber so gae? baiṭh rahe kahîṅ ṭûl?
Baiṭh rahe kahîṅ ṭûl? Ânke lîjo khabar hamârî.
Phir âke kyâ karo, Gurû, jab jâegî jân hamârî?
'Ab kî wâr lagâ hai merâ,' kahtâ hûṅ lalkârî!"

Khainch miyân se, lîâ hâth meṅ jhaṭ Urjan ke mâre.
Dûjâ wâr kîâ jaldî se, lînâ sîs utâre.
Lâe lîâ, ghoṛe ko hanne dhar dîâ, jâe âgâṛî.

And then Surjan drew (his sword) from the scabbard and struck him one blow.
The matter was in Fate's hands and she saved the Râjâ at once.
He again struck a second time, but nothing came of it.

Surjan and Urjan.

"We will not leave you alive, we will take your life!"

Gûgâ.

"O Gurû Gorakhnâth, why hast thou forgotten me?
What? Hast gone to sleep at my turn for help? Is he sitting in some assemblage?
"Is he sitting in some assembly? Come and help me.
What is the good of returning, Gurû, when my life has gone?
'Now is my turn to strike,' say I in defiance."*

He drew (his sword) from the scabbard and quickly took it in his hand and struck Urjan.
Quickly he struck a second blow and struck off his head.
He took it, put it on his horse's pommel and went on.

---

* This line he addresses to the brothers.

Gûgâ.

"Lîe sûrat pahchân, Mâṅ mere! mat nâ kîjîye derî!
Hâth joṛke khaṛâ âgâṛî, 'Ram Ram' le mere!"

Dekh sûrat ko ro paṛî, lînî jabhî pahchân,
Ho beâkul dharnî paṛî, nâ tan meṅ rahî prân:
Nâ tan meṅ rahî prân.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Ai Beṭâ, yeh kyâ zulm guzârî?
Kyûṅkar tere hâth bage the, he pâpî, hatiyârî!
Aisâ zulm kîâ hai taiṅ ne, nahîṅ larzî nain hamâre,
Nâ apnâ darshan dikhlâve! nâ dekho ân hamâre!"

Gûgâ.

"He Mâtâ, tum se kahûṅ, man meṅ sachî jân!
Kahe bachan; phirte nahîṅ; hameṅ Gurû nakî ân.

Gûgâ.

"Look at it, recognise it, Mother mine! and delay not.
I stand before thee with joined hands, receive my greeting (*Ram! Râm!*)!"

She saw it and began to weep as soon as she recognised it.
In her grief she fell on the ground, nor did any life remain in her body:
Nor did any life remain in her body.

Queen Bâchhal.

"Ah my son, what wickedness have you done?
Why did you stretch forth your hands (to slay), O wretched sinner?
Such a crime as you have committed my eyes cannot bear!
See me no more, nor let me see you again!"

Gûgâ.

"O Mother, I tell thee, know the truth in thy heart!
Thou spakest the word; it goes not back; we are the sport of the Gurû.

Hameṅ Gurû nakî ân, rî Mâtâ; jo taiṅ bachan uchârâ.
Ham Chhattrî Râjpût jân le, yeh hî dharm hamârâ.
Hai sâkhî Bhagwân, nahîṅ man darshan karûṅ tumhârâ.
Sât janam lag rahe Narak, kahâ mât pitâ kâ ḍâlâ!
Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ, suno, Dhartrî Mât!
Mujh ko âp samâe le, nahîṅ karûṅ prân ab ghât!
Nahîṅ karûṅ prân ab ghât! Nahîṅ koî jag meṅ merâ!
Maiṅ tere lîe saran: kâl ne mujh ko gherâ.
Mat nâ kîjîye der; mujhe le âj samâe.
Mujh ko tîn talâq milûṅ Mâtâ ko jâe.
Yâ tû uṭ sarâp; jahâṅ bhije, wahâṅ jâûṅ.
Dîjîye mujhe batâe, pakaṛ tere pe lâûṅ."

Dharti Mâtá.

"He Beṭâ, tum se kahûṅ, kyûṅ tû hûâ nâdân?
Musalmân nîche gaṛe, Hindû chale masân.

We are the sport of the Gurû, Mother: thou hast spoken the word:
Know me for a Râjpût warrior, it is law to me.
Bhagwân* is my witness that I will never see thee again.
May I live seven lives in Hell if I disobey the command of my father and mother!
With joined hands I pray thee, O Mother Earth!
Take me into thyself, or else I will kill myself now!
Or else I will take my own life now. I have no friend in the world!
I beseech thee, for death hath encompassed me.
Delay not, but take me to-day.
I have thrice vowed that I will see my mother (no more).
If thou wilt take the curse (on thee) I will go whither thou sendest me.
Tell it me and I will fetch and bring it thee."

Mother Earth.

"Ah my son, I tell thee, how is it that thou dost not know?
Musalmâns are buried below, Hindûs go to the pyre.

---

* *I.e.* God

Hindû chale masân, re Beṭâ, tujh ko dîâ batâe.
Jâo pâs Rattan Ḥâjî ko; lo Kalima paṛhwâe.
Jo itnâ kare kâm, jabhî maiṅ tujh ko lûṅ samâe.
Siriyal de sarâp mujhe, Râjâ Sanjâ kî jâî!"

Gûgâ.

"Mâtâ ne mujh ko kahî aisî khoṭî bât;
Kyâ tujh pe barnan karûṅ? Suno, Dhartrî Mât!
Suno, Dhartrî Mât; mujhe kyûṅ bâr bâr baṭhkâve?
'Gurû Gorakhnâth kî rin tujh pe jo tû haṭke âve!
Jaisî maiṅ taṛaphûṅ joṛoṅ ko aisâ tû dukh pâve!'
Dîâ sarâp mujh Mâtâ ne, us ko kaun haṭâve?"

Dharti Mâtâ.

"He Beṭâ, jaldî jâo; tujh ko dîâ batâe;
Isî waqat Ajmer meṅ, Beṭâ, dhyân lagâe.
Beṭâ, dhyân lagâe, abhî jâ: mat nâ der lagâo.

Hindûs go to the pyre, my son, I tell thee.
Go to Rattan Ḥâjî* and learn the (Musalmân's) Creed.
When thou hast done this I will take thee to myself.
Siriyal, Râjâ Sanjâ's child, will curse me!"

Gûgâ.

"My mother spoke most wicked words to me;
How can I tell them thee? Hear, Mother Earth!
Hear, Mother Earth, why dost always put me off?
(She said), 'The curse of Gurû Gorakhnâth be upon thee if thou return!
As I mourn for these twins so mayest thou know sorrow!'
My mother cursed me, who shall put it aside?"

Mother Earth.

"My son, go quickly: I have shown thee.
Go now, my son, and worship in Ajmer.
My son, go now and worship: make no delays.

---

* This must be Khwâjâ Mu'ainu'ddîn Chishtî of Ajmer, who flourished in the 12th and 13th centuries A.D.

Hai Khwâj Khidhar izzat kâ pûrâ: pâs us ke jâo.
Nâ bolo kuchh mukh apne se, sârâ hâl batâo.
Hogî pûran âs tumhârî; jâ, Kalima paṛh âo."

Gûgâ.

"He Mâtâ, sachî kahî tan meṅ gaî samâe.
Ab pahunchûṅ ik phir meṅ; gae mere man bhâe.
Gae mere man bhâe, abhî chalne kî karûṅ tayyârî.
Âge jâûṅ Ajmer bîch, ho pûran âs hamârî."

Rattan Ḥâjî aur Khwâj Khidhar, jo dekhe khaṛe âgâ,î.
Hâth joṛ âdhîṅ hûe; kahe:

Gûgâ.

" Sunîyo bât hamârî.
Bahot dinoṅ se milne kî yeh to mujh ko intizârî.
De Kalima paṛho! Hâe, mujhe Mâtâ ne bolî mârî!"

He (the saint) is as full of honor as Khwâjâ Khizar: go to him.
Say nothing (false) with thy lips: tell him the whole tale.
Thy hope will be fulfilled; repeat the Creed and come."

Gûgâ.

"O Mother, thy true words have entered into my heart.
I will go now in a minute: the fears of my heart have departed.
The fears of my heart have departed: I will make ready to go at once.
I will go onwards to Ajmer and my hope will be fulfilled."

When he saw Rattan Ḥâjî and Khwâjâ Khizar he stood before them.
He saluted them with joined hands and said:—

Gûgâ.

"Hear ye my words.
Many days have I waited to see you.
Teach me the Creed! Alas! my Mother's words have slain me."

Rattan Hâjî.

"He Bhâî, tû kaun hai? kyûṅ dil meṅ ghabarâe?
Kaun tumhârâ nâm hai? Dîjo sach batâe."

Râgnî.

"Hameṅ batlâe de, Bhâî;
Der itni kyûṅ taiṅ lâe?
Jâṭ, kyâ nâm hai terâ?
Tujhe kyâ waham ne gherâ?
Paṛhan Kalima tû hai âyâ,
Jâṭ, nahîṅ nâm batlâyâ!"

Gûgâ.

"Hûṅ Gorakhnâth kâ: Bâgaṛ hai asthân.
Gûgâ merâ nâm hai, jâne mulk jahân:
Jâne mulk jahân. Mere the do mâe ke jâe.
Kîâ kapaṭ mujh se ik bhârî; le jangal meṅ âe.
Pahile mujh ko lagâ mârne, phir maiṅ mâr gaṅwâyâ.

Rattan Hâjî.

"My friend, who art thou? why is thy mind upset?
What is thy name? Tell me the truth."

Song.

"Tell me the truth, friend:
Why dost make such delay?
What is thy name and caste?
What misfortune hath encompassed thee?
Thou comest to learn the Creed,
And dost not tell thy name and caste!"

Gûgâ.

"I am Gorakhnâth's disciple: Bâgaṛ is my home.
Gûgâ is my name, the whole world knows me:
The whole world knows me. I had two (brothers) sons of my mother's (sister).
They deceived me greatly: they took me into the forest.
They first tried to slay me and then I slew them.

Le donoṅ ke sîs, jabhî Mâtâ ko ân dikhâe.
Dekhat sâr jabhî Mâtâ ne khoṭe bachan sunâe:
'Jo mujh ko mukh ân dikhâve paṛe Narak meṅ jâe!'"

Rattan Hâjî.

"Jab itnî biptâ sunî gaî mere man bhâe.
Â Bachâ, yahâṅ baiṭh jâ: Kalima dûṅ paṛhâe.
Kalima dûṅ paṛhâe, jabhî kânoṅ meṅ âzân sunâe.
Hindû yâ Shekh Musalmân jab Kalima dîâ parhâe.
Jâ, Bachâ, Gard Ḍareṛe, legî tohe samâe.
Ham nahîṅ hûṅ gunâhgâr kisî se: Karmoṅ yeh hî likhâe."

Gûgâ.

"Âzân sune, Kalima parhâ, âyâ tumhâre pâs.
He Mâtâ, man kî merî pûran kar de âs.
Pûran kar de âs, rî Mâtâ; bahotâ dukh pâyâ.

I took both their heads, and came and showed them to my mother.
When my mother saw the heads she said evil words to me.
If thou come and show thy face again mayest thou go down into Hell!"

Rattan Hâjî.

"My heart is full hearing all this evil.
Come, my son, sit down here: I will teach thee the Creed.
I will teach thee the Creed, and repeat the call to prayer in thy ears.
Be thou Hindû or Musalmân I teach thee the Creed.
Go, my son, to Gard Ḍareṛâ, (Mother Earth) will receive thee.
I am responsible to no one (for this): Fate hath decreed it."

Gûgâ.

"I have heard the call to prayer, I have learnt the Creed, I come to thee:
O Mother (Earth), fulfil the desire of my heart.
Fulfil the desire of my heart, Mother; much trouble have I borne.

Jin kâ sat rahâ hai, jag meṅ phir nâ haṭke âyâ.
Dekh Hari Chand; sat ke kâran nahîṅ apnâ dharam ganwâyâ."

Itnî kahke bât jabhî jhat Dhartî bîch samâyâ.

Sârad sîs niwâeke, dharûṅ Ganpat kâ dhyân.
Sâng sampûran kar dîâ; karo merâ kalyân!
Karo merâ kalyân, Mât! maiṅ man ichhâ bhar pâyâ.
Jis din maiṅ saran lîe hai bhûle chhand batâyâ.
Sât dîp, nav khaṇḍ bîch meṅ nahîṅ pâî terî mâyâ.
Kahtâ Bansî Lâl; Mât, Gûge kâ sâng banâyâ.
Mât, merî karo sahâî,
Châr Bedoṅ meṅ gâî,
Jo dharte haiṅ dhyân,
Gyân dîjo, Mahâ Mâî!

Whose virtue remains will not come back to this world;*
See Hari Chand,† he lost not his faith through his virtue."

When he had said this the Earth took him to herself at once.

Sârad, I adore thee; Ganpat, I worship thee.
I have finished the whole legend; be ye my salvation.
Be thou my salvation, Mother (Sârad). I have fulfilled my desire.
From the day I worshipped thee, thou hast shown me the forgotten verses.
In the seven climes and the nine quarters thou art not fathomed.
Saith Bansî Lâl; Mother, I have finished Gûgâ's Legend.
Mother, be my help,
That art sung in the Four Vedas,
To him who worships thee,
Grant eternal knowledge, Great Mother!

---

* Be born again in a transmigration of souls.
† Râjâ Harischandra famed in fable.

No. VII.

THE BALLAD OF ÎSÂ BÂNIYÂ,

AS SUNG IN THE PAṬIÂLÂ STATE.

[This queer little ballad expresses in homely phrase the legends which have arisen to account for the expensive restoration of the shrine of Sakhi Sarwar at Nigâhâ in the Derâ Ghâzî Khâṅ District, by one 'Îsâ, a rich merchant of Âgrâ or Dillî, in the time of Aurangzeb, about 1675 A.D.]

TEXT.

ÎSÂ BÂNIYÂ.

Îsâ Bâniyâ jahâj ladde, jî;
Te jotishiâṅ nûṅ puchhe, jî:
"Sâḍâ jahâj kiweṅ banne lage, jî?"
Jotishî âkhdâ, jî:
"Sawâ lakh rupae dî sukh sukho, jî;
Us wakht jahâj banne lage, jî!"
Jahâj banne lagiâ, jî!
Hîre, motî, la'l wechdâ, jî,
Ik lakh toṅ kae lakh nafâ-safâ kîtâ, jî!
Muṛke Îsâ Bâniyâ bhûl giâ, jî,
Te sawâ lakh dî sukhnâ bhuliâ, jî.
Koî din pâ phir Îsâ chaliâ, jî:
Motî, la'l khrrîdâ, jî:
Karhe leke chaliâ, jî;
Âge â Shâhkoṭ de gaure utarâ, jî.
Laṭṭ karhe dî ṭuṭṭî, jî,
Te Îsâ Karmâṅ nûṅ piṭṭe, jî:
Hor bhâî gharâṅ nûṅ chale, jî:
Îsâ Bâniyâ baiṭhâ rondâ, jî.
Othe â khalâ hoiâ Sayyid Aḥmad, jî,
Puchhe, "tusî kyûṅ, Bhâî, ronde, jî,?"
Îsâ âkhe, "maiṅ nûṅ musîwat banî, jî;
Bhâî, tusî merâ kî niwârnâ, jî?
Maiṅ nûṅ dukh piâ sir bhârî, jî!

Bhâî, main nûn sab chhaḍḍ gae, jî!
Bhâî, main nûn kalle nûn chhaḍḍ gae, jî!"
Sayyid âkhe, "Bhâî, tu koî pichhlî sukh yâd karo, jî!"
Îsâ âkhe, "Bhâî, main tân koî sukh maniâ nâhîn!
Mere tân yâd kujjh nâhîn."
Sarwar âkhe, "sawâ lakh rupae dî sukh sî sâḍî,
Jo tûn sir na dhariâ, jî."
Ose vele Îsâ sukh sir dhare, jî.
Sawâ lakh rupae oh de nâ dâ gûnân vich bhare, jî:
Sangân de nâl chale, jî:
Sarwar de ot chale, jî.
Ânke Îsâ utar paindâ, jî;
Nâl de bhâîân nûn kahindâ, jî:
"Main tân khotiân de gûnân lâhwân, jî,
Te Sarwar dî sukh charhâwân, jî."
Leke rupae Îsâ Bâniyâ turbat banâî, jî.
Tin jâtân nûn sadâe, jî:
Ik korhî, ik anhâ, jî,
Ik khusrâ, jî.
Oh de makân de utte chhaḍḍâ, jî.
Anhâ âkhe, "main nûn tagîd nâhîn."
Osî vele Sayyid Aḥmad âwandâ,
Te anhe dî dorangî miṭâwandâ;
"Chal, Bhâî, chashme de utte."
Le chashme dâ pânî nohâwandâ.
Jadon anhe ne munh dhoiâ,
Ohdon sûjâkhâ hoiâ.
Oh nûn wekh korhî âkhdâ,
"Mere man vich dorangî âî."
Oh nûn Sarwar akhdâ,
"Chal, Bhâî, chashme utte."
Chashme de utte nohâwandâ,
Te oh dî dahî sâbit karâwandâ.
Eh wekh khusrâ âkhdâ,
"Mere man vî dorangî âî."
Sarwar âkhe, "chashme te chal, Bhâî."
Chashme te khusrâ nohâwandâ,

Oh dî dahî Sarwar Allah to sâbit karâwandâ.
Phir Îsâ gharân nûn ṭuriâ, jî.
Ânke Sarwar nûn bhuliâ, jî.
Îsâ Bâniyâ ne âkhâ, "main Sarwar jândâ nâhîn."
Chirâgh sab bhanû, jî!
"Sarwar mallomallî dâ tel jâldâ, jî."
Îsê de man vich phir dorangî âî, jî.
Osî vele Îse dî deh phaṭ gaî, jî.
Muṛke sâng de koi âe, jî.
Pakkan bakre rijhan roṭ, jî:
Îse Bâniyâ ne kîtâ khoṭ, jî!
Oh dî 'aurat Îse nûn âkhe, jî;
"Tûn nîyat man sâf kar, jî,
Muṛke Sarwar nûn yâd kâr, jî;
Tûn apne man nûn samjhâ, jî,
Te muhre sangân de liṭ jâ, jî:
Sangân nûn âkh,
'Bhâîyo, mere faryâd sunâo, jî,
Merî deh phaṭ gaî, jî;
Main nûn Sarwar bâhûṛdâ nâhîn.'"
Pher 'aurat âkhe, "Jâ sangân de tâîn."
Sang karam fâryâdî,
Te Allah pâk karam kare, jî.
Îse dî deh sâbit hoî!
Îse Bâniyâ ne chirâgh batî sâjî,
Khûb tarhân nâl chirâgh bâle,
Te Sarwar nûn nit sambhâle.
Îse dâ bhârat kah sunâiâ!

TRANSLATION.

Îsâ Bâniyâ.

Îsâ Bâniyâ loaded up his ship, sir;
And asked the astrologers, sir:
"How shall my ship journey (safely), sir?"
The astrologers said, sir:
"(If) you vow a vow of one and a quarter *lâkhs* of rupees, sir

Your ship will at once cross over (safely), sir!"
The ship crossed over (safely), sir!
Selling diamonds, pearls and rubies, sir,
He made many *lâkhs* of profit out of one *lâkh*, sir!
Returning (home) Îsâ Bâniyâ forgot (his vow), sir,
And forgot his vow of one and a quarter *lâkhs*, sir.
Some time afterwards Îsâ journeyed again, sir:
Bought pearls and rubies, sir;
Took camels and journeyed, sir:
Going along he rested at Shâhkoṭ* town, sir.
The leg of his camel broke, sir,
And Îsâ lamented his fate, sir:
All his friends went on to their homes, sir:
Îsâ sat down and wept, sir.
Sayyid Aḥmad† came and stood there, sir,
And asked, "why art weeping, friend, sir?"
Said Îsâ, "a misfortune has come on me, sir;
Friend, what help can you give me, sir?
My trouble has fallen heavily on my head, sir!
Friend, they have all left me and gone on, sir!
Friend, they have left me alone and gone on, sir!"
Said the Sayyid, "Remember, Friend, something of your last vow, sir!"
Said Îsâ, "Friend, I made no vow at all!
I have no recollection at all!"
Said Sarwar, "The vow to me was a *lâkh* and a quarter of rupees,
Which you have not completed, sir."
Îsâ completed it at once, sir.
He put a *lâkh* and a quarter of rupees into bags in his (Sarwar's) name, sir:
And went on with the pilgrims, sir:
He journeyed under the protection of Sarwar, sir.
Arriving (at Nigâhâ) Îsâ rested, sir;

* Near Multân: where Sayyid Zainu'l-'âbadîn, Sakhî Sarwar's father first settled.

† The real name of Sakhî Sarwar.

He said to his friends, sir
"I will take the bags off the asses, sir,
And fulfil my vow to Sarwar, sir."*
Taking the rupees Îsâ Bâniyâ built a shrine, sir.
He sent for three sorts of men, sir:
A leper, a blind man, sir,
And a eunuch, sir†
And left them in charge of the building, sir.
Said the blind man, "I have no faith (in Sarwar), sir."
Sayyid Aḥmad came at once,
And blotted out the blind man's unbelief;
(Saying) "Come, friend to the fountain."
He bathed him in the water of the fountain.
When the blind man washed his face,
Then he became able to see.
Seing this said the leper,
"Unbelief has entered into me."
Said Sarwar to him,
"Come, Friend, to the fountain."
He bathed him at the fountain
And made his body whole.
Seeing this said the eunuch,
"In my mind, too, is unbelief."
Said Sarwar, "Go, Friend to the fountain."
He bathed the eunuch at the fountain;
Sarwar and God made his body whole.
(After this) Îsâ again went home, sir,
And reaching it forgot Sarwar, sir.
Said Îsâ Bâniyâ, "I know not Sarwar."
He broke all the lamps, sir,
(Saying) "Sarwar burns the oil uselessly, sir."
Unbelief again entered Îsâ's mind, sir.
Îsâ's body at once broke out (into leprosy), sir.

* *I.e.*, build up his shrine.

† These men are reputed to have been the first followers of Sarwar and named Kulung, Kâhin and Shekh. From them are descended the present *Mujawirs* or guardians of Sarwar's shrine. They were necessarily long anterior to Îsâ's tim.

He went back on a pilgrimage, sir;
Roasted goats and baked bread, sir.*
Îsâ had wrought deceit, sir!
Said his wife to Îsâ, sir:
"Make upright thy heart and soul, sir;
Go back and remember Sarwar, sir;
Make thy own heart understand, sir,
Go and lie down in front of the pilgrims, sir:
And say to the pilgrims, sir,
'My friends, pray for me, sir.
My body has broken out, sir;
Sarwar doth not hear my cry.'"
Again his wife said, "Go to the pilgrims."
The pilgrims prayed,
And God was gracious and merciful, sir;
Îsâ's body became whole!
Îsâ Bâṇiyâ placed lamps and candles,
And lighted excellent lamps,
And ever had a care for Sarwar.
I have sung the ballad of Îsâ.

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* For the benefit of the saint.

No. VIII.

THE BALLAD OF ÎSÂ BAPÂRÎ,

AS SUNG IN THE JÂLANDHAR DISTRICT.

[In this ballad the same story is told in a somewhat different fashion as is found in the last ballad, but in the same quaint and homely language.]

TEXT.

Îsâ Bapârî.

Îsâ Âgrâ dâ bapârî,
Latthâ de Samundar târî,
Hîre, motî, la'l wiâjhe,
Dam bahot kharchâe.
Beṛâ banne lâwan kâran
Ân mallâh disâe.
Mallâhâṅ nûṅ kî Îsâ âkhe?
"Ginke haq dinnâ maiṅ âpe:
Beṛâ merâ banne lâo;
Damṛe lo ginâe."
Îse nûṅ mallâh kî kahinde?
—Usî Samundar utte rahinde,—
"Sânûṅ kî tû ḍeve, Îsiâ?
Tethoṅ Rabb diwâwe."
Ginke haq mallâhâṅ littâ,
Beṛâ pâ Samundar dittâ
Lahrâṅ wekh nadî diâṅ, beṛâ
Ḍukke-dole khâe.
Beṛâ jâe Samundar bahindâ,
Îsâ pîrâṅ nûṅ sewan bahindâ,
"Aisâ hî pîr hâzir bohṛe,
Je koî berâ banne lâe."
Ḍobe la'l jawâhir pannâ:
Yâd âiâ Bâî dâ bannâ,
"Aisâ hî pîr hâzir bohṛe,
Merâ beṛâ banne lâe."

Beṛâ latthâ âhû khâne:
Îsâ yâd kare Sultâne;
"Aisâ hî pîr hâzir bohre,
Merâ beṛâ banne lâe."
Kîtî saṭh pâshe de tâîṅ,
Khubbe dast utâhâṅ jâîṅ.
Khwâj khizar khabar nâ hoî,
Beṛâ banne lâiâ.
Banne lâ hîr motî Lâlâ,
Te Îsâ hoiâ bahot khusâlâ:
De do'âain pîr nûṅ,
Jin sûkhîṅ pâr langhâiâ.
Lang samundaroṅ Îsâ âiâ,
Te parbat bich ḍerâ pâiâ.
Baṛe andar karhâ guzrâne,
Magar chhaḍḍe charwâne;
Îse othe ân utârâ kîtâ,
Jitthe Bâî Pîr samâe.
Khân pîwan do hoe âhar,
Degâṅ dho chaṛhâe.
Turt baturtî khâne âe,
Chîuîâṅ vich saudâgarâṅ pâe;
Khânâ khâe shukarânâ paṛhiâ,
Râm dahî nûṅ âe.
Îse othe deg chaṛhâî;
Bâbat ho banî sî kaî:
Hargiz âg jo balio nâhîṅ.
Îsâ sasdil hoiâ tâîṅ.
Phir châṛhâî, chhikmâu kîtî,
Âpe Sarwar bohṛe kîtî.
Âg balî te râzî hoiâ:
Degî heṭ jalâe.
Jiûṅ jiûṅ âg bale heṭ degî
Ṭhaṇḍâ hundâ jâe.
Îsâ de dil ghussâ âve,
Degî nûṅ chak madhiâve:
Pânî sâ, so lahû ho ṭuriâ,

Jind chhâṅwalâṅ vich pâe !
Îsâ dil vich jhûran lagâ :
" Taiṅ kujrat kehe banâî, Rabbâ ?
Jiweṅ rakhîṅ, maiṅ tiweṅ rahnâ :
Terâ ant na pâiâ jâe !"
Subah hoî, laḍḍe karwânâ ;
Baṛe karhe dî ṭang rah jâṇâ :
Wukht Îsâ nûṅ pâe !
Sâthî laḍḍ gharâṅ nûṅ chale,
Karhâ Îsâ rahe akalle.
Bhâîâṅ koloṅ widiâ mangdâ,
Gall vich bâhâṅ lâe.
" Deo snehiâ mere bhrâwâṅ.
Sukh hoî ghar tâîṅ âwâṅ
Sansâ merâ ratî na karnâ,"
Bhâîâṅ nûṅ âkh sunâiâ.
Bhâîâṅ koloṅ aisî sariâ,
Baiṭhe nûṅ chhaḍḍ âe.
Bâî âkhe Sarwar tâîṅ,
" Bakhsh gunâh Îsâ de tâîṅ "
Îse Sakhî Sarwar koloṅ
Gunâh bakhshâe.
Îse nazar pahchân pâî,
Mughal âiâ koî, barân Khudâe.
Es Mughal de panj hatiârâ,
Kakkî kaṛhâ nachâe.
Îse nûṅ pîr puchhnâ kîtî,
" Es mulak tûn kyûṅ âiâ sî
Bâjh bharâwâṅ ?
Aikal bâhâṅ,
Kyûṅ âiâ mulak parâe ?"
Îse karke bât sunâî,
" Maiṅ nûṅ chhaḍḍ gae sî bhâî :
Bhâîâṅ koloṅ eh hî sariâ,
Baiṭhe nûṅ chhaḍḍ jae !"
Ap hakîm bane phir Lanjâ,
Karhâ tâîṅ kar diâ changâ.

Lâlâṅ motîâṅ dâ salîtâ
Goshe nâl uṭhâiâ.
Îse pîr nûṅ puchhnâ kîtî,
"Terâ nâṅ disâe."
"Nâoṅ merâ Sarwar Sultânâ,
Bâbâ Zainu'l-'âbadîn dânâ,
Khâṅ Dhoḍâ te Sayyid Rânâ,
Asî Aishâṅ de jae."
Sakhî Sarwar karhâ ṭurâiâ,
Îse nûṅ phir widiâ karâiâ.
Paharî te ṭur Îse nûṅ
Âgrâ de râh pâiâ.
Khalqat hoî ân udâle,
Îse nûṅ log puchhanwâle,
"Sach kahîṅ tûṅ sâṅûṅ, Îsiâ,
Kithe han hamsâe?"
Îse karke wâr sunâî,
"Maiṅ nûṅ baiṭhe nûṅ chhaḍḍ âe.
Bhâîâṅ koloṅ ch hî sariâ,
Kalle nûṅ chhaḍḍ âe."
Ek lakh palle teunâ lâhâ
Sagle qaraz utâre.
Îsâ phir Nigâhe nûṅ jâve,
Ate korḥî nûṅ nâl lejâve,
Ate korḥî nûṅ chashme jâ nahlâve,
Te osî vele dahî os di sâbit karâve.
Îsâ oṅveṅ Nigâhâ jâve,
Mûlchak te râj mangâve.
Râj vekh tatvîrâṅ karde,
Nîâṅ chak barâbar dharde,
Dhakhan wâl darwâzâ dharde.
Bane Nigâhâ pîr dâ,
Jithe nûr oṭâ pâe.
Pîrâ os dâ sewak dî wajû likhâîṅ,
Jin terâ Nigâhâ banâiâ.
Sunke sewak kare salâmâṅ,
"Terâ râj badhe Sultânâ."

Sadhî sâir dâ kamânâ!
Es zamâne khote pehre
Sewâ diâṅ phal pâiâ.
Es zamâne kallû kâl de
Zâhir parat vikhâiâ.

TRANSLATION.

ÎSÂ, THE TRADER.

Îsâ, the Trader of Âgrâ,
Crossed the River * and rested.
Bought diamonds, pearls and rubies
And spent much money (on them).
To take his boat across
He came and asked the boatmen.
What said Îsâ to the boatmen?
"I will count and give you your dues myself:
Take my boat across;
And count and take your dues."
What said the boatmen to Îsâ?
—They that dwell on that river—
"What will you give, Îsâ?
That God may give you (the same)."
The boatmen counted and took their dues,
And took the boat across.
Feeling the waves of the river, the boat
Began to toss up and down.
The boat began to sink into the river,
Îsâ began to worship the saints,
"May the saint be ever present thus,
If my boat ever get across!"
The jewels and rubies were buried in the mud:
He remembered the husband of Bâî,†
"May the saint be ever present thus
And take my boat across!"
The boat sank deeply and stuck:

* *Lit.* Ocean. Must be the Indus
† The name of Sarwar's wife.

Îsâ remembered Sultân; *
"May the saint be ever present thus,
And take my boat across."
He threw with his dice,
They went over his left hand, †
Khwâjâ Khizar ‡ had no news (of him),
And the boat got across.
The merchant got across his diamonds and pearls,
And Îsâ was very happy:
He made prayers to the saint,
Who had got him safely across.
Îsâ came across the river,
And rested in the mountains.
They put the camels into the pasture
And let them loose to graze.
Îsâ came and rested there,
Where the Saint Bâî is enshrined. §
The time for eating and drinking came,
He washed and set on the cauldrons.
The food was quickly distributed,
The merchants took it in China cups;
They eat their food and gave thanks,
And rest came to their bodies.
Îsâ (too) set on a cauldron there;
But there was something wrong about it.
The fire would not burn at all.
Îsâ became worried,
Again he put on the cauldron and cleaned it.
Sarwar himself appeared,
The fire burned and (Îsâ) was pleased,
And lighted it under the cauldron.
(But) as the fire burned under the cauldron
It became cold.
Îsâ was angry in his heart

* *I.e.*, Sakhî Sarwar.
† Apparently means that he cheated Khwâjâ Khizar.
‡ Nowadays merely the god of rivers.
§ At Nigâhâ.

And upset the cauldron.
There was water (in it) and it ran out blood,
And maggots were found in the rice.
Îsâ began to grieve in his heart
"What power hast thou shown, O God?
I will remain (thine) as far as I can:
There is no fathoming Thee!"
It became morning and the camels were loaded up;
The leg of his largest camel broke.
Grief came upon Îsâ!
His companions loaded up and went to their homes,
Îsâ and his camel remained alone.
He bade adieu to his friends,
And threw his arms round their necks:*
"Give a message to my brethren.
I will go home when (the camel) is well.
They are not to be anxious about my grief."
Thus he besought his friends.
Thus his friends behaved to him
And left him sitting.
Bâî said to Sarwar,
"Forgive Îsâ's sin."
Sakhî Sarwar
Forgave Îsâ's sin.
Îsâ saw coming
A Mughal, a friend of God.†
The Mughal was (armed) with the five arms;‡
Galloping on a brown mare§
The saint began asking Îsâ,
"Why hast thou come into this land
Without a friend?
All alone
Why art in a strange land?"

---

* Idiom, begged very hard.
† *I.e.*, one who commands respect.
‡ Sword, dagger, battle-axe, lance, and bow and arrows.
§ *Kakki*, which was also the name of Sarwar's mare.

Spake Îsa and said,
"My friends have left me and gone on.
This is the behaviour of my friends,
That they left me sitting and went on!"
Lanjâ* then professed himself a doctor,
And made the camel well.
The bag† of pearls and rubies
He lifted up with the end of his bow.
Îsâ asked the saint,
"Tell me thy name."
"My name is Sarwar Sultân;
My father is the wise Zainu'l-'âbadîn;
Dhoḍâ Khân and Sayyid Rânâ
And I are the sons of Aishân.‡"
Sakhî Sarwar sent on the camel,
And bade adieu to Îsâ.
Îsâ left the hills
And found his way to Âgrâ.
Crowds surrounded (him)
And began asking Îsâ,
"Tell us the truth, Îsâ,
Where are thy companions?"
Îsâ told them the story:
"They left me there sitting.
This was the behaviour of my friends;
They left me by myself."
From one *lâkh* of capital he gained three *lâkhs* (treble),
And paid all his liabilities.
Îsâ went again to Nigâhâ
And took a leper with him,
And bathed the leper in the fountains,
And at the same moment his body became whole.
Îsâ forthwith went to Nigâhâ

* Lanj is a name for Nigâhâ, whence Lanjâ for Sarwar.
† *Salitâ*, a large bag of coarse canvas used on camels.
‡ 'Aesha was the mother of Sarwar, Dhoḍâ was his brother, Rânâ is usually his son. They have shrines near Nigâhâ.

And procured masons from Mûlchak*
The masons drew up plans
And dug deep and good foundations,
And placed the door to the south.†
They built the Nigâhâ of the saint,
    Where splendor was lavished.
"O Saint, procure a record of the good work of this
        disciple,‡
    Who built thy Nigâhâ."
Hearing this the disciple pays his respects (saying),
"May thy service flourish, Sultân.
Protect Sadhî the poet!
In these times good and bad
    Receive the reward of service."
In the midst of this Black Age §
    He (Sarwar) has displayed miraculous power.

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* *I.e.*, Multân. Would not this name give "Mûlâ's Well" or "Mûlâ's Property" as the derivation of the name of the modern town?

† Saints' tombs are built—head to N. and feet to S., so that the pilgrims can pray to the W., *i.e.*, in the direction of Makkâ.

‡ In the record of life in heaven.

§ Kallû Kâl for Kali Yug.

No. IX.

PRINCESS ADHIK ANUP DAÎ,

AS RECORDED FROM THE LIPS OF A WANDERING BARD FROM JALANDHAR.

[This legend belongs to what may be called the Scythian or non-Aryan cycle of the Panjâbi Legends which have sprung up round the memory of Râjâ Rasâlû. It purports to give an account of the nuptials of Rânî Adhik Anûp Daî, daughter of Râjâ Sirkaṭ (or Sarkap), whom we have already found in the first legend as playing at *chaupur* for Râjâ Rasâlû's head at a place which appears to be Koṭ Bithaur near Aṭak. Here, however, he is described as being King of Kanauj. Who Sarkap really was it would be well worth ascertaining, as he is thus found to be at Aṭak and Kanauj, places very widely separated, but there are other tales connecting him with the banks of the Jamnâ in the Ambâlâ district, and Sardhanâ, the name of the famous Begam Samrû's fief, near Meraṭh, is locally said to have been founded by him, and its name to be by rights Sardhunâ. These stories tend to bridge over the distance between Aṭak and Kanauj. This particular legend appears to show that Rasâlû, the Scythian, married into the family of the Aryan King of Kanauj.]

[The natives call this very rugged specimen of a village poem a *mahal*, or canto, or division of an epic or long poem. They say the whole poem of Rasâlû consists of ten *mahals*, of which this is one. I have never yet seen a man who professed to know more than five or six of them.]

TEXT.

MAHAL RÂNÎ ADHIK ANÛP DAÎ, BEṬÎ RÂJÂ SIRKAṬ KÎ.

Hâth joṛ Mâtâ kahe, "Sun, Pûran, merî bât:
Aise bachan bolîyo, jo paidâ hove put!"
Pûran Mâtâ se kahe, "Sun, Mâtâ merî bât:
Paidâ Rasâlû hovegâ, aur Chhaliyâ us kâ nâm.
Tîn sai sâth rânî chhalegâ, aur kisî ke na rahegâ sang."
Mâtâ khushîân kar rahî, aur ghar ghar ho rahe rang.
Itnî sunke chal paṛî, aur mahil lîe surang.
Rasâlû paidâ ho gayâ, aur ghar ghar ho gae rang.
Ik mahînâ, do mahîne, chhañvîñ rakhe pair:
Das mahîne kâ ho gayâ woh mahiloñ meñ khair.
Châr baras ke ho gae, aur Mahitâ lîâ bulâe.
Rang mahil meñ khelte Mahitâ Râjâ do.
Itnî sun Mahitâ kahe, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:

Aisî bàtâñ karo, jis men rahî do bât."
Râjâ Mahite se kahe, "Sun, Mahite, merî bât:
Rang mahil meñ so rahâ, aur supnâ â gayâ rât.
Rât ke supne kî kyâ kahûñ? Sun, Mahite, merî bât.
Rânî Shahr Kanauj meñ, Adhik Anûp Daî nâr:
Hanse jo bhar de phûloñ kî ḍâlṛî: roe bhar de motîoñ kî thâl.
Us Rânî ko milâ de: is bargâ nahîñ ahsân."
Itnî sun Mahitâ kahe, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Tote apne ko bulâîyo, paryal degâ sâr."
Bole Râjâ sunke, "Sun, Tote, merî bât:
Misrî kûjâ khilâûñ; ṭhaṇḍâ pânî dûñ pilâ.
Khabarâñ lâ de Adhik Anûp kî. Tûñ, Totâ, haiñ Râo!"
Itnî sun totâ kahe, "Tû sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Rastâ haigâ dûr kâ, mere se jâyâ na jâe."
Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, "Sun, Tote, merî bât:
Khabarañ lâ de Adhik Anûp kî: nahîñ, khâke marûñ kaṭâr."
Itnî sun totâ kahe, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Pair ghaṛâ de sone kî penjnî; gal hîrâ kî kaṇṭhî de dâl;
Par bâjû sone maṛhâ de; sir par rakh de lâl:
Khabarâñ lâ dûñ Adhik Anûp kî, tab *Totâ* merâ nâm."
Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, "Sun, Tote sarnâm:
Mâyâ kâran koî mâr de aur jâ lâkhoñ kî jân:"
"Râjâ mâyâ kâ lobhî ban gayâ, aur ishk kî khabar kuchh nâñ!
Je Rânî tujhe dekhnî, de singâr lagâe."
"Taiñ nûñ sone kâ pinjrâ ghaṛâe dûñ, seûñ dûñ lakhâe."
Râjâ totâ chal paṛe: chale jangal ko jân.
Din se rât ho gaî aur kahîñ sone kâ karo bisrâûñ.
"He Râjâ, tû pîchhe ulaṭ jâ; main khabar dûñ lâe."
Râjâ ghar ko chal paṛâ, aur totâ kare salâm.
Kar salâm totâ uṛ gayâ aur pahunchâ Shahr Kanauj.
Us Rânî ke bâgh meñ ḍerâ dîâ lagâe.
Totâ bolî boldâ aur tote lîe bulâe:
"Is Rânî ke bâgh meñ mewâ leo khâe.
Pakkâ pakkâ khâ leo, aur kachchâ deo ger."
Dekh mâlî ro rahâ, tote urde nâhîñ.

Rondâ mâlî âundâ is Rânî ke pâs;
"Lakkhoṅ tote â paṛe, Rânî, tere bâgh.
Mewâ thâ, sab khâ lîâ aur kachchâ kar dîâ nâs."
Itnî sun Rânî ghabarâî, phandîgar lîe bulâe:
"Un totoṅ ko pakaṛ leo aur lâo hamâre pâs."
Itnî sun phandîgar âe Rânî ke pâs.
"Apnî jâlî lekar deo bâgh meṅ oḍ.
Sab totoṅ ko mar do aur lâo mere pâs."
Itnî sun Sâwâṅ kahe, "Suno, toto, merî bât:
Ab, bhâî, tum uṛ jâo, nahîṅ tumhârâ kâm."
Sâre tote uṛ gae aur kallâ rah gayâ âp.
Un phandî ko dekhke baṛh gayâ kîle kî goh.
Phandîgar dekh, âkar kahe is Rânî ke pâs;
"Tote the, sab uṛ gae, koî na âyâ hâth."
Itnî sun Rânî kahe, "Sun, Mâlî, merî bât;
Tote seh the, woh kahâṅ gae? tû âyâ hamâre pâs."
"Chalo bâgh meṅ dekh lo, chalo hamâre sâth."
Itnî sun Rânî chalî, âî nau-lakkhe bâgh:
Bâgh sârâ dekhtî, totâ na pâyâ ik.
Mâlî se Rânî khajî, "Taiṅ kyûṅ boleṅ hai jhûṭh?"
Itnî sun Mâlî kahe, "Sun, Rânî, merî bât:
Isî bâgh ke bîch meṅ tote dekhe âj."
"Tote the, who kahâṅ gae? Suno, Mâlî, merî bât:
Yâ to tote batâe do; nahîṅ, phâṅsî dûṅ lagâe."
Itnî sun totâ kahe, "Sun, Rânî, merî bât:
Is mâlî se kyâ kahe? Tu suno hamârî bât."
Itnî sun Rânî kahe, "Sun, bândî Har Daî;*
Is tote ko mârke tû lâo hamâre pâs."
Bândî chalî ḍaurke, âî tote ke pâs.
Totâ mâr uḍârî uṛ gayâ, na gayâ Rânî ke pâs.
Launḍîâṅ bândîâṅ phir rahîṅ: totâ na âyâ hâth.
Rânî ghabarâke so rahî is palang ke sâth.
Totâ dil meṅ sochtâ, "Ab kaise karûṅ âj?
Is Rânî kî gât meṅ chûnch deûṅ lagâ."
Uṛkar totâ â gayâ is Rânî ke pâs.

* Hardâs according to some bards, in which case the word should be probably *ardâs='arzî*.

Apne dil meṅ sochtâ, "Chûnch deûṅ lagâ."
Gahrî chûnch martâ is Rânî kî gât.
Mukh par chûnch lagâe dî is Rânî kî gât.
Rânî uṭhî tâulî, totâ lîâ dabâe.
Rânî ke mukh par Surkhî khiṛ rahî, aur bândî kare jawâb.
"Rânî, tote ko kyâ dekhtî? Tere muṅh kâ hûâ behâl!"
"Muṅh ko mere kyâ kahe? Maiṅ totâ lîâ dabâe.
Pakṛâ thâ, par mar gayâ mujh Rânî ke hâth."
Koî bândî kyâ kahe? "Sun Rânî merî bât:
Tote ko tum rakh do, aur mukhṛâ leo sambhâl."
Itnî sun Rânî ne dhar dîâ is palang darmiyân.
Rânî surkhî ponchhtî apne mukh kî âp.
Rânî ghair khiyâl hogaî aur totâ hûâ udâs:
Mâr uṛârî jâ rahâ is kîle kî goh.
Rânî dil meṅ sochtî, "Totâ nahîṅ, koî aur."
"Chhâṭhî dûṅ baiṭhnâ, muṅh mânge so khâe:
Ab ke pâs âe jâ, muṅh mânge so khâe."
Itnî sun totâ kahe, "Sun, Rânî, merî bât:
Tere dil meṅ pâp hai: kabhî na âûṅ tere pâs.
Rânî, jis Râjâ kâ maiṅ totâ hûṅ, us bargâ na koî.
Jaisî bâtâṅ tû kare us meṅ bahotî hoî."
Rânî yûṅ kahe, "Sun, Totâ, merî bât:
Us Râjâ ko milâe de: lâ tû hamre pâs."
"Yûṅ, Rânî, maiṅ na lâûṅ; sun tû hamârî bât:
Likhke chiṭṭhî de de apnî pairîṅ âp."
Likh deke chiṭṭhî Rânî kahe, "Sun, Tote, merî bât:
Jaldî Râjâ ko bhej de in pairoṅ ke sâth."
Itnî sun totâ kahe, "Sun, Rânî, merî bât:
Gal meṅ chiṭṭhî pâe de; jâûṅ Râjâ ke pâs."
Lekar chiṭṭhî chal paṛâ us Râjâ ke pâs.
Râjâ dekhke yûṅ kahe, "Sun, Totâ, ardâs:
Kaise phere le âyâ? Ham ko de batâe.
Un pheroṅ ko dekh lûṅ, Tote, tere pâs."
Lekar chiṭṭhî hans paṛâ yeh Râjâ nirâs.
Âṭh din ke phere, nawîṅ din kî na âs.
"Chandâṅ sai kos hai, sât samundar pâr.
Jânewâlâ koî hai nahîṅ: kyâ karen ab bât?"

Itnî sun totâ kahe, "Sun, Râjâ, ardâs:
Ghoṛe, fîl, bahot haiṅ, aur khaṛe tumhâre pâs."
Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, "Sun, Totâ, merî bât:
Hâth par mere baiṭh jâ, aur chalo hamâre sâth.
Hâthî karhoṅ ke bîch meṅ karo chalke do bât."
Dekh karhe haṅs paṛe, Râjâ se kareṅ jawâb,
"Kyûṅ âunâ ho gayâ? suno, Râjâ, ardâs:
Jo kahnâ farmâe do, chaleṅ tumhâre sâth."
"Phere Adhik Anûp ke deo turt diwâe.
Sâṛe chaudah sai kos hai, aur âṭh din kî râe!"
Itnî sun karhe kaheṅ, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Ham se jâyâ na jâe us Rânî ke pâs."
Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, "Suno, karho, merî bât:
Daghâ dîâ hai adhar meṅ; ab kaun karhe hai sâth?
Ai Tote, taiṅ kyâ karî? phere lâyâ âp!
Ab ham kyâ kareṅ? koî na chalâ sâth!
Hîre kî kanî khâ marûṅ, aur nahîṅ jîne kî âs!
Aisî Rânî nâ milî hai, chandî, mâhtâb!
He karhe! tum ne kyâ karî? dîâ hameṅ jawâb!
Ai Tote, tum uṛ jâo, aur nahîṅ, chalo hamâre sâth."
Sût kaṭâr Râjâ jauhar kare* us tote ke pâs:
"Yâ Rânî ko milâe de, nahîṅ, marûṅ tumhâre pâs!"
Itnî sun totâ kahe, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Us pawan-pankhî karhe ko tum ne dîâ dohâg:
Jo ab Rânî dekhnî chalo karhe ke pâs.
Hâth joṛ karo bandagî, karhe se karo jawâb:
'Bhîṛ paṛî; tumhare pâs âyâ; mere kârij karo siddh:
Rânî Adhik Anûp ko mujh ko deo milâe.
Phere Adhik Anûp ke, phere deo diwâe.'"
Itnî sun karhâ kahe, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Maiṅ karhâ: taiṅ dîâ chhoṛ; dîâ des tiyâg.
Ab tû mujh ko chheṛnâ: apnâ dil karo khiyâl.
Mere se phere na diwâe: jâ: ghar apne baiṭh!"
Itnî sun Râjâ royâ: bhar rudan machâyâ:
"Yâ to Rânî milâe de, nahîṅ, marûṅ kaṭârâ khâe!"
Itnî sun karhâ kahe, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:

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* Obsolete poetical expression.

Ath din to bahut hain, aur din ke din jânâ âp."
"Ai karhâ, ham se kare makhol; us Rânî ko le chal."
Itnî sun karhâ kahe, "Sun, Râjâ merî bât:
Jaldî kapṛe pâe lo, ho jâ mere aswâr."
Râjâ jaldî nahâ rahâ aur kar rahâ apne singâr:
Totâ pinjrâ biṭhâ lîâ aur âyâ karhe ke pâs.
Shahr ikaṭṭhâ ho gayâ us karhe ke pâs.
Râjâ ûpar chaṛh rahâ aur log kare makhol.
"Râjâ jhallâ ho gayâ is karhe ke sang!"
Sâlkoṭ se chal paṛe le tote ko sang.
Râjâ wahâṅ se chal paṛâ, âe Shahr Kanauj,
Ḍerâ lagâe bâgh meṅ, Râjâ kar rahe mauj.
"Ai Tote, ab karîye kyâ? Rânî deo milâe."
Mâr uḍârî totâ chal paṛâ, âyâ Rânî ke pâs.
"Ai Rânî, tû kyâ kare? Sun hamrî ardâs:
Râjâ baiṭhe bâgh meṅ aur kar rahe tumharî âs.
Us Râjâ ko dekh le, aur haiṅge bahut jawân!
Jo kahnâ ho, so kah le us bâgh ke mâṅ."
Itnî sun Rânî kahe, 'Sun, Tote, merî bât;
Us Râjâ ko bhej de âj hamre pâs."
Itnî sun totâ chalâ nau lakkhe bâgh:
"Ai Râjâ, tum chalo us Rânî ke pâs."
Bole Râjâ, yûṅ kahe, "Sun, Tote, merî bât:
Hamre sâth tum chalo, kalle se na hove bât."
Totâ Râjâ chal paṛe us Rânî ke pâs.
Ḍeoṛî meṅ â gae; bândî karî jawâb:
Bândî Râjâ se kahe, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Guṛ se mîṭhî kyâ chîz hai? Aur phul binâ kyâ khushbo?
Âdar binâ jal jâe baiṭhnâ! Merî tînoṅ bâtâṅ de batâ!"
Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, "Sun, Tote, merî bât:
Bândî dohrâ kah rahî, is kâ do jawâb."
Itnî sun totâ kahe, "Sun, Bândî, merî bât:
Guṛ se mîṭhâ terâ bohrâ aur nekî kî khushbo!
Matbal* phaṅsâ dushman ke bâr meṅ âdar milo châhe nâṅ."
Itnî sun Bândî kahe, "Sun, Rânî, merî bât:
Totâ nahiṅ; koî aur haî; dohrâ dîâ batâe!

* For *matlab*.

Is Râjâ ko pûchh lo aur kah lo man kî bât."
Itnî sun Rânî kahe, "Lâo hamre pâs:
Bâtâñ us se kar lûñ aur kah lûñ man kî bât."
"Jaise bâtâñ batâe de, phere lûñ apne âp."
Itnî sun Râjâ chalâ aur âyâ Rânî ke pâs:
Sûrat dekhî Rânî kî aur hoiâ Râjâ betâb.
"Rânî nahîñ; koî achhrâ; Rânî hai anûp.
Chiṭṭhî, Rânî, dekh lo aur phere deo batâe."
Itnî sun Rânî, kahe, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Dohrâ hamrâ batlâ do aur phere le lo âj."
Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, "Sun, Rânî, merî bât:
Apnâ dohrâ kah le aur kah le man kî bât."
Rânî kah rahî dohrâ, "Sunîyo, chatr sujân:
"Añkhan meñ phâkan janmiâñ: jal sûî bidh:
Nâchat hai Kâm Kamnî, bochat hai bidh:"
Itnî sun tote kahe, "Sun, Rânî, merî bât:
Aisâ dohrâ kyâ kahe? mere paroñ par lag raho tîn sau sâṭh!"
Rânî tote se kahe, "Sun, Totâ, merî bât:
Yeh dohrâ batlâ de, phere le le âj."
Itnî sun totâ kahe, "Sun, Rânî, merî bât:
Jangal bayâbân meñ paṛâ hai ik sîs:
Us sîs ke bîch meñ bache dîe chiṛî ne do:
Fajar kâ waqt thâ, jal sûî par bidh.
Nâchat thî Kâm Kamnî, bochat thâ sidh."
Itnî sun Rânî kahe; nâî lîâ bulwâe;
Ghar kâ Brâhmaṇ â gayâ us Rânî ke pâs.
Phere Rânî ke ho rahe mahiloñ ke darmiyân;
Mâñ aur bâp yûñ kahe, "Sun, Beṭî, merî bât:
Chhaliâ Râjâ â gayâ ab hamrî mahil darmiyân:
Phere, Beṭî, mat le us Râjâ ke nâl."
Itnî sun beṭî kahe, "Sun, Bâbal, merî bât
Jo qismat meñ likhî thî, ho gai woh pûr."
Râjâ Rânî yûñ kahe, "Sun, Beṭî, merî bât:
Is se phere le le; sunîyo hamrî bât."

Râjâ Rânî khush hue aur khushî hoiâ parwâr.
Jude mahil Rânî ko dîe, Râjâ Rânî do.

Tote kâ pinjrâ dharâ, dharâ mahil ke bîch:
Khushîâṅ Rânî kar rahî us tote ke sâth.
"He Tote, batâe de Gur apne kâ nâm!
Kis kâ haigâ bâlkâ? Terâ kyâ hai nâm?"
"Gurû Gorakh kâ bâlkâ: Rasâlû merâ nâm."
Khushîâṅ Rânî kar rahî us tote ke sâth.
Itnî sun totâ kahe, "Sun, Rânî, merî bât.
Râjâ hamrâ yûṅ kahe, 'chalo mahil darmiyân.'"
Itnî sun Rânî chalî, âî mahil ke bîch.
Râjâ Rânî se kahe, "Sun, Rânî, hamrî bât:
Mâl khizânâ bahot hai aur bahot ghanâ sâ râj
Siâlkoṭ kâ Bâdshâh: Râjâ Rasâlû hai nâm.
Chalo hamre mahil meṅ: chalo hamre sâth.
Mâî bâp dekhte rahe hamrî tumharî âs."
Itnî sun Rânî kahe, "Suno, Râjâ, ardâs:
Dôlâ jaldî pâṛ lo; maiṅ chalûṅ tumhârî sâth."
Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, "Suno, kahâro, bât:
Jaldî ḍolâ lâo is Rânî ke pâs.
Rânî baiṭhî ḍole meṅ, chale kahâr âp.
Manzil manzil â gae Siâlkoṭ ke pâs.
Râjâ Rânî yûṅ kaheṅ, "Suno, kahâro, bât:
Dolâ zarâ thâm do is Shahr ke pâs."
Râjâ Shahr meṅ â baṛe: dekhe khalqât.
Mâtâ aur bâp yûṅ kaheṅ, "Sun, beṭa Rasâl!
Ghane dinoṅ meṅ phir âe, tum beṭâ Rasâl!"
Jude mahil de dîe: sab karne lage piyâr.

TRANSLATION.

THE CANTO OF PRINCESS ADHIK ANÛP DAÎ, DAUGHTER OF RÂJÂ SIRKAṬ.

With joined hands his mother* says, "Pûran,† hear
my words:
Give me an oracle, that a son may be born (to me)."
Saith Pûran to his mother, "Mother, hear my words:

* Lonâṅ, the wife of Śâlivâhana.
† Son of Śâlivâhana by Achhrâṅ, and the celebrated Bhagat. Lonâṅ was his stepmother.

Rasâlû will be born (to thee) and his name shall be the (gay) Deceiver.
Three hundred and sixty Princesses shall he deceive, and will remain with none."
Pleased was his mother, and joy was in every house.
Hearing this she went away and adorned her palace.
Rasâlû was born and joy was in every house.
One month; two months; in the sixth month he kicked (in the womb):
In ten months* there was joy in the palace.
When four years had passed, Mahitâ† was sent for.
They played in the decorated palace; the pair, Mahitâ and the Prince.
Hearing this‡ said Mahitâ, "Prince, hear my words:
Do something which shall result in marriage§"
Said the Prince to Mahitâ, "Mahitâ, hear my words:
I was sleeping in the decorated palace, and a dream came in the night.
What shall I say of this dream of the night? Mahitâ, hear my words.
(I saw) a Princess of the City of Kanauj, Adhik Anûp Daî.
When she laughs she fills a basket with flowers: when she weeps she fills a platter with pearls.
Bring me to that Princess: no kind office (of yours would be) equal to this."
Hearing this said Mahitâ, "Prince, hear my words:
Send for your parrot, the bird will give you all (you desire)."
Hearing this said the Prince, "Parrot, hear my words:
I will feed thee with crystalised sugar: I will give thee cool water to drink.

---

* Natives calculate pregnancy by ten lunar months, 280 days.
† This is the Mahitâ Choprâ of the first Legend.
‡ The bard has evidently forgotten something here.
§ *Lit.* do such things in which shall remain *two words* (yes and yes): idiom for bringing about a marriage.

Tell me about Adhik Anûp. Thou art a royal Parrot."*
Hearing this said the parrot, "Prince, hear thou my words.
The road is long and I cannot manage it."
Hearing this said the Prince, "Parrot, hear my words:
Tell me about Adhik Anûp, else I will stab myself with my dagger and die."
Hearing this said the parrot, "Prince, hear my words:
Make golden anklets for my legs; put a necklace of diamonds round my neck;
Gild my feathers and wings; put a ruby on my head;
And I will tell all about Adhik Anûp, and then shall my name be Parrot (indeed)."
Hearing this said the Prince, "Hear, glorious Parrot:
Some one will slay thee for thy brave show and thy invaluable life will be lost."
"The Prince has become greedy of his riches and there will be no news of his love!
As (you would that) the Princess should see you, give me my ornaments."
"I will make for thee a golden cage, I will see thee across my border."†
The Prince and the parrot went off together and went into the *jangals*.
The day passed into night and they laid themselves to rest somewhere.
"Prince, turn thou back: I will bring thee news (of her)."
The Prince went home and the parrot took his leave.
Taking his leave the parrot flew off and reached the city of Kanauj.
In the Princess's garden he stayed.
The parrot gave a scream and called (other) parrots:
"Eat up the fruit in this Princess's garden.
Eat up all the ripe fruit and throw down the unripe."

---

* A play on the names of *Totá* and *Ráo* for a parrot.
† This phrase is idiomatic for "seeing off a friend."

The gardener saw it and grieved, but the parrots flew not away.
Grieving the gardener goes to the Princess:
"Thousands of parrots, Princess, have come into thy garden.
What fruit there was, they have eaten it all, and spoilt the unripe fruit."
Hearing this the Princess was agitated and sent for the snarers.
"Catch the parrots and bring them to me."
Hearing this the snarers came to the Princess.
"Take your nets and cast them round the garden.
Kill all the parrots and bring them to me."
Hearing this said Sâwân,* "Parrots, hear my words:
Friends, fly you away now, you have nothing (more) to do."
All the parrots flew away and he remained alone.
Seeing the snarers he went into a lizard's hole.
The snarers saw (the garden) and came and told the Princess:
"Parrots there were, but all have flown, none have fallen into our hands."
Hearing this the Princess said, "Gardener, hear my words:
Parrots there were, where have they gone? you came to me."
(Said the gardener). "Come into the garden and see; come with me."
Hearing this the Princess went into the nine *lâkh*† garden:
Looked through all the garden: found not a single parrot.
The Princess was vexed with the gardener, "Why have you told me a lie?"

---

* The name of Rasâlû's parrot.
† Worth nine *lâkhs* of rupees: conventional expression for worth a great deal!

Hearing this said the gardener, "Princess, hear my words.
I saw a great many parrots in the garden to-day."
"Parrots there were; where have they gone? Gardener, hear my words:
Either you show me the parrots, or else I will hang you."
Hearing this said the parrot, "Princess hear my words:
What has it to do with this gardener? Hear thou *my* words."
Hearing this said the Princess, "Listen, Har Daî*, my maid:
Kill this parrot and bring him to me."
Away ran the maid and came to the parrot.
The parrot flapped his wings and flew away: he went not near the Princess.
Girls and maids wandered about, but the parrot fell not into their hands.
The Princess astonished slept on her couch.
The parrot thought in his mind, "Now what shall I do to-day?
I will thrust my beak into the Princess's body."
The parrot flew off and came to the Princess.
Thinking in his mind, he thrust in his beak.
He thrust his beak deep into the Princess's body.
He thrust his beak into her face.
The Princess got up quickly and seized the parrot.
The blood stood upon the Princess's face and the maid asked her,
"Princess, why look at the parrot? thy face is injured."
"What do you say about my face? I have caught the parrot.
I had seized it and it died in my royal hands."
"What?" said a maid, "Hear my words, Princess:
Put down the parrot, and look to your face."
Hearing this the Princess put the parrot down on the bed.

* There is a doubt as to this name: see note to text.

And the Princess herself wiped the blood from her face.
The Princess forgot him and the parrot became sorrowful.
He flapped his wings and flew into the lizard's hole.
Thought the Princess in her mind, "This is no parrot, but something else."
"I will seat thee on my breast, thou shalt eat what thy mouth demands :
Come to me now, eat what thy mouth demands."
Hearing this said the parrot, "Princess, hear my words :
Evil is in thy heart : never will I come to thee.
Princess, the Prince whose parrot I am has not his equal.
What thou hast said has made the matter worse."
Thus spake the Princess, "Parrot, hear my words :
Let me meet that Prince : do thou bring him to me."
"Thus I cannot bring him : Princess, hear thou my words.
Write a letter and give it me quickly."
Writing the letter said the Princess, "Parrot hear my words :
Take it quickly to the Prince."
Hearing this said the parrot, "Princess, hear my words :
Fasten the letter round my neck : I will go to the Prince."
Taking the letter he went to the Prince.
Seeing it thus spake the Prince, "Parrot, hear my prayer :
How have you arranged the marriage ? Tell me.
I would see the marriage you have brought, Parrot."
Taking the letter the unhappy Prince laughed (ironically).
The marriage was to be in eight days, no hope even for the ninth day.*
"It is fourteen hundred *kos* and across seven rivers† :

* *I. e.*, on the ninth day it would be declared off.
† This is meant to mean a long way : it is a great exaggeration of actual facts.

No one can go (in the time): what shall we do now?"
Hearing this said the parrot, "Prince, hear my prayer:
Horses and elephants are many and stand by you."
Hearing this said the Prince, "Parrot, hear my words:
Sit on my hand and go with me.
Come among the elephants and camels and say a few words to them."
Seeing them the camels laughed and answered the Prince.
"Why have you come? hear, Prince, our prayer.
As you order us, so will we go with you."
"Bring me quickly to the marriage with Adhik Anûp.
It is fourteen hundred and fifty *kos* and eight days are for the road!"
Hearing this said the camels, "Prince, hear our words:
We cannot go to the Princess."
Hearing this said the Prince, "Camels, hear my words:
You have disappointed me: what camel is with me now?
O Parrot, what hast thou done? arrange the marriage thyself!
What shall I do now; none comes with me?
I will swallow a diamond and die, and have no hope in life!
Such a Princess I have not met, lovely, beautiful!
O Camels! what have you done? you have refused me!
O Parrot! fly thou away or else come with me."
Drawing his dagger the Prince (threatened to) commit suicide before the parrot.
"Either let me meet the Princess, or I will die before you!"
Hearing this said the parrot, "Prince, hear my words:
Thou didst turn away thy wind-winged camel:
If thou wouldst now see the Princess go to that camel
With joined hands beseech him, make the camel answer thee.
'Trouble has fallen on me: I am come to thee, take away my pain:

Bring about the meeting of Princess Adhik Anûp with me.
The marriage with Adhik Anûp: the marriage bring to me.' "
Hearing this said the camel, "Prince, hear my words:
I am a camel; thou didst neglect me; didst separate me from my home.
Now art thou teasing me: nor dost thou keep thy thoughts in thy own heart.
I cannot manage this: go: stay in thy own house!"
Hearing this the Prince wept, and cried aloud in his weeping:
"Either bring me to the Princess, else I will stab myself with a dagger and die!"
Hearing this said the camel, "Prince, hear my words:
Eight days are plenty, I will go myself within the time."
"O Camel, thou art jesting with me; take me to the Princess."
Hearing this said the camel, "Prince, hear my words:
Put on thy garments quickly, and mount me."
Quickly bathed the Prince and put on his ornaments,
Put the parrot into his cage and came to the camel.
All the city collected round that camel.
The Prince got up and the people began to joke:
"The Prince is mad about this camel!"
They went from Siâlkoṭ taking the parrot with them.
The Prince went from there and came to the City of Kanauj,
Fixed his abode in the garden, and the Prince enjoyed himself.
"O Parrot, what will you do now? make the Princess meet me."
Flapping his wings off went the parrot and came to the Princess.
"O Princess, what art thou doing? Hear my prayer:
The Prince is sitting in the garden sighing for thee.
See the Prince for he is quite young!

What thou wouldst say, say it in the garden."
Hearing this said the Princess, "Parrot, hear my words:
Bring the Prince to me to-day."
Hearing this the parrot went into the nine *lâkhs* garden;
"O Prince, go thou to the Princess."
Spake the Prince, saying thus, "Parrot, hear my words:
Come with me, I can manage nothing alone."
The parrot and the Prince went off to the Princess.
They came to the door, and the maid asked a question:
Said the maid to the Prince, "Prince, hear my words:
What thing is sweeter than sugar? what has scent without a flower?
(To be) without respect is to sit and burn! Answer my three riddles!"
Hearing this said the Prince, "Parrot, hear my words:
The maid is asking riddles, give her the answer."
Hearing this said the Parrot, "My Maid, hear my words:
Thy speech is sweeter than sugar and goodness hath a good smell!
If thy business be at thy enemy's gate thou dost not want respect."
Hearing this said the maid, "Princess, hear my words:
It is no parrot; it is something else: it has answered my riddles.
Ask the Prince and say thy heart's desire."
Hearing this said the Princess, "Bring him to me:
I will speak to him and say my heart's desire."
"As you answer my riddles I will marry you myself."
Hearing this the Prince went up and came to the Princess:
Seeing the Princess's face the Prince became restless (with love).
"She is no Princess: she is some fairy; the Princess is a peerless beauty.
Princess, see thy letter and give me thyself in marriage."
Hearing this the Princess said, "Prince, hear my words:
Answer my riddle and be married to-day."

Hearing this said the Prince, "Princess, hear my words:
Say the riddle and say thy heart's desire."
The Princess said her riddle, "Listen, thou bright intelligence:
A thorn is born in the eyes: the needle pierces the water:
Love and his wife are dancing and the sage is catching them."
Hearing this said the parrot, "Princess, hear my words.
Why set such a riddle? three hundred and sixty are in my feathers!"
Said the Princess to the parrot, "Parrot hear my words:
Show me this riddle and I will be married to-day."
Hearing this said the parrot, "Princess, hear my words;
In the pathless *jangal* is lying a head:
In the head a bird hath laid two eggs:
It was morning time, the water was pierced by the needle:
Love and his wife were dancing, and the sage caught them."
Hearing this said the Princess "Send for the barber.*"
The family priest came to the Princess.
The Princess was married in the palace;
Thus said her father and mother, "Daughter, hear our words:
The deceitful Prince has now come into the palace:
Daughter, be not married to this Prince."
Hearing this said the Princess, "Father, hear my words:
What was written in my fate, has already come to pass
Thus spake the King and Queen "Daughter, hear our words:
Marry him then: hear our words."
The King and Queen were pleased and pleased were the household.

* To arrange the wedding: it being his business.

They two, the King and Queen, gave the Princess a separate palace.
They put there the parrot's cage, they put it into the palace.
The Princess played with the parrot.
"O Parrot, tell me thy *Gurú's* name!
Whose pupil art thou? what is thy name?"
"I am Gurû Gorakh's pupil: Rasâlû is my name."
The Princess played with the parrot,
Hearing this* the parrot said, "Princess, hear my words:
Thus saith my Prince, 'come to my palace.'"
Hearing this the Princess went into his palace.
Said the Prince to the Princess, "Princess, hear my words:
Goods and money have I much, and very great is my kingdom.
Of Siâlkot am I king: Râjâ Rasâlû is my name.
Come to my palace: come with me.
My father and mother look anxiously for thee."
Hearing this said the Princess, "Prince, hear my prayer:
Get ready my *ḍolí* quickly: I will go with thee."
Hearing this said the Prince, "Bearers, hear my words:
Bring the Princess her *ḍolí* quickly."
The Prrncess sat in her *ḍolí* and the bearers went on.
Stage by stage they came to Siâlkoṭ.
Thus spake Prince and Princess, "Bearers, hear our words:
Stop the *ḍolí* awhile near the city."
The Prince went into the city, and the people saw him.
Thus spake his father and mother, "Hear, Rasâlû, our son!
After many days thou hast returned, Rasâlû, our son!"
They gave them a separate palace: and all the people loved them.

---

* Something apparently forgotten here.

No. X.

THE LEGEND OF SÎLÂ DAÎ,

ACCORDING TO THE VERSION PLAYED AT JAGADHRÎ IN THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT.

[This legend is another of the ten *mahals* or divisions of the full story of Râjâ Rasâlû. Like the story of Gurû Guggâ it is composed in the form of a *swâng* or metrical play, and is so played annually at the Holî Festival. Like that too, however, it is not strictly a play according to our ideas. It is a most popular story, and its details are very widely known.]

[It has been divided herein into two portions. The 1st of 964 verses and the 2nd of 528 verses, because the bard who began it could not remember the latter portion, and it was taken up and finished by the same man that sang for me the Legend of Gurû Guggâ. The style of composition is not quite the same in the two portions, though they are composed on the same lines and tell precisely the same story. In the first part the metre never varies, and there are no songs; the narrative portions too are not introduced, as in the latter part, into the speeches of the actors, but are assigned in complete stanzas to the Brâhman Rangâchâr, who appeared in the Guggâ Legend as the family priest of Gurû Guggâ. The composition displays considerable dramatic talent, and the story is well put together, but it is very long drawn out in order to suit the taste of the audience.]

[The story has been already referred to in the 'Adventures of Râjâ Rasâlû where he plays a trick on his Minister Mahitâ Choprâ in order to test the boasted virtue of the latter's wife, Rânî Châudnî. Châudnî now appears as Sîlâ Daî, and this story is a variant of the former one. It is to be observed that in the former legend Mahitâ appears as a Choprâ, one of the septs of the Panjâbî caste of the Khatrîs, whereas in this legend he is made out to be a member of the Agarwâl sept of the Hindûî caste of the Baniyâs, and to come from their original seat at Agrohâ near Hissâr.]

[Rasâlû appears here as Risâl and Rîsal, and the scene of those parts of the play, which is not laid at Agrohâ, is at Siâlkoṭ, frequently called herein Risâlgaṛh or Risalgaṛh. The anthromorphism, too, which raises Gurû Gorakhnâth almost to the level of a god and reduces Śiva and Pârvatî almost to that of mortals, is very noticeable.]

[The game of *chaupur* occurs so frequently in these legends, and its technicalities play so important a part in them, that I give here an account of it. The *chaupur* board is generally made of cloth, and is in the form of a cross. Each arm of the cross is divided into 24 squares in 3 rows of 8 each, 12 red and 12 black: in the centre, where the arms meet, is a large black square. The cross is called *chaupur*, the arms are called *phâṭîs* and

the squares, *khânas*. On this board are played two games, both often called *chaupur*: but technically one which is played with dice is called *phâṅsâ*, and the other which is played with *kauṛîs* is called *pachîsî*.]

[The game with dice, or *phâṅsâ*, is played with 3 dice called *phâṅsâs* or *ḍâls*, and 16 men or *nards*. The men are distributed 4 to each arm of the cross, and are painted red, green, yellow and black. The dice are 2½ inches long and ½ inch square at the ends. Their 4 faces (*mukhs*) are marked 1,2,5 and 6. Thus . , : , : ., : , : : : . *Phâṅsâ* requires 2 players, one of whom takes the red and yellow men, and the other the green and black. The game is played by repeated throws of the dice and moving the men accordingly, until the whole of them on one side are moved into the large square in the centre of the board. This generally takes some time and requires considerable skill in adjusting the moves to the throws. Gambling can be carried on by betting on the various throws and on the result of the game. The technicalities of the game are as follows:—In the dice the ace (1) is called *pauṅ*: the deuce (2) *do*: the five *pâṅch* and the six *chî*. A throw of the dice is called *dâo*: to throw the dice is *phâṅsâ phenknâ*: to count the throws is *dâo ginnâ*: to bet, or fix the throw is *bâzî badhnâ* or *dâo badhnâ*: and to settle the stakes is *shart lagânâ*.

It is important also for these legends to note the technical names for the various throws of the dice which are 20 in number.

Thus:—

1	1, 1, 1	*tîn kâne*	11	5, 5, 1	*das pauṅ*
2	2, 2, 2	*chakṛî*	12	5, 5, 2	*das do bârâ*
3	5, 5, 5	*pandrâh*	13	5, 5, 6	*solâh*
4	6, 6, 6	*aṭhârâ*	14	6, 6, 1	*pauṅ bârâ*
5	1, 1, 2	*châr kâne*	15	6, 6, 2	*chaudâh*
6	1, 1, 5	*pânch do sât*	16	6, 6, 5	*satrâh*
7	1, 1, 6	*chî do âṭh*	17	1, 2, 5	*pâṅch tîn âṭh*
8	2, 2, 1	*panjṛî*	18	1, 2, 6	*chî tîn nau*
9	2, 2, 5	*pan châr nau*	19	1, 5, 6	*kache bârâ*
10	2, 2, 6	*chî châr das*	20	2, 5, 6	*gyârâh do terâh.*'

The game of *pachîsî* is played on precisely the same principles, but with 7 *kauṛîs* or shell money and by 4 persons, and the men are not set on the board, but kept by the players. The *kauṛîs* are held in the hand simply and thrown; the throw is counted by the number of *kauṛîs* that happen to fall upside down.

If 1 so falls it counts				10	*das*
,, 2	,,	,,	,,	2	*do*
,, 3	,,	,,	,,	3	*tîn*
,, 4	,,	,,	,,	4	*châr*
,, 5	,,	,,	,,	25	*pachîs*
,, 6	,,	,,	,,	30	*tîs*
,, 7	,,	,,	,,	14	*chaudâh*

If all 7 fall straight they count 7 *sât*.

The throws 10, 25, or 30 count an extra ace, *pauṅ* : and any of these gives the right to a second throw, and if they again fall then to a third, all three counting; but if they fall a third time a fourth throw must be made and *it* only counts. The four players are two and two partners (*sâṅjî*) and the partners take stations on opposite sides of the cross and 4 men each. That side wins which gets all its 8 men into the black centre square first according to the throws of the *kauṛîs*, no throw under 10 counting at all. Betting can be made on the game or on any throw. The technical terms of the game are the same as in *phâṅsâ*, except that to throw the *kauṛîs* is *kauṛî pheṅknâ*.]

TEXT.

MAHAL SÎLÂ DAÎ.

Bayân Pahile Bhâṭ kâ.

Pirtham Gurû manâeke, jag kâ pâlanhâr !
Phir pîchhe se kîjîye aur jagat ke kâr.
Kâr karûṅ aur sabhî kâm banâûṅ :
Maiṅ pahile dil bîch Gurû Nâth manâûṅ.
Maiṅ saran' gahî âj Gurû Gorakh terî !
Is phâse ke hâth lâj râkh le merî.

Mahitâ.

"Sat ko sat kar mân le ! sat ko sat kar jân !
Sat kâran sab tham rahe dhartî aur asmân !

TRANSLATION,

THE CANTO OF SÎLÂ DAÎ.

According to the First Bard.

First let us worship the Gurû ; * cherisher of the world !
And then let us do the work of the world.
I will work and do all the work ;
But first will I worship the Lord Gurû in my heart.
To-day I fall at thy feet, Gurû Gorakh !
Make me to succeed in this my undertaking.†

Mahitâ.

"Remember truth is truth ! know truth for truth !
The heavens and earth are upheld for truth's sake !

---

* Gorakhnâth. † *Lit.* preserve my honor in this throw of the dice

Dhartî asmân khaṛî sat kî tûnî !
Yeh sat kâ hai sîl jagat bîch nishâuî.
Us Sîlâ ke nâm merâ phâṅsâ râzî :
Jo châhe Kartâr us se deve bâzî."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"'Sîlâ! Sîlâ!' kyâ kahe ? aur sâhûkâr ke lâl !
Terê Sîlâ kaun hai ? hameṅ sunâo ḥâl.
Ḥâl kaho ham se tum batîâṅ sârî :
Woh Sîlâ hai kaun, terî dil kî piârî ?
Taiṅ chhoṛâ Gur Dev ! Kyâ man ko sâṅsâ ?
Le tiryâ kâ nâm tû pheṅkâ phâṅsâ ! "

Mahitâ.

" Beṭî Harbans Sahâî kî : Sîlâ Daî hai nâm :

The heavens and earth are stretched on truth's warp !
This is the sign of the virtue of truth in the world.
In my Sîlâ's* name will my throwing (with the dice) be lucky :
God gives the game to whom He wills."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Why art (always) saying, 'Sîlâ, Sîlâ'? that art merchant's son !
Who is thy Sîlâ ? Tell me all about her.
Tell me all about her and her whole story.
Who is that Sîlâ, thy heart's darling ?
Thou hast given up (playing in the name of) Gur Dev ! † what is the anxiety of thy heart ?
That taking a woman's name thou dost throw the dice ! "

Mahitâ.

"She is the daughter of Harbans Sahâî ! Sîlâ Daî is her name :

---

* Sîlâ means 'the virtuous.'
† Gorakhnâth.

Mere mahil meṅ nâr hai : nahîṅ aur se kâm.
Kâm nahîṅ rakhtâ maiṅ aur se, Râjâ
Us Sîlâ kà sat mere dil par sâjâ.
Maîṅ rakhtâ hûṅ nâm : yâd us kâ piârâ.
Sab hotâ hai kâr mere dil kâ sârâ.
Sat kar tû mân, yehî merî bânî :
Satwantî hai nâr, merî ghar kî Rânî ! "

Râjâ Rasâlû.

" Tû beṭâ sâhûkâr kâ : Mahitâ terâ nâm.
Tiryâ sîs chaṛhâune yehî mûrakh kâ kâm !
Hai mûrakh kâ kâm : bachan merâ mâno :
Tum Sîtâ sî satî nahîṅ dûjî jâno.
Woh bhûl gae Râm bachan, kâr miṭâî :

She is my wife in my palace and no one else is of any value (to me).
I place no value in any one else, Râjâ.
The virtue of Sîlâ has taken hold of my heart.
I take her name, her memory is dear to me.
All the desires of my heart are fulfilled (in her).
Know this for truth, this is my advice.
She is a virtuous woman, the Lady of my house ! "

Râjâ Rasâlû.

" Thou art a merchant's son : Mahitâ is thy name.
To raise the head of (praise) a woman is the action of a fool !
It is the action of a fool ! mark my words.
Thou wilt never know a second to the virtuous Sîtâ.*
She forgot Râm's command and destroyed the protecting line.†

---

* Wife of Râma Chandra and the modern synonym for virtue in a woman.

† In allusion to the very interesting tale of the abduction of Sîtâ by Râvana. In modern days she is described as stepping beyond the *kâr* or protecting line, and so being liable to be carried off ; while *inside* it no harm could happen to her. See Growse, *Râmâyana*, ed. 1883, pp. 352 ff. *Indian Antiquary*, vol. viii. p. 267 ; xi. pp. 35-6.

Tû bhûl giâ Sîlâ ke sat par, Bhâî!"

Mahitâ.

"Râjâ, chupke no raho! matî karo takrâr!
Tû apne sâ man jântâ sab kâ man ik sâr!
Ik sâr nahîn, Râjâ, sab hirde dhâre:
Kisî nagar ke bîch na hoṅ pâpî sârî.
Ho ik shahr bîch patî birtâ Rânî!
Tû dil meṅ sach mân, hai yeh Bed kî bânî!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Maiṅ jo giâ thâ bâgh meṅ, aur Mahitâ khâs Dîwân,
Paṇḍit Kâṅsî ke mile, bachan kahe parwân.
Parwân bachan Paṇḍit woh mukh se bole:
'Yehâṅ âve ik bâr jal takhtâ dole.

Thou hast lost thy head* over Sîlâ's virtue, friend."

Mahitâ.

"Be silent, Râjâ, and quarrel not!
Thou judgest the minds of others by thine own mind!
All hearts are not made alike, Râjâ.
In no city are all (the people) sinners.
There must be in the city one Lady (who is) a help to her husband!
Know this for truth in thy heart; this is as true as the Vedas!"

Râjâ Rasâlû†

"When I went into the garden, Mahitâ, my own minister,
I met a priest from Kâṅsî (Banâras) that spake words of truth.
Words of truth spake that priest with his lips:
'One day there will come a terrible shocking flood.

---

* A play here on the senses of the verb *bhûl jánâ.*
† Change of subject here.

Jo ghore daryâî hâth âve tere,
To bach jâge jân, râj bahotere!'"

Mahita.

"Ḥukm karo bulâeke, bhejo khâs dalâl:
Pahile dâm chukâeke, phir kharîdo mâl.
Phir kharîdo mâl, Râjâ, jo châhe so lejo.
Jitne dâm lageṅ ghoṛoṅ ko jarâ khauf na kîjo.'

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Sun, Mahitâ sâhûkâr ke, tû hai merâ yâr.
Tere binâ sartâ nahîṅ aur kîsî se kâr.
Jahân chukâo wahîṅ bhej dûṅ chiṭṭhî se, bhar lîjo.
Jo jânanwâle achhe hoṅ un hîṅ chhaṇṭke lîjo.
Kâr karo merâ, lo sawarran toṛe:
Tum jâo, Rattâsnagar haiṅ ghoṛe.

If there be sea-horses* with thee,
Thy life will be saved and much land (to thee)!'"

Mahitâ.

"Order and send for them, send your private dealer.
First settle the price and then buy the property.
Then buy the property, Râjâ, take what you want:
Be not afraid of the price of the horses."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Listen, Mahitâ, thou merchant's son: thou art my friend.
No one but you can do this job (for me)
Wherever you settle the price I will send (the money) by letter; take your fill.
Choose out those that are good goers.
Do my business (for me), take platters (full) of gold.
Go to Rattâsnagar† where the horses are.

---

* The expression is here used evidently for a fabulous horse. It means usually the hippopotamus.

† This place occuring under several names in this poem must be the celebrated fort of Rotâs in the Jhelam District built by Sher Shâh Sûr (1540-1545 A. D.) a fact which points to the modern nature of the whole legend. The horses to be got there appear to have reference to the once famous breed of Dhannî horses from the Jhelam District.

Maiṅ ḍhâî karoṛ dîâ tujh ko khizânâ.
Jo châhe mangwâe bhej bîg parwânâ."

Mahitâ.

"Mahil mere ke bîch men hai Sîlâ Daî nâr:
Us ke man kî pûchhke phir karûṅgâ kâr.
Kâr karûṅ âp, mahil andar jâûṅ,
Us Sîlâ ke mukh kî zarâ aggyâ pâûṅ.
Maiṅ jâûṅ Rattâsnagar karke tayyârî!
Jo mûṛe na Sîlâ kuchh bât hamârî."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Tû beṭâ sâhûkâr kâ, Mahitâ mere yâr!
Tiryâ ke bas tû pa â aur banâ nar se nâr!
Purkhâ se nâr banâ kyâ sukh pâve?
Tû mân merâ kahnâ, mat bât haṭâve.

I will give thee two and half *karoṛs** (of rupees) from the treasury.
Send quickly letters for whatever (amounts) you may want."

Mahitá.

"Sîlâ Daî, my wife, is dwelling in my palace:
I will first ask her advice and then do the work.
I will do the work myself (after) going to my palace,
And taking a little advice from Sîlâ's own mouth.
I will (then) get ready and go to Rattâsnagar,
If Sîlâ does not oppose my project."

Râjâ Rasálú.

"Thou art a merchant's son, my friend Mahitâ!
And hast fallen under the power of a woman and hast become a woman from being a man!
From a man turned woman what pleasure (in life) canst thou have?
Obey my commands and go not back from them.

---

* 25 millions of rupees or roughly £2,500,000.

Sîlâ ke pâs bât mâṇḍe merî,
Nahîṅ, to ṭûṭegî prît âj merî terî."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Kahâṅ sûrat bisrâyâ? kyûṅ hûe udâs?
Jo ṭûṭâ ho mâl kâ, likhûṅ bâbal pâs.
Bâbal ke pâs likhûṅ ab parwânâ:
Jo châhe mangwâe le bhej bîg khizânâ.
Man kî tum bât kaho apnî sârî:
Kyûṅ pagyâ kê pech khulî âj tumhârî?"

Mahitâ.

"Rîsal ab ham se yûṅ kahe, 'Jâo Gaṛh Rathâs;
Ghoṛe lâo kharîdke jaldî mere pâs.'
'Jaldî' kahe, 'bîg pâs ghoṛe lâo.
Gharbâr tajo apnâ, pardes ko jâo.'
Woh kahtâ hai, 'Âj bât mâno merî;
Nahîṅ, chuṭegî prît phir merî terî.'"

(But) go to Sîlâ and disclose my commands to her,
And then my and thy friendship is gone from to-day."

*Sîlâ Daî.**

"Why is thy face sorrowful? why art full of grief?
If thou hast had losses I will write to my father.
I will write a letter now to my father:
Take what you want, he will send the money at once.
Tell me all the trouble of thy mind:
Why are the folds of thy turban unloosed to-day?"†

Mahitâ.

"Rîsal‡ has just said thus to me, 'Go to Fort Rathâs;
Go and buy horses and come quickly back to me.'
'Quick,' said he; 'quickly bring me the horses.
Leave thy family and go to the strange land.'
Saith he, 'Obey my commands to-day;
Or my and thy friendship shall be lost.'"

---

* Scene changes to Sîlâ's palace.
† *I.e.*, why is thy dress disordered from grief?
‡ Rasâlû always goes by this name in this portion of the poem.

Sîlâ Daî.

"Banî banâveṅ bâniye, tum ho sâhûkâr!
Bol raheṅ din jâenge, karo samajhke kâr.
Kâr karo âp jahâṅ bhejeṅ Râjâ:
Jo dâm lageṅ hâṭh karo un kî kâjâ.
Is Rîsal kî bâṭ piyâ, mat na moṛo:
Aur Râjâ ke sâth prît mat na toṛo."

Mahitâ.

"Rîsal haṅse kheltâ ik din phâṅsû sâr;
Sat terî kâ â gayâ chaupuṛ pe takrâr.
Takrâr kîâ Rîsal ne ghussâ khâjâ:
Is wâste pardes merâ gawan ṭharâyâ.
Hai chhal kî yeh khân: suno bât hamârî.
Tum raho hoshiâr: dagâ degâ bhârî."

Sîlâ Daî.

"A shopkeeper would do what he could and thou art a merchant!
The days will go in talking, do thy work thoughtfully.
Do thy work wherever the Râjâ may send thee:
Whatever it may cost thee do his commands.
Go not back from the commands of Rîsal, my love;
And destroy not thy friendship with the Râjâ."

Mahitâ.

"Rîsal one day was playing a game (with me) for amusement.
And there was a dispute at the (game of) *chaupuṛ* over thy virtue.
And Risal disputed and became angry about it.
This is why he determined to send me to a foreign land.
He is a (very) pit of deceit: mark my words.
Be thou careful (or) he will play some great trick."

Sîlâ Dâî.

"Rîsal ab chhal kyâ kare ? aur mere mahil meṅ ân ?
Sat mere kî chaukasî rakhenge Bhagwân.
Rakheṅ Bhagwân driṛh dil ko mere :
Aur Râjâ jhak mâr karo sau sau phere.
Tum jâo Rattâsnagar, karke tayyârî.
Woh rakhenge Kartâr lâj hamârî."

Mahitâ.

"Apne pahre jâgîyo aur mat raho paṛ so.
Na jâne chhin ik meṅ pahrâ kis kâ ho.
Pahrâ kis kâ ho, Bhâî; tu kahâ mânîyo merâ.
Châr ghaṛî din rahî bheṛîyo sankal kulaf* sawerâ.
Sawâ pahar din charhe kholîyo phâṭak, jî, sawerâ.
Jo is meṅ kuchh chûk paṛegî baṛâ khoṭ ho terâ !"

Sîlâ Daî.

"How can Rîsal play any tricks now ? or (even) come
into my palace ?
God will keep guard over my virtue.
God will surely guard my mind.
Even if the Râjâ were to come a hundred times and talk
folly.
Do thou get ready and go to Rattâsnagar.
God will preserve my honour."

Mahitâ.†

"Keep awake at thy post and never fall asleep :
No one knows what may happen in one moment.
What may happen, friend ; hear thou my words.
Fasten the chains and bolts early an hour before sunset,‡
And open the gates five hours§ after sunrise, friend, in
the morning
If thou neglect this at all it will be very hard for thee!"

---

* For *qufal*, a lock.
† To the door-keeper.
‡ *Lit.* while 4 *gharîs* (96 minutes) of the day yet remain.
§ *Lit.* a watch and a quarter after sunrise.

Darbân.

"Pahre pe ḥâzir rahûṅ: jâgûṅ sârî rât.
Jo tum mukh se kah chuke mânûṅgâ woh bât.
Mânûṅ woh bât; suno ḥâkim mere;
Bidhnâ kî rekh, kaun in ko phere?
Maiṅ jâgûṅ sab rât bhalâ apnî bârî.
Jo kah chale ho âj karûṅ waisî sârî."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Kyâ? âe ho pûchhke Sîlâ Daî se bât?
Ghar Sîlâ ne kyâ kahâ? kaisî mânî bât?
Sîlâ ne bât terî kaisî mânî?
Tû kah de woh bât jo taiṅ man meṅ thânî.
Jo jânâ ho âp gawan jaldî kîjo.
Is bât kâ jawâb hameṅ, Mahitâ, dîjo."

Mahitâ.

"Jâûṅ Gaṛh Rattâs ko, bât tumhârî mân.

Door-keeper.

"I will remain at my post: I will be awake all night.
I will obey the command you have given with your lips.
I will obey the orders: listen, my master;
Who can vary the lines of Fate?
I will be well awake all night during my turns.
And what you have said to-day I will exactly do."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"What? Hast come after asking Sîlâ Daî's advice?
What said Sîlâ at home? How did she take thy words?
How did Sîlâ take thy words?
Tell me what is passing in thy mind.
If thou art going depart at once.
Answer me as to this, Mahitâ."

Mahitâ.

"I will go to Fort Rattâs, obeying thy commands.

Lekhâ hai sawâ lâkh kâ, dharâ tâq darmiyân.
Tâq darmiyân lekhâ dharâ, maiṅ mahiloṅ jâûṅ.
Hai us ke pâs qalamdân jaṛâo.
Hai Utar kî oṛ mahil merî âlâ.
Maiṅ jâûṅ ab ḥâl, us se ṭhokûṅ tâlâ."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Paṇḍit maiṅ pûchhiâṅ aur lagâ mahûrat ân.
Sawâ lâkh kyâ chîz haiṅ, jo bache hamârî jân?
Bach jâge jân jo tû lâve ghoṛe;
Maiṅ mâl dîe tîn karoṛ ginke toṛe.
Jaldî kar gawan bîg, sâ'at achhî!
Mat der kare, yâr; bât hove kachî."

Mahitâ.

"Gharbâr apnâ chhoṛke jâûṅ hûṅ pardes:

My book (showing dealings) to a *lâkh* and a quarter* (of rupees) is placed on my shelf.
(Leaving) the book placed on the shelf, I will go from my palace.
Near it is my jewelled writing-case.
My shelf is to the North side of the palace.
I will go now at once and fasten the locks."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"I asked the priest and he says the lucky moment has arrived (for starting).
What is a *lâkh* and a quarter of rupees if my life be saved?
My life will be saved if thou bring me the horses;
I have had three *karoṛs*† (of rupees) counted out for thee.
Make ready to go quickly, the moment is propitious!
Delay not, my friend, or the matter will be incomplete."

Mahitâ.

"Leaving my family I am going to a strange land.

---

* 125,000 rupees. † 30,000,000 of rupees.

Tum Râjâ ho gaṛhpatî, karûn tumhen updes.
Updes yeh merâ, tum man men mâno.
Hai ghar kî merî nâr sîlwautî, jâno.
Main jâûn hûn ḥâl, bât mâno merî.
Hai Sâîn ke hâth lâj râkhî merî."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Paik, jâo nagar men; mân hamârî bât.
Ik dûtî lâo chhâṇṭke jaldî apne sâth.
Lâo tum sâth, chhâṇṭ jaldî ânâ.
Mat der kare, sâth us se jaldî to lânâ.
Lâo tum sâth jo ho dûtî dânâ.
Kar de woh kâm jo main ne dil men ṭhânâ."

Paik.

"Tum men dûtî kaunsî 'aqalmand hoshiâr?
Sâth hamâre tum chalo, yâd kare Sarkâr.
Sarkâr kare yâd, chalo sâth hamâre.
Ho chaukas hoshiâr, karo bîg tayyârî.

Thou art a mighty Râjâ and I give thee an advice.
My advice is this, mark it in thy heart.
Know that I have a virtuous wife in my house.
I am going at once; (so) mark my words.
My honor is placed in the hands of the Lord."

*Râjâ Rasâlû**.

"Ho Messenger! Go to the city: hear my command.
Choose and bring me a witch quickly with thee.
Bring her with thee and choose her and return quickly.
Delay not and bring her quickly with thee.
Bring with thee any witch that is wise.
Do the work that I have set my heart on."

Messenger.

"Which among you is a clever and wise witch?
Come with me for the Court calls you.
The Court calls you, so come with me.
Be careful and wise and get ready quickly.

---

* The scene changes here.

Chalke darbâr bîch kîjo kâjâ,
Aur bahotâ hî inâm tujhe denge Râjâ."

Dûtîâṅ.

"Paik, tere sang chaleṅ, nahîṅ kareṅ takrâr.
Bhâg hamâre bâhoṛe jo yâd kare Sarkâr.
Sarkâr kare yâd, chaleṅ sâth tumhâre.
Aur mudat meṅ bhâg khule âj hamâre.
Dhan dhan din âj kâ jo Rabb ne joṛâ!
Ham sâth chaleṅ tere, ab milke joṛâ."

Paik.

"Dûtî lâyâ chhâṇṭke, sundar, chatr sujân;
Ḥukm dîâ thâ ik ko, do ḥâzir kare ân.
Ḥâzir main ân kare châû se lâyâ:
Aur ḍhûṇḍ galîoṅ ghar in kâ pâyâ.
Yeh sab meṅ hoshiâr ik dûtî pâî.
Nâm tumhâre ke sâth uṭhke âî."

Come and do the business there is (to do) at Court,
And the Râjâ will give thee a great reward."

Witches.

"Messenger, we go with thee and make no objection.
Fortunate is our fate that the Court remembers us.
The Court remembers us, we go with thee.
After a long while our fate has become propitious to-day.
Happy happy is the day to-day that God hath granted us!
We go with thee, the pair of us together."

Messenger.

"I have chosen and brought the witches, handsome and wise.
I was ordered to find one, but two have I brought.
I have brought them here with much diligence:
Searching in the lanes I found their house.
This one is the cleverest witch among them all:
She got up and came at (the mention of) your name."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Tum meṅ dûtî kaunsî 'aqalmand, hoshiâr?
Châtrâî se tum karo âj hamârâ kâr.
Kâr karo: merâ yeh kâm banâo:
Kyâ hunar tum bîch hameṅ sâch batâo?
Tum solâh singâr bharo karke tayyârî;
Sîlâ ko dekh; satî kaisî bhârî?"

Dûtî Chatur Mamolâ.

"Dûtî hûṅ durmat bharî aur Chatur Mamolâ nâm.
Jal meṅ âg lagâutî, kartî hûṅ yeh kâm.
Kartî yeh kâr, suno, Râjâ, bhârî.
Main detî dil pâṛ, karûn warî niârî.
Jahâṅ ho jâe ik bâr guzar dîd hamârâ,
Wahâṅ uṛ jâe yûn prît, jaise âg pe pâra."

Dûtî Sabrang.

"Sabrang merâ nâm hai aur mulkoṅ meṅ sarnâm.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Of you (two) which is the wisest and cleverest witch?
With cleverness do you my business to-day.
Do the business: do this work for me.
Tell me truly; what skill is there in you?
Put on your best array* and get you ready:
And see how great is the virtue of Sîlâ."

The Witch Chatur Mamolâ.

"I am a witch full of craft and Chatur Mamolâ is my name.
I can set water on fire: this can I do.
This difficult thing can I do; hear me, Râjâ.
I can separate hearts, bringing constant disagreement.
Where once my eye falls
Thence flies love away, as quicksilver in the fire."

The Witch Sabrang.

"Sabrang is my name, celebrated in many lands.

---

* *Lit.*, the 16 kinds of ornaments.

Jo, Râjâ, tum ne rache, kar dûṅgâ woh kâm.
Kar dûṅ woh kâr, merî sun le bânî.
Ho pathar mom, merî bidyâ bhânî!
Hai mohanî kâ yâd mere mantar pûrâ.
Tum bhejo jis kâr, karûṅ us ko chûrâ!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Ik bât merî suno, Sabrang, chatr sujân!
Jâ! Sîlâ kâ bhed lo, tû hameṅ sunâo âṅ.
Âṇ kaho âp khabar us kî lânâ.
Kuchh karke tadbîr merâ kâm banânâ.
Tum sâro singâr, karo bîg tayyârî.
Jâ! Sîlâ kâ sat dekh, kaisâ bhârî?"

Dûtî Sabrang.

"Hukm tumhârâ sîs pe, joṛûṅ donoṅ hâth:
Jâûṅ Sîlâ pâs, maiṅ karûṅ pal meṅ ghât.
Ghât karûṅ jâe mahil us kî pherî;

I can do the work you desire, Râjâ.
I can do the work; listen to my words.
A stone will become wax, so powerful is my craft.
My charms are complete for recalling (parted) love.
Send me on thy business, I will do it thoroughly!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Hear a word of mine, Sabrang the wise!
Go! Find out Sîlâ's secret, and come and tell it me.
Go and bring me what news there is about her.
Make some plan to perform my business.
Dress thyself in thy best and make ready quickly.
Go! and see how great is Sîlâ's virtue!"

The Witch Sabrang.

"Thy command be on my head, I join my two hands,*
I will go to Sîlâ, and lay a trap for her at once.
I will lay a trap for her, haunting her palace;

---

* *I.e.*, I will do it heart and soul.

Jo sun le do bât âj Sîlâ merî.
Maiṅ jâtî hûṅ âj karûṅ hunar sârâ.
Sir ânkhoṅ se kâm karûṅ, Râjâ, tuhârâ."

Dûtîâṅ.

"Khabar karo, Darbân, tum jâ Sîlâ se âj :
Ham âî haiṅ dûr se, hai milne kî kâj.
Milne kî kâj barî dûr se âî.
Dekhne ko surat merî us ko châhî.
Tum jaldî kaho jâe ḥâl us ko merâ.
Le pânch mohar inâm : bhalâ hogâ terâ."

Darbân.

"Araj karûṅ kar joṛke âyâ tere pâs.
Ik Rânî dar par khaṛî hai milne kî âs.
Milne kî âs baṛî dûr se âî :
Mujhe bhijâ tum pâs ; kahâ, 'pûchho Bhâî.'

That Sîlâ may hear a word or two of mine to-day.
I will go to-day and exercise all my tricks.
I will do thy work, Râjâ, with heart and soul*."

The Witches.†

"Doorkeeper, go and tell Sîlâ to-day
We have come from afar to pay her a visit.
To pay her a visit very far have we come.
My heart desires to see her.
Go you quickly and tell her about me.
Take five (gold) *mohars*‡ for reward and it will be well with thee."

Door-keeper.§

"I am come to thee and beseech thee with joined hands.
A lady stands at the door desiring to visit thee.
She has come from very far desiring to visit thee.
She sent me to thee ; said she 'Ask her, Friend.'

---

* *Lit.*, with head and eyes.
† Having now gone to Sîlâ's palace.
‡ 80 Rupees.
§ To Sîlâ Dai.

Tum kah do bât, jo woh mahiloṅ âve:
Nâhîṅ, kah do tum sâf, âp ulṭî jâve."

Sîlâ Dâî.

"Bândî, us ko dekhke lâo apne sâth.
Âî hai, kis des se? pûchho do ik bât.
Pûchho tum bât: karo mahiloṅ pherâ:
Aur âdar sat kâr karo us kâ ghanerâ.
Tum jaldî se jâe matî der lagâo.
Woh haigî ab kaun? mere mahiloṅ lâo."

Bândî.

"Âî hai kis des se? sâch kaho yeh bât.
Sîlâ Daî ke mahil meṅ chalo hamâre sâth.
Âo tum sâth: yehâṅ Sîlâ Rânî.
Tû âî kis kâm? kaho sachî bânî.
Haigâ kyâ nâm? Apnâ des batâo.
Rânî ke âge sab ḥâl sunâo."

Tell me if she is to come to the palace:
Or, give thou a plain answer that she may go back."

Sîlâ Daî.

"My maid, see her and bring her with thee.
From what land has she come? ask her a question or two.
Ask her questions and show her the palace:
And show her every respect and attention.
Go quickly and make no delay.
Who can she be? Bring her to the palace."

Slave.

"From what land have you come? Tell me truly.
Come with me to Sîlâ Daî's palace.
Come with me: here is the Lady Sîlâ.
Why have you come? Tell me truly.
What is your name? Tell me your home.
Tell all about yourself before my Lady."

Dûtî Sabrang.

" Sirsâ merâ watan hai ; wahâṅ hai merâ dhâm.
Hûṅ Sîlâ kî mâsî : hai milne kâ kâm.
Milne kî kâj kîâ maiṅ ne pherâ.
Lâe sab khabar jîû taṛpâ merâ.
Kuchh tîrath parsâd tere khâtir lâî :
Lo âdar sat kâr se yeh le jâ, jâî."

Sîlâ Dâî.

" Bândî, ab tû dekh le us naktî kâ ḥâl !
Yeh dûtî durmat bharî, tû us ko de nikâl.
De us ko nikâl, suno, bândî merî.
Dîjo tû mâr us se ; mat kar derî.
Tum mahiloṅ se talle us ko gero.
Jo âve yehâṅ pher, us se jân se mâro."

The Witch Sabrang.

" Sirsâ is my home, there is my house.
I am Sîlâ's aunt : I am come to visit her.
To visit her have I wandered (here)
My heart thirsts for news of her.
I have brought for thee a present from the shrines :*
Take them with respect and honour, my dear."

Sîlá Daî.

" My maid, see what a wanton woman this is !
This is a witch full of craft ; do thou turn her out.
Turn her out : hear me, my maid.
Beat her well ; and make no delay (about it).
Kick her out of the palace.
If she comes here again, beat her to death."

---

* *Tîrath parsad* : *lit.*, offerings at a place of pilgrimage.

Râjâ Rasâlú.

" Dûtî, sâch batâ de, parat lagâke hâth.
Sîlâ Daî ke mahil kî ham ko sunâo bât.
Ḥâl kaho bât khabar us kî sârî.
Maiṅ dûṅgâ inâm âj tujh ko bhârî.
Wahâṅ dekhâ jo ḥâl kaho ham se sârî.
Kuchh ho jâegî kâr ? Suno bât hamârî."

Dûtî Sabrang.

" Râjâ, kyâ tum se kahûṅ ? Dekh tû merâ ḥâl !
Bândî se kahke merî uṛwâî hai khâl !
Khâl uṛî merî, tumheṅ bât sunâî.
Tum kho mat jân, kahûṅ tere tâîṅ !
Woh karne kî bât, nahîṅ ṭhaur, tikânâ.
Jo jâoge, Râo, zarâ chaukas jânâ ! "

Râjâ-Rasâlú.

" Witch, tell me truly, placing thy hand on my body*
Tell me what happened at *Sílá Daí's* palace.
Tell me now the story and all about her.
I will give thee a great reward to-day.
Tell me everything thou sawest there.
Shall I be able to do anything ? Hear what I say."

The Witch Sabrang.

" Râjâ, what shall I say to thee ? Look at me !
She told her maid and they have beaten me (till my skin was cut).
My skin has been cut I tell thee !
Do not thou (go and) lose thy life, I tell thee !
It is not a safe place for doing as thou wishest.
If thou must go, Râjâ, go a little carefully ! "

---

* A very solemn form of oath.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Sûo re, ab tum suno, sundar, chatr sujân:
Âdhî rât nakhand hai, chalo nagar darmiyân.
Yeh bâtâṅ kaisî hûîṅ, sûe, sundar, chatr sujân?
Âj rât ko sair kareṅ ham nagar darmiyân.
Nagar darmiyân chaleṅ; sun le bânî.
Jâ dekheṅ ik bâr shahar: sun le kahânî.
Chal dekhenge suwâd châr niârî niârî:
Is nagarî ke bîch bahot kâm hamâre."

Dûtî Sabrang.

"Râjâ, Sodhî shahar ke, dûṅ maiṅ tumheṅ batâe.
Jaise Râjâ âp ho, parjâ wahî subhâo.
Parjâ us châl jo hai jaisâ Râjâ.
Ṭuk man ko samjhâeke woh kîjîye kâjâ!
Kâm Deo bîch phiro mârâ mârâ:
Tum mat kar yeh kâm, janam apnâ hârâ."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Hear me, O my parrot, beautiful and wise:
It is dead of night at midnight, let us go into the city.
How shall this be (that I wish), my comely and sagacious parrot?
Let us wander in the city to-night.
Let us go into the city: hear my words.
Let us take one turn in the city and hear what is going on.
Let us go and taste pleasures of many kinds.
I have much to do in the city."

The Witch Sabrang.

"Râjâ, Lord of the city, I tell thee.
As the king is so will his subjects be.
The subjects' conduct is as the Râjâ's.
Do thy desire but think a little (over it) in thy mind!
Thou dost wander now stricken by the God of Lust.*
Do not thy desire and lose not thy life."

---

* Kâma or Kâm Deo the Indian Cupid.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Hîrâman kî khân, taiṅ sab bâteṅ hoshiâr.
Tere binâ maiṅ na karûṅ bhalâ burâ kuchh kâr.
Kâr karûṅ, kâr chalûṅ jagat jâke:
Jo hove, kuchh bât suneṅ Silâ Daî kî.
Maiṅ dekhûṅgâ âj sat kaise Sîlâ:
Chal sundar ke mandar, chit merâ ḍolâ!"

Pahilî Sahelî.

"Hastî chhûṭâ ṭhân se chalâ begânî khet!
Madan sitâyâ yeh phire letâ hai sab bhet.
Letâ hai bhet, suno, sâthan merî.
Do pâûṅ meṅ ḍâl gyân us kî beṛî.
Hai achraj yeh bât: khet bâṛ apnî khâve!
Tum lîjo parchâ: âge jân na pâve."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"My parrot,* clever in all things:
Without thee I do nothing good or bad.
I will do my desire, I will go skilfully about my work.
If it be possible, I will hear something of Sîlâ Daî.
I will see to-day what Sîlâ's virtue is.
Come to beauty's abode, my heart is set on it!"

First Maid.†

"The elephant has got loose from his stable and wanders in a stranger's field!
Afflicted with lust he wanders over its boundaries.
He wanders over the boundaries; hear me, my companion.
Place the fetters of wisdom on his feet.
It is a wondrous thing that the fence destroys its own field!
Do thou stay him and let him not go further."

---

* *Lit.*, Thou mine of diamond stones. Hîrâman, Diamond-stone, is by itself a common expression for parrot.

† Rasâlû has now reached Sîlâ's palace. The maid sees him and addresses her companion in riddles.

Dúsrî Sahelî.

"Bâgh tumhâre ketkî pak rahe zard anâr!
Sûâ sembal seunî chale begâne bâr.
Bâr chale, Râjâ, kahâṅ gyân bisârâ?
Hai suwâd sabhî ik, rang niârâ niârâ!
Bhojan kî sâr koî bhûkhâ pâve:
Parghar insâf sabhî denâ âve!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Râtî chândnî dekhtî; khûb khilî gulzâr.
Ham chaleṅ chamman kî sair ko dekheṅ bâgh o bahâr.
Dekheṅge phûl chamman bâgh bahârî.
Maiṅ âyâ jis kâm lagî kesar kiârî.
Tû châroṅ taraf pher, bât chun chun lâve:
Kyûṅ chheṛ kare? ham se, tû raṛ baṛhâve?"

---

*Second Maid.**

"In thy own garden *ketkîs*† and yellow pomegranates are ripe!
The parrot is valuing the cotton-tree,‡ going to a stranger's door.
Going to the (stranger's) door, Râjâ; where is thy conscience gone?
The taste of all is the same though the kinds be many!
The hungry man knows the value of food:
And all must do justice to the stranger!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Moonlit is the night, the garden is full of bloom.
I am come to wander (in it) and to see its beauty.
I will see the beauty of the garden flowers.
I am come because the saffron is planted in the beds.
Beating about the bush you speak ironically.§
Why do you tease me? and create a quarrel with me?"

---

* To Rasâlû. † *Pandanus odoratissimus.*
‡ *Bombax heptaphyllum.* The tree is beautiful to look at, but quite valueless.
§ *Lit.*, Wandering on the four sides you bring chosen words.

Tîsrî Sahelî.

"Bâgh tere meṅ ketkî khile mahik ke phûl :
Tere jo bhurâ chataknâ gyân gayâ sab bhûl.
Bhûlo mat gyân : chamman dekho apnâ.
Hai zindagî mahmân : jag jâne supnâ.
Is shahar ke bîch tej terâ hai bhârî :
Tûm rakho ab lâj. Maiṅ hûṅ saran tumhârî."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Sun le, tiryâ bâwarî, hameṅ kare updes !
Maiṅ ne apne âṅkh se dekhe charoṅ des.
Dekhe haiṅ des maiṅ ne, Gauṛ Bangâlâ.
Tû ṭhaṭhe kî bât kare ham se, bâlâ !
Sodhî nahîṅ ab tujhe apne tan kî ;
Tû jâne kyâ bât âj mere man kî ?"

Third Maid.

"Sweet *ketkî* flowers are blooming in thy garden.
Since lust has conquered thee thy wisdom is forgotten.
Lose not thy conscience, (but) look at thy own garden.
Life is but a (passing) guest : the world is but a dream.
Thy prestige is great in the City :
So preserve thou thy honor. I am thy slave."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Listen, foolish woman ; I give thee an advice !
I have seen with my own eyes the countries on all sides.
I have seen the countries of Gauṛ* Bangâl.
Thou hast been sporting with me, thou foolish girl !
Thou hast no knowledge of thy own body ;
What canst thou know of the desires of my heart
to-day ?"

---

* The old capital of Bengal. Probably meant here for Bengal itself.

Chauthî Sahelî.

"Jâo apne mahil ko; kahâ hamârâ mân!
Râjâ, tere chalan ko jâne mulk jahân.
Jâne sansâr karo jaisî kâjâ:
Tum dete sat toṛ, jahâṅ jâo, Râjâ.
Râjan Mahârâj, baṛe Bhûp kahâo!
Tum Sîlâ ko jâ mat dosh lagâo."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Sukhiâ sab sansâr rahe mukh apne kî oṭ!
Ham dekhke jâṅge; kyâ lagî tumhârî choṭ?
Choṭ lagî tumhâri kyâ tan meṅ kârî?
Maiṅ lûṅgâ, ab dekh, khabar kal tumhârî!
Jab nikasegâ bhân tum ḥâl bulâûṅ:
Chaukî par baiṭh thâṛâ niyâû chukâûṅ."

Chauthî Sahelî.

"Ham ne to achhî kahî, tum ko âyâ ros.
Râjâ, tum dene lage ulṭî ham ko dos.

Fourth Maid.

"Go to thine own palace; hear my words!
Râjâ, the whole world knows thy character.
All the world knows how thou dost act.
Thou dost destroy virtue, wherever thou dost go, Râjâ.
King of kings, thou dost call thyself a great Monarch!
Go not thou to Sîlâ to bring shame upon her."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"All the world wears a veil of happiness on its face!
I am going to see (her): what harm is it to you?
What harm does it do your feelings (body)?
See now, to-morrow I will remember you†!
When the sun rises I will summon you early:
And sitting on my throne I will do justice on you."

Fourth Maid.

"I spoke for (thy) good, and thou art angry.
Râjâ, thou hast brought undeserved blame upon me.

---

† *Khabar lenâ*, idiom: to procure punishment.

Ulṭî tum dos hamen âp dilâo.
Hai karnî parwân sabhî âge pâo.
Kyûṅ nâhaqq ke bîch, Râjâ, bharam gumâve?
Us Sîlâ kâ sat tere hâth na âve."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Uttam jât Brâhmaṇî, matî kare takrâr !
Apne apne lâg meṅ lâg rahâ sansâr.
Lâgâ sansâr lagan apne koî.
Kyûṅ der karo âp, yehâṅ der lagâe ?
Tum chalke wahâṅ, râzî se kâm banâo :
Is jhagṛe par mat na tum râṛ baṛhâo."

"Â bîrâ darbân ke, jaldî phâṭak khol :
Sun mujhe mandâ huâ, sun tîtar kâ bol.
Ik tîtar kâ bol sunâ maiṅ ne bhârî :

Thou dost blame me undeservedly.
Receive thou the just fate that is before all.
Why bring disgrace on thyself needlessly, Râjâ.
Sîlâ's virtue will never get into thy power."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Brâhmanî of the highest class, quarrel not with (me)!
The world is ever occupied each with his own concerns.
Every one in the world is occupied with his own concerns.
Why dost thou delay me, staying me here?
Go thou there* doing my bidding cheerfully :
And quarrel not (with me) disputing thus."

"Come, friend Door-keeper, open the gate quickly : ‡
I had a bad omen, hearing a partridge's cry.
I heard a partridge crying out loudly :

---

* To Sîlâ.

‡ The Râjâ is speaking now to the Door-keeper representing himself to be Mahitâ.

Rathâsnagar na karî maiṅ ne tayyârî.
Tû tâlî de khol âj khuṇḍâ, bhâî.
Ho gayâ hai sun mujhe mandâ yâhîṅ."

Darbân.

"Pahre âe chor ke tûtî âdhî rât.
Kyâ mukh setî kah gae? yâd karo woh bât.
Yâd karo woh bât, jo kuchh mukh se nikâlî.
Yehâṅ haigî nahîṅ pâs mere hâth meṅ tâlî.
Hai rât bahot, tâlâ nahîṅ khultâ tumhârâ.
Tum jâo ab, âp suboḥ kîjîyo pherâ."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Maiṅ tujh ko samjhâ gayâ, 'tû raho hoshiâṛ:
Rain same mat kîjîyo dûje kâ 'aitbâr.
Mat kîjîyo 'aitbâr, koî ghair na âve.'
Tum naukar ho: ham se kyûṅ râṛ baṛhâve?
Tû tâlî de khol, ḥukm mâne merâ.
Kyûṅ naukar se âj dushman bane merâ?"

And I did not make ready to go to Rathâsnagar.
Open the bolts and chains to-day, friend.
I had a bad omen here."

Door-keeper.

"It is the time for thieves: half the night is gone.
What said you with your lips? Remember that command.
Remember that command, which came from your lips.
I have not the key with me here in my hand.
It is dead of night and your locks will not open.
Go away now, and come back in the morning."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"I explained to you that you were to remain awake:
'Put no trust in another during the night (said I).
Trust in no one, let no stranger come.'
You are my servant: why dispute with me?
Open the lock and obey my orders.
Why have you, my servant, become my enemy to-day?"

Darbân.

"Rânîjî, uṭh jâgîyo: âyâ hûṅ kuchh kâm.
Koî shakhs dar par kha.â, le Mahitâ kâ nâm!
Mahîtâ kâ nâm mujhe ân jagâyâ.
'Tû khol de kiwâṛ,' kahe haṭke âyâ.
Woh kahtâ hai yeh bât, 'maiṅ to haṭke âyâ:
Ik tîtar kâ bol maiṅ ne manda pâyâ?'"

Sîlâ Daî.

"Kahâ hamârâ mân le; jâ pûchho, Darbân:
Patte mahil ke pûchhke hameṅ sunâo ân:
'Ân kaho, ham se tum batiâṅ sârî;
Aur sîs mahil bich bichhî sej tumhârî.'
Jabke woh bhed tujhe ḥâl batâve.
Tû jaldî ab pûchh: matî der lagâve."

Darbân.

"Jo tum Mahitâ âp ho: ho tum khâs Dîwân.

Door-keeper.

"My Lady, awake: I have come on business:
A man is at the gate who calls himself Mahitâ.
In Mahitâ's name he has awaked me.
'Open the door,' said he coming back.
Thus says he, 'I have come back again:
The cry of a partridge, a bad omen came upon me.'"

Sîlâ Daî.

"Hear my command: go and ask him, Door-keeper:
Ask him about the (details of the) palace and come and tell me.
(Go and say) 'come, tell me all about it;
And where thy bed is placed in the mirrored palace.'
And then he will tell thee all the secrets (of it).
Go quickly now and ask, make no delay."

Door-keeper.

"If thou be Mahitâ himself: if thou be the Privy Councillor.

Sej tumhârî bichh rahî sîs mahil darmiyân.
Sîs mahil bîch bichhâ palang tumhârâ.
Do us kâ ab bhed pattâ ham ko sârâ.
Kyâ kyâ sab chîz dharî nâm batâo?
Maiṅ kiwâṛ khol dûṅ: âp mahiloṅ âo."

Totâ.

"Maiṅ tujh ko samjhâ rahâ: kyûṅ tû hue kharâb?
Ab chipkâ kyûṅ ho rahâ? denâ us se jawâb!
Denâ jawâb: kahâṅ gyân bisârâ?
'Hai lekhe kâ kâgaj us tâq hamârâ.'
Tum jaldî do utar, maiṅ gyân batâûṅ.
'Hai khûṇṭî ke pâs qalamdân jaṛâo.'"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Maiṅ tujh ko samjhâutâ, sun, bhâî Darbân:
Lekhâ hai sawâ lâkh kâ dharâ tâq darmiyân.
Darmiyân tâq lekhâ, jâ dekh le, piârâ.

Thy bed is laid in the mirrored palace.
Thy bed is laid in the mirrored palace.
Tell me now all the secrets of it.
Tell me all the things that are placed (beside it).
(And) I will open the door: come to the palace thyself."

*Parrot.**

"I told thee often; why art thou evil?
Why art silent now? Thou must give him an answer!
Give him an answer; where is thy wisdom gone?
(Say), 'The books of account are on my shelf.'
Answer him quickly, I am giving the knowledge.
(Say), 'My jewelled writing-case is by the peg.'"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"I tell thee, listen, friend Door-keeper:
My book (showing) accounts for a *lâkh* and a quarter†
is on the shelf.
The book is on the shelf, go and see, my dear friend.

---

* To Râjâ Rasâlû.
† 125,000 rupees.

Aur pâs dharâ us ke qalamdân hamârâ.
Utar kî or garî chandan khûṇṭî :
Aur pâs bichhî us ke sej anûṭhî."

Darbân.

" Sîlâ, beṭî shâh* kî, tû châtar parbîn !
Bhed mahil kî nâ kahe, woh patte batâve tîn.
Tîn patte mujh ko dîe ḥâl sunâyâ.
Sab lekhe kâ kâghaz dharâ tâq batâyâ :
Utar kî or bichhî sej sunâve.
Aur pas dharâ us ke qalamdân batâve."

Sîlâ Daî.

" Tîn patte sache kahe ; sun, bhâî Darbân.
Jâ, tû tâlâ khol de ; hai woh Khâs Dîwân.
Haigâ o ; âp sabhî bhed batâve.
Tû jaldî dar khol, matî der lagâve.
Ab sachî kahî bât, patte tîn batâe.
Kuchh sûn hûe mande, jo haṭkar âe."

And placed beside it is my writing-case.
To the North side is fixed the sandal-wood peg :
And near it is placed my beautiful bed."

Door-keeper.

" Sîlâ, thou daughter of the merchant, clever and wise.
He explained no secrets of the palace, but he showed three things.
Of three things he showed me the condition.
All the sheets of his account-book are placed on the shelf.
His bed is laid to the Northern side :
And near it is placed his writing-case."

Sîlâ Daî.

" These three things are right ; hear, friend Door-keeper
Go, open the lock ; he is (indeed) the Privy Councillor
It must be he ; he has explained all the secrets.
Open the door quickly, make no delay.
He has spoken the truth and shown the three things.
He heard some evil omen, that he turned back."

---

* For *sâh*, and so too throughout this poem.

Darbân.

"Sîlâ Daî ke hukm se maiṅ denâ phâṭak khol.
Mujhe nazar nahîṅ âutâ Mahite Shâh kâ bol.
Mahite kâ bol nahîṅ, ḥâkim mere;
Maiṅ ho gayâ lâchâr, patte sunkar tere.
Kholeṅ ham phâṭak: Rabb jân bachâve!
Yeh sur kî sî châl nazar tere âve."

Totâ.

"Râjâ, pag âge dharo, mat kar soch bichâr.
Sîse jhalke mahil meṅ, to nahîṅ jal kî yeh dhâr.
Jal ke nahîṅ dhâr, suno Râjâ gyânî.
Hai aine kî jhalak, nazar âyâ pânî.
Tû dûr se na dekh, tujhe Râm dohâî!
Tû âge chal âp palang ûpar, Bhâî."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Mandî terî chândnî; sun, Dîwe, merî bât.

Door-keeper.

"I open the door on Sîlâ Daî's order.
I do not recognise the voice of Mahitâ, the merchant.
It is not the speech of Mahitâ, my master;
(But) I am helpless, hearing the three secrets.
I open the door, and God preserve my life!
Thy appearance thus is like that of a thief."

Parrot.

"Go forward, Râjâ, think not over it.
The mirrors gleam in the palace, it is not the gleam of water (that thou seest).
It is not the gleam of water; hear, my wise Râjâ.
It is the glimmer of glass that appears like water.
Look not at it from afar: God is thy protection!
Go forward thyself to thy bed, Friend."

*Râjâ Rasâlû.**

"Dim is thy light; listen, Lamp, to my words.

---

* To the lamp in his hand.

Kyâ tere meṅ tel nahîṅ? kyâ jale phuaṛ ke hâth?
Kyâ phuaṛ ke hâth baṭṭî terî bâtî?
Mandî yeh jot nazar terî âtî.
Kyâ soch karo man meṅ, nahîṅ châû tumhâre?
Tû jaltâ hai âj jaise gham kâ mâre."

Dîwâ.

"Jot merî yûṅ kam huî; sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Châû hamâre jalan kâ to thâ Mahite ke hâth.
Mahite ke hâth merâ châû hai bhârî.
Jab lagtî hai, jot merî jaltî piârî.
Mâno tum bât: nahîṅ mahilon wâlî!
Tum âe ho, âp paṛe mandar khâlî."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Dîwe, tu agyân hai, kahe ghusse kî bât.
Ham se Râjâ chhoṛke, tû jale karaṛ ke sâth.
Sâth kare jis kâ tû châû ghanerâ.

What? is no oil in thee? why dost burn in the fool's
(Mahitâ's) hands?
Why is thy light bright in the fool's hand?
Dim doth thy light appear (in *my* hands).
What care is in thy heart, that no delight is in thee?
Thou dost burn to-day as if stricken with grief."

Lamp.

"This is why my light is dim; Râjâ, hear my words.
My delight was to burn in Mahitâ's hands.
My delight is great in Mahitâ's hands.
When in his hands my light burns lovingly.
Hear my words: the master is not in the palace!
When thou hast come the palace is (indeed) empty."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Lamp, thou art a fool to utter angry words.
Leaving me, a Râjâ, you burn in the hands of the mean.
Thou art (pleased) with him in whom thou hast great
delight.

Woh Mahitâ hai, dekh, bhalâ naukar merâ.
Kyà, Dîwe, ab mârî gaî akal terî ?
Maiṅ Mahito se bahot châh râkhûṅ tere !"

Totá.

"Râja, niyâû chukâve gaddî par ghanghor !
Sej begâne pag dharo, bano sâb se chor.
Kyûṅ chor bano ? apnâ sab gyân bisârâ !
Kyâ Sîlâ kâ bâgh taiṅ ne ân ujâṛâ ?
Hai sûnâ gharbâr, paṛe mandar khâlî.
Yehâṅ Mahite bin, yâr, terî bigaṛî lâlî !
Dîpak se kyâ bolte ? jalan se kyâ kâm ?
Bât karo sardâr se, âe ho jis kâm.
Âe ho jis kâm, kiâ mahiloṅ pherâ.
Kyâ aṭkâ hai kâm bhalâ, Râjâ, terâ ?
In mahiloṅ meṅ ân taiṅ ne gyân bisârâ :
Tum âe yehâṅ ; âp ghaṭâ mân tumhârâ !"

He is (only) Mahitâ ; see, after all he is (only) my faithful servant.
Why dost thou destroy thy sense, my lamp ?
I will love thee far better than Mahitâ !"

Parrot.

"Râjâ, do justice thoughtfully from thy throne !
Putting thy foot on a stranger's bed is becoming a thief from (being) a true man.
Why become a thief ? Thou hast lost all thy conscience !
Why hast thou come to destroy Sîlâ's garden ?
The house is empty, the palace is deserted.
Here in Mahitâ's absence thy honor is lost, friend !
What sayest thou to the lamp ? why should it burn for thee ?
Better talk to the master, for whom thou hast come :
For whom thou hast wandered into the palace.
What good work of religion, Râjâ, is thine here ?
Coming into the palace thou hast lost thy wisdom :
Coming here thou hast lost thine honor !"

Râjâ Rasâlú.

"'Âo' kahen, so auliâ: 'baiṭh' kahen, so pîr.
Jin ghar 'âo na baiṭhnâ,' oh kâfir be-pîr.
Kâfir be-pîr wohî hote sare,
Ghar âe kâ mân nahîn rakhte piâre.
Main dar pe tere âyâ hûn, Sîlâ Rânî:
Tû mukh se ṭuk bol; kaho sachî bânî."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Kyûn, Râjâ, mahilon âe? kîâ man kyâ bichâr?
Sâhûkâr ghar hai nahîn, jis se terâ piyâr.
Jis se hai piyâr, woh pardes sidhârâ.
Ab rain same âo: kyâ kâm tumhârâ?
Tum Râjan Mahârâj! Jagat jâno supnâ.
Mat chhal-bal ke bîch dharm kho apnâ!"

---

*Râjâ Rasâlú.**

"Who say 'come' are holy men: who say 'sit down' are saints.
In whose house is nor 'come' nor 'sit down' are irreligious infidels.
Irreligious infidels are they all,
Who hold not guests in loving respect.
I am come to thy door, my Lady Sîlâ,
Say something with thy lips: speak (to me) truly."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Why hast come to the palace, Râjâ? what thought is in thy heart?
The merchant (Mahitâ) is not in the house, whom thou dost love:
Whom thou dost love is gone to a foreign land.
Coming in the night time, what is thy desire?
Thou art a king of kings! know this world for a dream.
Do not lose thy virtue in the midst of deceit!"

---

* To Sîlâ Daî.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Shûde se Shûdâ mile, mile chor se chor:
Sîlâ, tere sîl kâ paṛâ nagar meñ shor.
Shor paṛa nagarî meñ Sîlâ terâ.
Sunkar yeh bât dil châhâ merâ:
'Chal, sûrat ko dekh; sîl kaisâ pâyâ?'
Is wâste maiñ âj tere mahiloñ âyâ."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Sîl birânâ dekhke âvegâ kis kâr?
Apne apne sîl se to utaregâ sansâr:
Utaregâ sansâr, bhalâ apnî karnî.
Is jagat kî yeh hai rît, apnî karnî bharnî.
Mandar ke bîch, Râjậ, apne jâo:
Ham dukhiâ haiñ: âp matî dos lagâo!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"The mean consorts with the mean, the thief consorts with thieves.
Sîlâ, the fame of thy virtue is spread over the city:
The fame of thy virtue is spread in the city.
Hearing of it I desired in my heart
To come and see thee and how thy virtue fares.
For this am I come to thy palace to-day."

Sîlâ Daî.

"What is the good of coming to see another's virtue?
Each goes through the world by (the force of) his own virtue.
(Each) goes through the world by his own good deeds.
It is the way of this world, that each should perform his own good deeds.
Go to thy own house, Râjâ.
I am in trouble: put no shame (on me)!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Nainâ dekhan ko dîe, jagat kyâ gulzâr ?
Bin dekhe jâûṅ nahîṅ, to sat Gur se sat kâr.
Sat Gur bin, gyân binâ, dekhe mandâ :
Aur dekhne kî kâr kîe sûrij chandâ.
Sab dekh dekh châl chale parjâ sâre :
Tû darshan de âj mujhe, Sîlâ piârî ! "

Sîlâ Daî.

"Jâo apne mahil ko, matî karo takrâr :
Darshan dekar woh mile jo terî hove nâr.
Terî ho nâr, darshan un kâ pâo.
Mat chhiṛ karo ham se, tum râṛ baṛhâo.
Hai piyâ pardes, mere ghar kâ wâlî :
Tû âyâ, ab dekh, paṛâ mandar khâlî !"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Eyes are given (us) to see the beauty of the world.
Without seeing (thee) I go not, I swear by the holy Gurû.*
Without the holy Gurû, without knowledge, sight is worthless.
And for seeing (only) were the sun and moon made.
All people go to see each other's conduct :
So show thyself to me to-day, Sîlâ, my beloved !"

Sîlâ Daî.

"Go to thy palace and dispute not.
She will meet thee and show herself, who is thy wife.
Who is thy wife, go and see her.
Insult me no more, thou art creating a quarrel.
My husband is abroad, the lord of my home.
Thou hast come, and see now, my home is blank !"

---

* Gorakhnâth.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Mahitâ mujh ko kah gayâ mukh se bâram bâr:
'Ghar mere ko chaukasî rahîyo tû hoshiâr.
Rahîyo hoshiâr, hai ghar khâlî merâ:
Tûm rain same kîjo wahâñ apnâ pahrâ.
Jo hove kuchh kâr gharoñ yehâñ se bhârî.'
Yûñ âyâ maiñ pâs tere, Sîlâ piârî."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Aisî bâtâñ mat kaho, Râjâ, apne âp.
Mukh se jhûṭh nikâlnâ chaṛhâ chaugunâ pâp.
Pâp chaṛhe bahot, tere hâth nahîñ âve.
Is duniyâ ke bîch janam nirphal jâve.
Kyâ? Gorakh ne gyân tujhe aisâ dîâ?
Taiñ mahilon meñ ân chhal ham se kîâ?"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Mahitâ said oftentimes to me with his lips:
Keep thou a safe guard over my house.
Be thou wary, my house is empty:
Be thou thyself on guard over it at night time.
Whatever heavy business of thine is to be done abroad (I will do it).
Thus have I come to thee, Sîlâ my beloved."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Speak not thus, Râjâ.
To speak un-truth with the lips is to be a fourfold sinner.
The sin increases greatly and profits thee not.
Thy life will pass profitless in this world.
What? has Gorakhnath taught thee such wisdom as this?
That thou coming to my palace hast practised deceit on me?"

Totâ.

"Kyûṅ, Râjâ, akal gaî? kahâṅ bisârâ gyân?
Mailopan ko chhoṛ de; tû kahnâ merâ mân.
Kahnâ le mân, bhalâ Râjâ merâ.
Ho sat se, ab pâr janam sudhre terâ.
Yeh Sîlâ satwant, tû hai Gorakh chelâ.
Tû Devî kar mân, us se darshan melâ."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Sîlâ phâṭak khol de, matî karo takrâr.
Mere tere bîch meṅ hai Sachâ Kartâr.
Sachâ Kartâr; bachan mâno mere:
Kuchh dagâ, dos, pâp nahîṅ man meṅ mere.
Tum âo yehâṅ pâs jarâ, bahînâ merî.
Maiṅ bîch dayyâ Râm kasm khâûn tere."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Jo, Râjâ, taiṅ ne kahî, phir na âvegâ yâd.
Jal meṅ âg lagâeke mujhe kîâ barbâd!

Parrot.

"Why has thy sense gone, Râjâ? where hast lost thy wisdom?
Let go thy evil lust; hearken to my words.
Hearken to my words, my good Râjâ.
Be virtuous, and mend thy life now.
This Sîlâ is virtuous and thou art Gorakhnâth's disciple.
Know her for a goddess and visit her (as such)."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Sîlâ, open the door and dispute not.
The True God is between me and thee.
The True God (is between us); hearken to my words.
No deceit nor shame nor sin is in my heart.
Come to me for a little, my sister:
I swear to thee by the mercy of God."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Râjâ, what thou hast said, thou wilt no more remember.
Setting fire to water thou hast ruined me!

Kiâ barbâd ham ko; kyâ khoṭ hamârâ?
Merâ taiṅ bâgh chamman ân ujâṛâ.
Kahe sach to bachan, bîr hai tû merâ.
Sat rakheṅ Bhagwân; wohî aprampârâ!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Phûl dekhke sab kâ, âyâ tere bâr:
Dharm bahin tû hai merî, nahîṅ dusrî kâr.
Kâr nahîṅ dûjî; sun, Râj dulârî.
Us Mahite kî bât sabhî dil meṅ dhârî.
Yeh lijo tû mundrâ sawâ lâkh kâ merâ.
Tu bahinâ hai merî, maiṅ hûṅ bhâî terâ."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Mundrâ tere hâth kâ nahîṅ hameṅ darkâr:
Mundrâ aisâ dîjîye jo âve sâhûkâr.

Thou hast ruined me; and what fault was mine?
Coming thou hast destroyed my garden.
Speaking truly, thou art (to me) as my brother.
May the infinite God keep my virtue!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"To see the flower of thy virtue I came to thy door.
Thou art my sworn sister, I had no other object.
I have no other object: hear me, my Princess.
I have borne in my mind all that Mahitâ said of thee.
Take this ring of mine worth a *lâkh* and a quarter.
Thou art my sister and I am thy brother."

Sîlâ Daî.

"I do not want the ring on thy hand:
Give me such a ring when the merchant (my husband)* returns.

---

* Allusion to the universal custom of the wife never mentioning her husband *by name*.

Âve sâhûkâr aisâ mundrâ dîje:
Is mundre kâ nâm matî ham se lîje.
Is soch bîch sukh gaî jâu hamârî.
Jab âve sâhûkâr pare biptâ bhârî."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Sîlâ Dâî, ab kyûn ḍaro? âyâ tere bâr:
Main Mahite ke sâmhne nahîn kârûn takrâr.
Mat kîjo takrâr jo yehân âve Mahitâ.
Main sachî ab bât bhalî tum se kahtâ.
Jo mânî tû âj kahî Sîlâ mêri,
To bach jâegî lâj âj sârî terî."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Tû apne se chaukas, merâ hai Bhagwân.
Mujh ko nazar yeh âutâ, woh châhe merî jân.
Jân gaî sâth kare apnâ châhâ.

When the merchant (my husband) returns, give me such a ring.
Mention not the name of this ring to me.
The anxiety (of this matter) has destroyed the happiness of my life.
When the merchant (my husband) returns great misfortune will fall (upon me)."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Sîlâ Daî, why dost fear now that I came to thy door?
I will have no disputes with Mahitâ.
Raise thou no disturbance when Mahitâ comes.
I speak true words and good to thee now.
If thou listen to my words, Sîlâ, to-day,
So will all thy honor be saved this day."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Do thou mind thyself, God is mine.
I see this clearly that he will desire my life.
My life goes with the fulfilment of thy desires.

Kyâ hâth tere, Râjâ, is bât meṅ âyâ?
Tain kaṛ dî barbâd: merê khâl uṛâve;
Woh rassî se bândh mujhe yehâṅ laṭkâve."

Totâ.

"Bhâre, Bhâî, chal! paṛ jagâ sansâr!
Chalo, Râj, ghar apnâ jaldî se darbâr.
Taiṅ jhûṇṭâ ab dos bhalâ us ko dîâ:
Taiṅ bhejâ pardes, chhalâ us kâ piyâ.
Taiṅ naukar ke sâth dagâ pâp kamâve:
Yeh nar dahî pâke, janain nirphal jâve."

"Sîlwantî Rânî suno, maiṅ panchhî darvesh:
Is Râjâ ke qaid meṅ rahtâ sang hamesh.
Rahtâ hamesh, nahîṅ merâ chârâ.
Maiṅ pinjre ke bîch rahûṅ âp bechârâ.

What profit, Râjâ, has this matter brought to thee?
Thou hast ruined me: he will beat me;*
He will bind me with a rope and hang me here."

Parrot.

"It is dawn, Friend, come! The whole world wakes!
Come home, Râjâ, quickly to thy Court.
Thou hast laid undeserved shame on the innocent.
Thou didst send him abroad, deceiving her husband.
Thou hast practised fraud and sin on thy servant.
After having become a man in this life, it will pass fruitless (to thee)."

"O virtuous Lady, hear me: I am (but) a wandering bird.
I dwell always with this Râjâ in confinement.
I ever live (thus); I have no alternative.
Helpless I live in the cage.

---

* *Lit.* Cut my skin

In dos dîâ jhûṭh, terî sâr na jânî.
Jo likhâ Taqdîr kaun meṭe, Rânî?"

Sîlâ Daî.

"Jâ, Bândî, darbân pe, kahiyo us se samjhâe,
'Jo sâh pûchhte ânke dîjo matî batâe.
Mat dîjo batlâe, kahâ mâno merâ.
Is meṅ hai koṭ bhalâ, Bhâî, merâ.'
Us Kartâ kî kâr hûâ kotak bhârî.
Jo jâve to nâṭ bachî jân hamârî."

Bândî.

"Sîlâ Daî ne yûṅ kahâ, sun, bhâî Darbân,
Man meṅ apne sochke, kahâ hamârâ mân.
Mâno tum bât, hûâ kotak bhârâ.
Hai is meṅ qasûr âj pahilî thârâ.

He brought undeserved shame (on thee), not knowing thy value.
What Fate has written who can blot out, Lady?"*

Sîlâ Daî.

"Go, my maid, to the Door-keeper and explain to him,
'When the merchant (my husband) comes tell him nothing (of this).
Tell him nothing and obey my words.
This is greatly to my advantage, Friend.'
By the deed of Fate a great fraud was (practised on me).
If he say nothing (about it) my life is saved."

Maid.

"Thus said Sîlâ Daî, listen, friend Door-keeper,
Think it over in thy mind, and hearken to my words.
Hearken to my words, a great deception has been (practised on us).
In the first place it was thine own fault to-day.

---

* *Exit* the Râjâ and the Parrot.

Kahtî woh bât âj Sîlâ piârî.
'Tum jânâ ab nâṭ, bachî jân hamârî.'"

Darbân.

"Sîlâ Daî ne jo kahî, main mânî bûram bâr.
Apnî âî sab maren, main marâ barânî kâr.
Kâr marâ us kî, merî honî âî.
Nâ karne se chûk main ne apnî khâî.
Un tâlî dî hâth, kîâ kotak bhârî.
Ab bigaṛegî bât, paṛî bahot khwârî."

Bândî.

"Sîlâ Daî, un yûn kahe mukh se woh darbân.
'Sîlwatî ke ḥukm se khoî main ne jân.
Khoî hai jân, main ne kholâ tâlâ.
Jab kyâ karûn jawâb, ân pûchhe Lâlâ?
Kuchh is men nahîn, Rânî, hai dos hamârâ!
Jo Bidhnâ kî rekh, kaun meṭanhârâ?'"

Thus saith Sîlâ, my beloved, to-day.
'Say nothing (about it) and my life is saved.'"

Door-keeper.

"What Sîlâ Daî hath said I obey attentively.
All die when their own (turn) comes, I die for another's sake.
I die for her sake, my fate hath come.
I forgot my duty through fate.
She gave the key into my hand and deceived me greatly.
Now is my life spoilt, and great sorrow will fall (on me)."

Maid.

"Sîlâ Daî, thus said he with his lips, the door-keeper.
'Through Sîlâ's orders my life is destroyed.
My life is destroyed, I opened the lock.
What answer shall I give, when the merchant (my master) comes and questions?
My Lady, I am not to blame in this!
When Fate writes, who shall blot it out?'"

Panihârî.

"Kaun des meṅ ghar terâ? kahâṅ terâ darbâr?
Kyûṅ ghar apnâ chhoṛke âyâ hai, Sâhûkâr?
Âyâ, Sâhûkâr, kyâ hai kâm tumhârâ?
Sâhûkâroṅ kâ kâm kare chiṭṭhî sârâ!
Apnâ ghar chhoṛ diâ gyân bisârâ:
Tu âyâ pardes phire mârâ mârâ!"

Mahitâ.

"Siâlkoṭ meṅ ghar merâ; unchâ mandar dhâm:
Râjâ Rasâlû gaṛhpatî; to bhijâ hûṅ kuchh kâm:
Bhijâ hûṅ kâm; kahâ, 'Lâo ghoṛe;'
To nau karoṛ dîe ginke mâl ke toṛe.
Jo ghoṛe dariyâî pawan-begî pâûṅ,
Maiṅ le karke mâl pâs us ke jâûṅ."

---

*Water-carrier.**

"In what land is thy home? where is thy Court?
Why hast left thy home and come here, my merchant?
What business brought thee here, my merchant?
Merchants' business is all carried on by letters!
Leaving thy home thou hast lost thy wisdom:
Thou hast come to a foreign land to wander in trouble!"

Mahitá.

"My home is in Siâlkoṭ; a lofty palace is my home.
Râjâ Rasâlû rules the fort; he sent me here on business.
Sent me on business; said he, 'Bring horses';
And counted me out on platters nine *lâkhs* (of rupees).†
When I procure the wind-winged horses of the sea,
I will take them and go to him."

---

* A woman. The scene completely changes. Mahitâ is now at Rotâs Fort, and is addressed by a water-bearing woman of the place.

† Rupees 900,000.

Panihârî.

" Unche mastak chalakte, paṛhâ mûṛakh pânde ke sâl !
Jin ghoṛoṅ kâ tû gâhak phire woh tere ghuṛ-sâl !
We jâe bandhe tere ghuṛ-sâl meṅ ghoṛe !
Tû lîe pardes phire mâl ko toṛe !
Sun, Mahitâ Sâhûkâr, tujhe gyân batâyâ.
Taiṅ lobh kîâ kachâ, pardes meṅ âyâ !"

Mahitâ.

" Ham jâte haiṅ watan ko, le lo merâ parnâm.
Chiṭṭhî meṅ likh bhejo, ham lâiq kuchh kâm.
Ham lâiq kuchh kâm, piârî ; likhtî paṛhtî rahîyo
Râm, Râm kâ nâtâ karke mukh se kahtî rahîyo.
Maiṅ jâtâ hûṅ gharoṅ, piârî ; kirpâ apnî rakhîyo.
Rathâsnagar ko sîs hamârî, tu bastî rahîyo !"

Water-carrier.

" Holding thy head so high thou hast learnt in a fool's school !
The horses thou hast wandered (here) to buy are in thine own stable !
The horses are fastened up in thine own stable !
And thou art wandering abroad with bags of money !
Hear, Sir Merchant Mahitâ, I tell thee wisdom.
Thou hast come abroad for unfair gain !"

Mahitâ.

" I am returning to my home, receive my farewell.
Send me a letter, if I can do anything for thee.
If I can do anything for thee, my dear, send me letters.
Taking the name of God remember me.
I am going home, my dear : remember me kindly.
I bid farewell to Rathâsnagar, (but) do thou live on here (happily)."

"Sachî kaho, darbân ke mukh se bacha-i nikâl.
Mere pîchhe tû rahâ kaisâ kuchh hoshiâr?
Hoshiâr rahâ pîchhe tû kaisâ, Bhâî?
Ab ḥâl kaho ham se, de sânch batâe.
Kabhî Râjâ ne ân kîâ dar pe pherâ?
Maiṅ kah gîâ thâ us ko, 'ghar khâlî merâ.'"

Darbân.

"Pahre pe chaukas rahâ jâgâ sârî rât.
Karam rekh miṭṭe nahîṅ, jo likhî Bidhâtâ hâth.
I'khî Rabb hâth qalam âp bagâî:
Us se meṭ sake kaun? nahîṅ tâqat, Bhâî!
Tum kah gae the âp, 'Ghar khâlî merâ:'
Ik roz kîâ Râjâ ne dar par pherâ."

Mahitâ.

"Sîlâ Daî, mâno; mere ho gaî hai wiswâs!

"Speak truly, let true words escape thy lips, Door-keeper.*
How wakeful didst thou remain after my departure?
How wakeful didst thou remain after my departure, Friend?
Tell me all about it, speaking the truth.
Did the Râjâ ever come wandering about my door?
I told him that my house was empty."

Door-keeper

"I kept guard at my post, wakeful all the night.
The lines are never blotted out, which the hand of Fate hath written.
It is God that writes (them) with his own pen.
Who can blot them out? None hath power, Friend!
Thou saidst thyself, 'my house is empty.'
And the Râjâ came one day wandering about thy door."

Mahitâ.

"Sîlâ Daî, listen, I have become very anxious!

---

* Mahitâ is now at home again, and addresses his door-keeper.

Râjâ chhal-bal kar gîâ, woh âyâ tere pâs!
Âyâ hai pâs tere chhal-bal karke.
Tû sachî kah bât, hâth gât pe dharke.
Sachî kah ham se âj, Sîlâ Rânî.
Kabhî le gayâ chhalbaliyâ chhal karke pânî?"

Sîlâ Daî.

"Hâth gât par na rakhûn, sun mere bhartâr!
Sat mere kâ chaukas hai sachâ Kartâr!
Woh sachâ Kartâr mere sat kâ sâkhî,
Jin sûne mandar meṅ ṭek merî râkhî.
In mahilon ke bîch nahîn Râjâ âyâ.
Yeh jhûṭâ wiswâs tere dil pe chhâyâ."

Mahitâ.

"Beṭî Harbhaj Sâh kî, kyûn bole hai jhûṭh?
Kyâ mundrâ akâs se jo parâ mahil men ṭûṭ?

The Râjâ hath deceived (me) and hath been to thee!
Deceiving (me) he hath been to thee.
Tell me the truth placing thy hand on my body.*
Tell me the truth to-day, my Lady Sîlâ.
Did the deceiver ever commit any wickedness?"

Sîlâ Daî.

"I will not place my hand on thy body; hear, my husband!
The true God is the guardian of my virtue!
The true God is the witness of my virtue,
Who preserved my honor in the lonely palace.
The Râjâ came not into *this* palace.
Needless anxiety this is that is come into thy mind."

Mahitâ.

"Daughter of Harbhaj Sâh, why speakest thou lies?
Has this ring suddenly fallen from heaven into the palace?

---

* An oath, see above.

Ṭûṭ paṛâ mundrâ, yeh kahâṅ se âyâ ?
Is mundre ko kaun mere mahil meṅ lâyâ ?
Tû itnî ab mán zarâ bât hamârî :
Jo guzrâ hai ḥâl bât kah do sârî."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Gawan kîâ Rathâsgaṛh tum ne ghoṛe len :
Maiṅ baiṭhî is mahil meṅ kâṭî haiṅ din ren.
Kâṭî hai ren dinoṅ ham ne bhârî.
Ab nahaqq ke bîch paṛî ham pe khwârî.
Yeh dahî bharâ mundrâ mere mahil meṅ âyâ :
Is mundre ko kâg mahil mere lâyâ."

Mahitâ.

"Jhûṭh bachan kyúṅ boltî, sun le, tiryâ nîch ?
Kyâ kâg uṭhâeṅ, mundrâ dhare sej ke bîch ?
Yeh sej bîch mundrâ dhar kis ne dînâ ?
De sachî batlâ, jo ab châhe jînâ.

A ring has fallen suddenly (here) : whence came it here?
Who brought this ring into my palace ?
Listen a little now to my words ;
And tell me the truth of all that has passed."

Sílâ Daî.

"Thou didst go to Rathâsgaṛh to buy horses :
I spent the days and nights remaining in the palace.
I spent the time wearily passing the days and nights:
And now for nothing I am fallen into trouble.
This ring came covered with curds into my palace :
Some crow brought this ring into my palace."

Mahitâ.

"Why tell lies ? Hear me, thou low woman !
Why should a crow take up this ring and place it on my bed ?
Who put this ring on my bed ?
Tell me the truth, as thou wouldst live.

Maiṅ châbuk lûṅ hâth badan tere mârûṅ
Aur koraṛoṅ se mâr mâr khâl utârûṅ."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Mat na mâro koraṛe: kyûṅ tarsâo jân?
Râjâ, terâ nâm le, âyâ mahil darmiyân.
Mahiloṅ darmiyân jabhî Râjâ âyâ.
Maiṅ tâkî meṅ baiṭhke jab pâṭ dhakâyâ.
Woh bolâ, 'He Bahin, mere mundre lîje!'
Maiṅ us se kahâ, 'Mundrâ âp Sâhûkâr ko dîje!'
Un ne chaltî bâr merâ yeh khoṭ nikâlâ:
Jin ne chorî kar mundrâ palang ûpar ḍâlâ."

Mahitâ.

"Bândî, abran chhîn lo, târo sabhî suhâg.
Bhes duhâgan kâ karo, mahil uṛâve kâg.
Mahiloṅ ke bîch paṛî kâg uṛâve:

I will take a whip and beat thy body;
And will cut the skin with the strokes of my whip!"

Sîlâ Daî.

"Strike me not with a whip: why dost desire my life?
The Râjâ, taking thy name, came into the palace.
When the Râjâ came into the palace,
I was sitting in the window and closed the shutters.
He said, 'My sister, take my ring!'
I said to him, 'Give the ring to the merchant (my husband.)'
As he was going away he deceived me thus,
By putting the ring secretly on my bed."

Mahitâ.

"My maid, snatch off her ornaments, take off (the signs of) her wifehood.
Put on her the widow's robes, set her to scare crows* in the palace.
Set her to scare crows in the midst of the palace.

---

* Conventional expression for the utter disgrace of a woman.

Aur âṭh pahar bich ik bhojan pâve.
Jo tiryâ 'aitbâr kîâ jag meṅ hârâ.
Taiṅ jhûṭh bol, Sîlâ; ghar kho dîâ mahârâ."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Beṭî hûṅ maiṅ sâh kî; sun le, Mohan Bhâṭ:
Karhe dîe jin mâl ke lade ladâe sâṭh.
Sâṭh dîe karhe, sabhî ṭhâṭh saṅwârâ.
Is ghar meṅ kyâ ḥâl hûâ, Mohan, mahârâ?
Kyâ biptâ kî bât kahûṅ âge tere?
Mâṅ bâpoṅ se âj khabar kar de merî."

Mohan Bhâṭ.

"Beṭî, Sîlâ pâs jâ sîs mahil darmiyâṅ:
Us ke man kî pûchhke mujhe sunâo ân.
Ân kaho ham se we batîâṅ sârî.

Let her have food but once in the eight watches.*
The woman I trusted has destroyed my life.†
Thou didst tell me a lie, Sîlâ, and my house is ruined."

Sîlâ Daî.‡

"I am a merchant's daughter; hear me, Mohan thou Bard,§
That gave thee sixty camels laden with goods:
That gave thee sixty camels with all their trappings.
(And see) what has been my fortune in this house, Mohan?
What shall I say to thee of my sufferings?
Go and tell my father and mother about me to-day."

Mohan the Bard.||

"My daughter, go to Sîlâ in the mirrored palace:
Ask her her desires and come and tell me.
Come and tell me all about her.

---

* The 24 hours. † *Lit.* The world. ‡ In her disgrace.
§ The bard in a family of standing had a position of some confidence.
|| To his daughter.

Woh Sîlâ behosh kharî, biptâ bhârî.
Tû jaldî jâ dekh yeh kyâ zulam guzârâ.
Kyûṅ jîtî bhartâr bhes rând kâ dhârâ ?"

Bhâṭnî.

"Abhî, Pitâ, maiṅ jât hûṅ Sîlwatî ke pâs :
Kyâ biptâ us par paṛî ? ham kareṅ us kî âs."

"Âs kareṅ terî, Râjdulârî :
Kyâ paṛ gaî hai bipat, kaho ham se, piârî.
Kyûṅ abran singâr tiyâg tum ne dînî ?
Jîtî bhartâr bhes mailî kînî ?
Apne to dil kâ ḥâl kah de, piârî :
Maiṅ pitâ se jâe, kahûṅ bipat tumhârî."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Beṭî Mohan Bhâṭ kî, sun le merî bât :

Sîlâ is in great trouble, in terrible affliction.
Go quickly and see what grief has come upon her.
Why has she put on a widow's robes while her husband is yet alive ?"

The Bard's daughter.

"I go now, father, to Sîlwatî.
What misfortune has fallen on her ? I will bring her comfort."

"I (am come to) comfort thee, my Princess.*
What misfortune has fallen (on thee) ? Tell me, my beloved.
Why hast given up thy jewels and ornaments ?
Why wearest foul clothes when thy husband is alive ?
Tell me the sorrows of thy heart, my beloved.
I will go to thy father and tell him thy misfortune."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Daughter of Mohan the Bard, hear my words.

---

* To Sîlâ Daî.

Kâghaz, qalam, dawât lâ; maiṅ likhûṅ apne hâth.
Likhûṅ maiṅ hâth 'baṛî biptâ bhârî!
Hai zindagî se âj mujhe maut piârî!
Maiṅ chhoṛî is des merî sâr na jânî:
Yehâṅ âṭh pahar bîch mile an aur pânî.
Yehâṅ jhûthâ ab dos merî sil ko lâyâ:
Koraṛoṅ se mâr mâr badan sujâyâ.'
Itnâ ab kâm merâ jaldî kîjo:
Merî mâtâ ko jâke khat merâ dîjo."

Bhâṭnî.

"Sîlâ ne purzâ dîâ aur kahî yeh bât:
'Yeh khat tum jâ dîjîyo merî mâtâ ke hâth.
Mâtâ ke hâth meṅ khat dîjo merâ.
Maiṅ taṛaphoṅ bechain, burâ ḥâl hai merâ.

Bring paper, pen and ink, I will write (to him) myself.
I will write myself, 'great and heavy is my misfortune!
To-day is death dearer to me than life!
I leave this land where my value is not known.
Here I get bread and water but once in the eight watches.*
Here undeserved blame has been cast upon my virtue:
My body is swollen with the blows of a whip!'
Do this much for me quickly:
Go to my mother and give her my letter."

The Bard's Daughter.†

"Sîlâ gave me a letter and spake thus;
'Go and give this letter into my mother's hand.
Give my letter into my mother's hand.
I am miserable and wretched, hard is my lot.

---

* In the 24 hours. † To her father.

Ab dos dià jhhût, merî sàr na jânî:
Aur âṭh pahar bîch mile ham ko pânî.' "

Mohan Bhâṭ.

" Ugaṛ Sain ke bans meṅ, Harbhaj Sâh sir moṛ!
Sîlâ Daî parchâ dià, maiṅ lâyâ dauṛam dauṛ.
Lâyâ dauṛâm dauṛ, Sâhjî, dil merâ ghabarâyâ.
Jo mar gaî, woh mahil bîch meṅ, Sîlâ ne bulâyâ.
Likhkar parchâ dià hâth meṅ aur yeh hâl sunâyâ.
Milnâ hai to milo pitâjî, 'kâl merâ yehâṅ âyâ!' "

Harbhaj Sâh.

" Sun, re Mohan Bhâṭ ke, hameṅ sunâo hâl?
Sîlâ ke gharbâr meṅ kyâ phailâ janjâl?

They put undeserved blame on me, not knowing my value.
And in the eight watches I get water butonce.' "

Mohan, the Bard.

" In the line of Ugaṛ Sain* thou art the head, Harbhaj Sâh!
Sîlâ Daî gave me a letter, I brought it here very quickly.
I have brought it here very quickly, Sir Merchant; my mind is uneasy.
Sîlâ, who is undone in the palace, calls thee.
Writing the letter with her own hand she told me her condition,
(Saying) meet my father if thou canst (and tell him) 'I am dying here!' "

Harbhaj Sâh.

" Hear, thou son of the Bards, Mohan, tell me about her.
What sorrow has come upon Sîlâ in her home?

---

* The bards have evidently desired in this legend to give Mahitâ and his family descent from the great Agarwâl clan of the Baniyâ caste by making them inhabitants of Agrohâ. This Ugaṛ (or Agar?) Sain may have been a leader of these before the Muhammadan destruction of Agrohâ.

Kyâ phailâ janjâl ? kaisâ zulum guzârâ ?
Tû, Mohan, ab, Bhâṭ, hâl kah de sârâ.
Kyâ ho gîâ ghabrâṭ tej aisâ bhârî ?
Kyâ Mahitâ par âu paṛî biptâ bhârî ? "

Mohan Bhâṭ.

" Kyâ kahûṅ kuchh, Sâhjî ? mujh se kahâ na jâe !
Sîlâ beṭî dekhke main bahot gîâ ghabarâe.
Bahot gîâ ghabarâ, Sâhjî : bhes duhâgan dhârî !
Na solâh singâr badan par, nahîṅ hai lâl sâṛî.
Mahitâ ne kuchh dos lagâyâ, bhojan sabhî bisârâ.
Mâr koraroṅ khâl u.âî, tan se mâs utârâ ! "

Lachhmî Nârâyan.

" Mâl khizâne bahot haiṅ mere ik ḍher :
Siâlkoṭ ko chalo, lo Mahitâ ko gher.

What sorrow has come upon her ? what injustice has been done (her) ?
Tell me now the whole story, Mohan.
What trouble and heavy misfortune has come upon her ?
What great trouble has befallen Mahitâ ?"

Mohan, the Bard.

" What can I say, Sir Merchant ? my lips cannot speak !
Seeing Sîlâ, thy daughter, I was in great trouble.
I was in great trouble, Sir Merchant : she had on widow's clothes.
No ornaments on her body, no red garment.*
Mahitâ had blamed her and spoiled all her life (food).
Cut her skin by whipping and cut the flesh from her body."

Lachhmî Nârâyan.†

" I have much money and goods stored up.
Go to Siâlkoṭ and encompass Mahitâ.

---

* Sign of wifehood. † Sîlâ's brother.

Lo Mahitâ ko gher, pâuṅ ḍâle berî:
Woh Sîlâ se bahin kâg uṛâve merî
Bâbal, mat der karo, ṭhâṭ sujâo.
Us Mâhitâ ko bândhke Agrohe lâo."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Jin ko beṭî dîjî un ke nîche pair.
Mahitâ setî na bano, lâl, hamârâ bair.
Bair nahiṅ bantâ hai, lâl hamâro.
Ham beṭî ke bâp, chalen paidal sâre.
Siâlkoṭ ûpar hai kûnch hamârâ:
Jâ pûchhenge Sîlâ kâ dukhṛâ sârâ."

Lachhmî Nârâyan.

"Bîg tayyarî tum karo, Bâbal, fauj sangâr:
Mahitâ se sâhûkâr ko ham rakhen charvedâr.
Rakhen charvedâr, bhalâjî, jaisâ hai woh Mahitâ,

Encompass Mahitâ and put fetters on his feet:
That has set my sister Sîlâ to scare crows.
Father, delay not, make ready the means (of going);
And binding Mahitâ bring him to Agrohâ."*

Harbhaj Sâh.

"To whom we gave our daughter we are inferior.
Make not Mahitâ our enemy, my son.
He must not be made an enemy, my son.
I am the girl's father, let us all go (humbly) to him on foot.
We must march to Siâlkoṭ:
And go and ask all about Sîlâ's troubles."

Lachhmî Nârâyan.

"Father, get quickly thy retinue and cavalcade.
I look on Mahitâ the Merchant as a (mere) menial.
I look on a menial, my good sir, to be as good as Mahitâ,

---

* Here the home of Sîlâ's family. It is a ruined town near Hissâr and was the home of the Agarwâl class of merchants. It was destroyed by Shahâbu'ddîn Ghorî in A.D. 1194

Tis ghar Sîlâ kâg uṛâve, khaṛâ Bhâṭ yûṅ kahtâ.
Bâbal, jag meṅ jînâ thoṛâ, sadâ amar nahîṅ rahtâ
'Jâ Sîlâ badlâ lenge,' dil merâ yûṅ kahtâ."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Lachhmî Nârâyan kî bahû, sun merî ik bât
Bahot dinâṅ sang tû rahî Sîlâ Daî ke sâth.
Sîlâ ke sâth rahâ piyâr tumhârâ :
Tum us ke dil kâ ab bhed kah do sârâ.
Kah do tum bât âj sachî sârî.
Kabhî jâke na bigṛe wahâṅ 'izzat hamârî."

Lachhmî Nârâyan kî Bahû.

"Sîlâ kâ sat jab ḍige, Dhartî ḍigî Akâs :
Ḍâl agin meṅ dekh lo ; jâo us ke pâs.
Jâ Sîlâ ke pâs ; jhûṭh pal meṅ lagâyâ.
Is bât ke 'aitbâr nahîṅ mujh ko âyâ.

In whose house the Bard says that Sîlâ is set to scare crows.
Father, life is short in the world, we cannot remain immortal for ever.
'Revenge thyself for Sîlâ,' saith my heart."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Thou wife of Lachhmî Nârâyan, hear a word of mine :
Many days hast thou dwelt with Sîlâ Daî.
And thy love was for Sîlâ :
Tell me now all the secrets of her heart.
Tell me all about her to-day truly.
Perhaps by going there my honor may be lost."

Lachhmî Nârâyan's Wife.

"Sîlâ's virtue falls when falls the Earth and Sky
Pass her through the fire and see ; go to her.
Go to Sîlâ ; they charged her of a sudden falsely.
I have no faith in (the truth of) this matter.

Hai Kartâ kî rekh, wo ab sab kâ Wâlî.
Aur dosh binâ chând nahîṅ sûrij khâlî."

Sîlâ Daî kî Mâtâ.

"Phir mere ûpar kyâ kare, sun lîje, Sâhûkâr:
Beg tayyârî tum karo, jâ Sîlâ ke dwâr.
Sîlâ ke dwâr ab jaldî jâo:
Is dukhîâ jâî ko merî ân milâo.
Tum jaldî ab kûnch karo sâz saṅwârî.
Woh dekhî hai râh, merî Sîl kaṅwârî!"

Lachhmî Nârâyan.

"Sang apne le chaṛho bâîs sau umrâo:
Siâlkoṭ ke bîch meṅ jâne wahâṅ kâ Râo;
Jâne woh, 'Râo yeh hai Agrohewâlâ.'
Aur jâne kis sâth terâ ho jâe châlâ?

It is the line of Fate, that is Master of all.
Even the sun and moon are not without blame*"

Sîlâ Daî's Mother.

"What wilt thou for me now; hear, thou Merchant:
Get ready quickly and go to Sîlâ's door.
Go quickly now to Sîlâ's door:
Bring my luckless daughter to me.
Get ready now quickly and start.
She is waiting for thee, is Sîlâ my daughter."

Lachhmî Nârâyan.

"Take with thee twenty-two hundred nobles:†
That the Râjâ of Siâlkoṭ may know thee;
That he may know thee for the Râjâ of Agrohâ.
And who knows what fate may happen to thee?

---

* *I.e.*, they are blotted by eclipses.

† Such apparently fixed numbers as these are not at all uncommon in Indian songs and legends, and do not mean anything more than a vague large quantity.

Tum itnî ab bât merî bhûl na jâo :
Us Sîlâ bahinâ ko merî ja'dî lâo."

Sîlâ Daî kî Mâtâ.

" Bantî ab banâ les, sun lîjo, Sâhûkâr ;
Jaisâ tum se ho sake waisâ kîjo kâr.
Kâr karo aisâ, sab kâm banâo.
Is Sîlâ ko âj mere mahiloṅ lâo.
Is purze ko dekh mujhe an na bhâve.
Yeh Mohan ab Bhâṭ khaṭâ hâl sunâve."

Harbhaj Sâh.

" Karam rekh miṭî nahîṅ jo likhâ Rabb hâth :
Âo, Mohan Bhâṭ ko, chaleṅ tumhâre sâth.
Chaleṅ tumhâre sâth, re Mohan ; woh Rabb lâj bachâve.
Chaleṅ dwâr ham us Mahitâ ke ; kyâ ham se ban âvo ?
Siâlkoṭ ko chalîye, Mohan, Sîlâ jîtî pâve :
Is Agrohe bîch phir Dâtâ jîtâ lâve."

But forget not now these words of mine,
And bring Sîlâ my sister, quickly to me."

Sîlâ Dâî's Mother.

" Do thou what thou canst, hear, thou Merchant.
Do thy work as well as thou canst.
Do thy work so that it be complete.
And bring Sîlâ to my palace to-day.
Seeing this letter I am unable to take my food.
Mohan, the Bard, has told us of her condition."

Harbhaj Sâh.

" The lines of fate are not to be blotted out, which are written with God's own hand.
Come, Mohan, the Bard, we go with thee.
We go with thee, Mohan ; God will preserve our honor.
We go to Mahitâ's door ; let the result be what it may.*
Go to Siâlkoṭ, Mohan, that we may find Sîlâ (yet) alive :
That God may grant her life in Agrohâ here again."

---

* *Lit.* What, being done by us, will come ?

"Sîlwanti terî mâ sî, sîlwantâ terâ bâp:
Sîlâ, tujh ko woh kyâ bhalâ kaunsâ pâp?
Pâp dahâ tujh ko kaunsâ bhârî?
Taiṅ khoî kyûṅ lâj bhalâ âj hamârî?
Ab kah dîye sach ḥâl jo ke guzrâ sârâ:
Kyûṅ jîtî bhartâr bhes rând kâ dhârâ?"

Silâ Daî.

"Sîlwantî merî mâṅ sî, sîlwantâ merâ bâp:
Sîl merâ patyâ lo: satwantî hûṅ âp.
Sîlwantî hûṅ âp, Rabb sâkhî merâ.
Us Râjâ ne ân kyâ chhal se pherâ?
Jab dekhâ main ne sâmhne se Rîsal âyâ,
Phir tâke meṅ baiṭh maiṅ ne pâṭ ḍhakâyâ;
Woh bolâ phir, 'Bahin merî, mundrâ lîjo'
Main ne us se kahâ, 'Mundrâ Sâhûkâr ko dîjo.'

"Virtuous was thy mother,* virtuous was thy father.
Sîlâ, what great evil has come upon thee?
What great sin has been charged to thee?
Why hast wholly destroyed our honor to-day?
Tell me now the truth of all that has happened:
Why hast thou put on a widow's robes while thy husband is alive?"

Silá Daí.

"My mother was virtuous, virtuous was my father.
Test my virtue, for virtuous am I.
Virtuous am I and God is my witness.
The Râjâ came and deceived me.
When I saw that Rîsal had come before me,
I was sitting in the window and I shut the shutters.
Then said he, 'My sister, take my ring.'
And I said to him, 'Give the ring to the Merchant (my husband).'

---

* Speaking now to Silâ at Siâlkot.

Un ne chalan bâr merâ yeh khoṭ nikâlâ:
Jin chorî se mundrâ palang ûpar ḍâlâ.
Yeh jhûṭhâ dîâ dosh mujhe, dekho, bhârî.
Is bât par yûn mâr mâr khâl utârî."

Harbhaj Sáh.

" Sîlâ, jhûṭh nâ bolîyo; jhûṭh pâp kâ mûl.
Sat jagat meṅ amar hai: ant dhûl kî dhûl.
Ant sabhî dhûl rahe khâk kî dherî.
Jo sat rahe âj: lâj bach jâe terî.
Kyâ? ṭûṭ gîâ sat? chûk tum ne khâî?
Jo guzrâ, wohî ḥâl kaho, merî jâî!"

Sílá Daí.

" Bâbal, merî bât kâ karîyo tû 'âitbâr:
Sat hâre, pat nâ rahe! Hai zindagî din chár!
Zindagî din châr, sat kaisî hârûṅ?

And when he was going away he thus deceived me;
That he secretly placed the ring on my bed.
This great and undeserved blame, see, he cast upon me.
And upon this (my husband) with blows thus cut my skin."

Harbhaj Sáh.

" Sîlâ, speak no lies: lies are the root of sin.
Virtue is immortal in the world; the end of dust is dust.
The end of all dust is a heap of dust.
If thy virtue last till to-day, thy honor will be saved.
What? Hast lost thy virtue? Hast forgotten thyself?
Tell me all that has passed, my daughter!"

Sílá Daí.

"Father, believe the truth of my story.
If virtue be lost, honor remains not. Life is (but) for a few* days.
Life is (but) for a few days, how shall I (then) ruin my virtue?

---

* *Lit.* For four days.

Jo jâtî lâj wohîn jân ko ḍârûṅ!
Maiṅ paidâ ik bâr hûî bind se tero:
Tû ḍâl agin bîch, dekh sat ko mero!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Ik araj sun lo merî, Sâhûkâr ke lâl!
Mahitâ, taiṅ ne kyâ kîâ? yeh Sîlâ kâ ḥâl!
Sîlâ kâ ḥâl taiṅ ne kyûṅ banâyâ?
Kyâ toṭâ ghar bîch tere mâl kâ âyâ
Maiṅ ne Sîlâ dîe tujh ko! kyâ pâp kamâyâ?
Taiṅ bândî se ḥâl pare us kâ banâyâ!
Kyûṅ, Mahitâ, muṅh phertâ? Agrohâ nahîṅ dûr:
Sîlâ tujh ko biyâh dîe, to yûṅ hî merâ kasûr.
Merâ kasûr dîe mâl ke toṛe:
Maiṅ bândî dîṅ laundî, asbâb karoṛe.

When my virtue goes then lay I down my life!
I was born once from thy body.*
Put me through the fire and prove my virtue!"

Harbhaj Sâh.†

"Hear a word of mine, thou Merchant's son!
Mahitâ, what hast thou done, that this is Sîlâ's condition?
Why hast brought Sîlâ to this pass?
What harm has happened to the goods in thy house?
I gave thee Sîlâ! And what sin have I done (by that)?
Thou hast brought her to a condition worse than a slave's!
Why turn thy face (from me), Mahitâ? Agrohâ is not far.
Sîlâ I gave to thee in marriage: that was my mistake.
It was my mistake that I gave thee a platter of goods.
I gave thee maids and slaves, and millions' worth of goods.

---

* Allusion to the belief in the transmigration of souls. She means to say that she was honored by being in *one* life born the daughter of the great merchant.

† Addressing Mahitâ.

Maiṅ ne Sîlâ ke bâgh tujheṅ rakhâ mâlî:
Taiṅ ne dînâ ujâṛ, banâ peṭ kâ pâlî.!"

Mahitâ.

"Bâgh dîe Sîlâ Daî: dîe mâl kî dher:
Us bâgh maiṅ mâlî: kyâ kare jahâṅ âṭh pahar rahe sher?
Aṭh pahar sherâ hai bâgh meṅ âve:
Woh mâlî phir bâgh meṅ kyûṅ jân gaṅwâve?
Thâ sat kâ 'aitbâr mere dil par bhârâ:
Is tiryâ ke hâth janam ham ne hârâ!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Binâ 'aib Kartâr hai, sun, Mahitâ Sâhûkâr:
Aur 'aib sab ke lagâ, jitnâ hai sansâr.
Jitnâ sansâr nahîṅ 'aib se khâlî:
Hai 'aib binâ âp woh Rabb sab kâ Wâlî.

I made thee the gardener of Sîlâ's garden:
And thou hast destroyed it, becoming the keeper of thy own stomach."*

Mahitâ.

"Thou gavest the garden of Sîlâ Daî; thou gavest heaps of goods.
I am the gardener of the garden, but what can I do when a tiger remains in it all day?†
A tiger has come into the garden (and remains) all day.
Why then should the gardener lose his life in that garden?
I had a complete belief in her virtue:
And have ruined my life at the hands of this woman!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"God is without blame, hear Mahitâ, thou Merchant:
And blame is on all else in this world.
None in this world is free from blame:
But God Himself, the Master of all, is without blame.

---

* Looking after thyself.

† *Lit.* During the 8 watches.

Tû jâne de, Mahite, mat râṛ baṛhâve.
Jo bîtâ le chhân, wohî kirkil khâve !"

Mahitâ.

"Chhâṭî dekh lo, chîrke paṛe jigar meṅ râdh.
Ghar dar merâ kar dîâ Rîsal ne barbâd.
Barbâd kîâ mujh ko ; kyâ khoṭ hamârâ ?
Maiṅ bhijâ pardes, aise chhal se mârâ.
Kîâ naukar ke sâth daghâ, pâp kamâyâ.
Narkî hai woh janam, dhokâ khâyâ."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Râjâ, tere nagar meṅ aisî haigî rît.
Jâu jâe rakh lâj ko, nahîṅ kartâ partît.
Nahîṅ âve partît âj ; sun le, Bhâî :
Nâ dhartî âsmân tale ṭek lagâî.
Woh kahtâ yeh jhûth bachan, 'Sat kâ hârâ :
Merâ ṭûṭâ 'aitbar : kîâ matlab sârâ !' "

Let it go, Mahitâ, and make no disturbance.
Who sifts too much devours sand !"

Mahitâ.

See my breast, foul matter hath filled and torn my heart.
Rasâlû has destroyed my house.
He has ruined me : and what fault was mine ?
He sent me abroad and deceived me so.
He deceived his (faithful) servant and sinned.
In Hell will be his (next) birth, for he has deceived."

*Harbhaj Sâh.**

"Râjâ, thus has it happened in thy city.
Come and save our honor : he (Mahitâ) believes (us) not.
He believes us not to-day ; listen, Friend.
Nor heaven nor earth supports our honor.
He says an untrue word, 'Her (Sîlâ's) virtue is gone :
My faith in her is broken : my life is ruined !' "

---

* To Rasâlû.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Âo, Harbhaj Sâhjî, lo mere parnâm.
Baṛî mihar tum ne karî, âe mere dhâm !
Âe ho dhâm mere, mân baḍhâe ;
Agrohe ke Sâh mere dwâre âe.
Jo kâm mere lâeq ho, aggyâ pâûn :
Jo kar do ab ḥukm us se ḥâl bajâûn."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Kyûn, Râjâ, alak* gaî ? kyâ khâe bhûl ?
Mahitâ ke tain sîs par dharâ phûl.
Phûl dharâ Mahitâ ke sir par bhârî.
Khoî hai lâj tain ne âj hamârî.
Tain ne naukar ke sâth baṛâ julam guzârâ :
Aur bhijâ pardes tain ne chhal se mârâ !"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Come, Sir Merchant Harbhaj, and take my blessing.
Great kindness hast thou done in coming to my house !
Coming to my house thou hast increased my honor ;
In that the Merchant of Agrohâ has come to my door.
Tell me what I can do for thee :
I will do at once anything thou mayest wish."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Where is thy sense gone, Râjâ ? Why hast forgotten thyself ?
That thou didst place the flower (of disgrace) on Mahitâ's head.
Thou hast placed a flower of great (disgrace) on Mahitâ's head.
Thou hast destroyed my honor to-day.
Thou hast done a great injustice to thy (faithful) servant :
And sending him abroad hast deceived him."

---

* For *'aqal.*

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Suniyo, Harbhaj Sâhjî; kariyo merî qabûl.
Na merî alak* gaî, na maiṅ khâî bhûl.
Khâî nahîṅ bhûl, na kuchh dosh hamârâ:
Hai Lachhmî Chand lâl jaisâ bachâ tumhârâ.
Kuchh pâp kî nahîṅ kâj kîe maiṅ ne phere:
Merî Sîlâ hai bahin; bachan sun le mere!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Jo, Râjâ, man meṅ tere nahîṅ haigâ kuchh pâp,
Chal Mahitâ ke sâmhne niyâû chukâû âp.
Niyâû karo âp; chalo us ke dwâre.
Jo Sîlâ ke sâth taiṅ ne julam guzâre:
Woh Mahitâ kuchh âj nahîṅ sunta mere.
Woh baiṭhâ hai: âp chalo âj sawere."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Hukm tumhârâ sir dharâ, nahîṅ karûṅ takrâr:

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Hear, Sir Merchant Harbhaj: believe thou me.
My sense has not gone, nor have I forgotten myself.
I have not forgotten myself, nor am I to blame.
I am as thy son Lachhmî Chand.
I did not go (to Sîlâ) and do any sin.
Sîlâ is my sister: hear my words!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"If no sin is in thy heart, Râjâ,
Come to Mahitâ and do justice thyself.
Do justice thyself; come to his door.
(As to) the injustice thou hast done to Sîlâ,
Mahitâ will hear nothing from me to-day.
He is waiting (for us): come thou (then) early to-day."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Taking thy order upon me, I dispute it not.

---

* For *'aqal*.

Sâth tumhâre maiṅ chalûṅ us Mahite ke dwâr.
Mahite ke pâs chalo milke sâre :
Un dosh dîâ jhûṭh, baṛâ julam guzâṛe.
Maiṅ karke man sâf gîâ us ke mandar :
Tum lîje patiyâ mujhe âg ke andar ! "

Harbhaj Sâh.

" Râjâ ko maiṅ le âyâ, Mahitâ, tere bâr :
Dil ke gûdaṛ miṭâ le, jo haigâ takrâr.
Jo haigâ takrâr gûdaṛ meṭ le sârâ.
Jis bât pe taiṅ, Mahitâ, yehâṅ julam guzârâ,
Jo Sîlâ kâ khoṭ jachâ man meṅ tere ;
To lenâ patiyâ âj âge mere."

Mahitâ.

" Chhâṭî dekho, chîrke paṛî jigar meṅ râd :
Ghar dar merâ kar dîâ Rîsal ne barbâd.

I go with thee to Mahitâ's door.
Let us all go to Mahitâ together.
He has laid undeserved blame (upon Sîlâ) and done (her) great injustice.
I went to his house with a clear conscience :
Test me in the fire."

Harbhaj Sâh.

" Mahitâ, I have brought the Râjâ to thy door.
Blot out the foulness of thy heart; what dispute (there was) has passed.
What dispute and foulness have passed blot them out.
(As to) the matter for which, Mahitâ, thou hast done injustice (to her) here,
In that suspicion of Sîlâ hath entered thy mind,
Test her to-day (in the fire) before me."

Mahitâ.

" See my breast, foul matter hath filled and torn my heart.
Rîsal has destroyed my house.

Barbâd kîâ, ham ko daghâ karke bhârî:
Aur khoî sab lâj âj bât hamârî.
In kar dîe barbâd dos ham ko dînâ.
Ab, jindagî barbâd, burâ lagtâ jînâ!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Sat bachan tum se kahûṅ; kar, Mahitâ, 'aitbâr:
Sîlâ kâ sat na ḍigâ, sâkhî hai Kartâr.
Sâkhî Kartâr sat Sîlâ sânchâ:
Ujal, parwâr baṛâ, kul kâ achhâ!
Kuchh pâp kî nahîṅ kâj mahil dekhâ terâ.
Is bât kâ 'aitbar karo, Mahitâ merâ."

Mahitâ.

"Tû apnî sî kar chukâ; ban âî sab kâr.
Ab ham setî mat kare jhûṭhe, Rîsal, râṛ.
Kyûṅ jhûṭhe takrâr karo ham se, Râjâ?
Sab jâne sansâr jaisâ karo kâjâ.

He has ruined me, deceiving me greatly:
And destroyed my life and honor to-day.
He has ruined me and brought shame upon me.
And now, when life is ruined, it is an evil to live!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"I speak to thee truth; Mahitâ, believe it.
Sîlâ's virtue has not fallen, God is witness.
God is witness that Sîlâ's virtue is untouched,
(It is that of) a high and great family and line.
I saw thy palace without any sinful act.
Believe the truth of this, my (friend) Mahitâ."

Mahitâ.

"Thou hast accomplished thy desires: all thy wish is done.
And now create no needless quarrel with me, Rîsal.
Why create a needless quarrel with me, Râjâ?
All the world knows of thy (mode of) action.

Taiṅ khoṭ kîâ, yâr, paran merâ pâlâ.
Jâ! Rabb ke Darbâr terâ muṅh ho kâlâ!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Mahitâ, maiṅ tere gîâ; kar lenâ 'aitbar;
Sîlâ Daî ke mahil meṅ nahîṅ dusrî kâr.
Kâr nahîṅ pâp kî; sun, mere bhâî.
Woh Sîlâ hai bahin, merî mâṅ kî jâî.
Hai jhûṭhâ yeh khoṭ jachâ man meṅ tere.
Taiṅ lenâ patiyâ: lo abhî, âge mere!"

Mahitâ.

"Jaisî karnî taiṅ kare jâne sab sansâr:
Nahîṅ jagat ke bîch meṅ kâmî kâ 'aitbâr.
'Aitbâr nahîṅ kâmî kâ jag meṅ bhârî.
Tû khâtâ hai jhûṭh kasm sau sau bârî.
Maiṅ jânoṅ hûṅ tujh ko: kyûṅ bât banâve?
Jaisâ kîâ kâm, tere âge âve."

Thou hast done me evil, friend, breaking thy promise to me.
Go! mayest thou be ashamed in the Court of God!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Mahitâ, I went to thy house: believe me;
In Sîlâ's palace I had no other (than a good) intent.
I did no sin; hear my friend.
Sîlâ is my sister, my mother's daughter.
This is a false suspicion that is in thy mind.
Test it: test it now in front of me!"

Mahitâ.

"As thou what doest all the world knows.
There is no trusting the libertine in this world.
There is no great trust in the libertine in the world.
A hundred times thou dost swear false oaths.
I know thee: why try to deceive me?
As thou hast done, so (is the result of) it before thee!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Chaupuṛ meṅ tu chatr hai, chalo châl anmol!
Mahitâ, phâṅsâ pheṅkke lênâ sat ko tol.
Sat ko lo tol, kaho mukh se bânî.
Tum lênâ pachhân, âp hoge gyânî.
Jo Sîlâ kâ sat zarâ dekho hârâ,
Mere, mâro talwar, sîs kar do niârâ!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Apne mukh se tum badho, Mahitâ, ginke dâo.
Â panchoṅ ke bîch meṅ Rabb âp karenge niyâo.
Ap kareṅ niyâo, wohî Sarjanhârâ.
Tum pheṅko, ho hâth bahot pauṅ bârâ.
Sîlâ ke sat ke yeh kasm ham ne khâî.
Tû hâr jît karke ab dekh le, Bhâî!"

Râjá Rasâlú.

"Thou art clever at *chaupuṛ*, full of tricks untold!
Mahitâ, throw the dice and test her virtue.
Test her virtue and I tell thee with my lips.
Take it and test it and know it for thyself.
If thou find even a little fault in Sîlâ's virtue,
Strike off my head with a sword!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Mahitâ, fix the throws with thy own lips and count the throws (and see).
God Himself will come and do justice in the ordeal.
May He do justice Himself, the Creator.
Make a throw: the ace and twelve will be plenty.*
I take this oath (the throw) as to Sîlâ's virtue.
Make thou this test (the throw) and see, Friend."

---

* *I.e.*, a good throw: see preliminary note.

Mahitâ.

"Sîlâ ke haiṅ pânch do, satrâh terâ dâo:
Pauṅ bârâṅ haigî merî : phâṅsâ lîâ uṭhâo.
Phâṅsâ nachkârî âge âve.
Ab jhûṭhî kyûṅ bâtoṅ ko phir chalâve ?
Phâṅsâ dîe pheṅk, bachan ham ne mâṇî.
Qudrat ke khel paṛe tînoṅ kânî."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Sîlâ, sat ko yâd kar le, le phâṅsâ hâth.
Jo terâ sat sach rahâ, to paṛo pânch do sât.
Sât paṛe, ân rahe lâj tumhârî.
Hai phâṅse ke hâth âj bât hamârî.
Phâṅsâ le hâth, Ñaraṅkâr manâve:
Jo sachâ hai sîl tere âge âve."

Mahitâ.

"For Sîlâ the five and two; for thee seventeen;
For me the ace and twelve : take up the dice.
The dice shall decide the truth.
Why invent untruths now?
I throw the dice and accept the challenge.
It is the will of God which way the three dice fall!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Sîlâ, remember thy virtue, taking the dice in thy hand.
If thy virtue be true, then throw 'the five and two's seven.'
If the seven fall, thy honor will be established.
Our life to-day is the power of the dice.
Take the dice in thy hand and call on God.*
If thy virtue be true it will come out."

---

* *Lit.* The formless one.

Sîlâ Daî kâ Do'â.

" Merî sahâî kîjo, Trilokî ke Nâth :
Phâṅsâ satke dâo se paṛo pânch do sât !
Sât paṛo, ân âj sat par mere !
Ab hâr jît hâth dîe Rabb ne tere !
Is saṅkaṭ ke bîch mere jân bachâo !
Tum phâṅsâ ke hâth merâ niyâo chukâo !"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

" Silâ kâ sat amar hai, paṛe pânch do sât !
Gurû Gorakh kâ nâm le, lûṅ phâṅsâ maiṅ hâth.
Phâṅsâ lûṅ hâth, paṛo ân aṭhârâ !
Yeh dhartî asmân khaṛâ sat se sârâ !
Kyâ, Mahitâ Sâhûkâr, tujhe âyâ supnâ ?
Tû phâṅsâ le pheṅk dâo kahke apnâ."

Sîlâ Daî's Prayer.

" Protect thou me, Lord of the Universe :
May my throw of the dice be 'the five and two's seven !'
Fall the seven and prove my virtue to-day !
God hath given the game into your hands (my dice) !
Save my life in the midst of this distress !
Do thou (O God) justice to me through the dice ! "

Râjâ Rasâlû.

" Sîlâ's virtue is immortal, (for her) 'the five and two's seven,' has fallen.
Taking the name of Gurû Gorakhnâth I take the dice in my hand.
I take the dice in my hand, and the eighteen falls !
The whole heaven and earth are supported by truth !
What has been thy dream, Mahitâ, thou Merchant ?
Throw thou the dice making thy own game."

Mahitâ.

"Pauṅ bârâṅ haiṅge mere! jo merâ ḍâo!
Phâṅsâ ke kuchh pat nahîṅ: maiṅ dekhâ us kâ niyâo.
Phâṅsâ kâ niyâo nahîṅ, chhal hai bhârî.
Yehâṅ baṛe baṛe pîr baiṭhe us pe kârî.
Is bât kâ 'aitbâr nahîṅ mujh ko âyâ:
Yeh Râjâ chhalbâj rachî chhal kî mâyâ!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Jhûṭhî bâtâṅ mat kaho, dil se kaho bichâr.
Kisî taraḥ, Mahitâ, tujhe âve bhî 'aitbâr?
Âve 'aitbâr tujhe kaise, Bhâî?
Ab phâṅsâ kâ ḥâl kâho sach batâe!
Tû lîje patiyâe, matî der lagâve:
Jis bât se 'aitbâr tujhe, Mahitâ, âve."

Mahitâ.

"Tel kaṛhâi ḍâl do, bîg karo tayyâr:
Us meṅ Sîlâ nahâ le jab âve 'aitbâr.

Mahitâ.

"The ace and twelve are mine! the game I made!
There is no confidence in the dice; I know his (the Râjâ's style of) justice.
There is no justice in the dice, but great deceit.
Many great saints protect his game here.
I have no faith at all in this matter.
This artful Râjâ has played a delusive trick!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Speak not untruths; tell us the ideas in thy heart.
In what way, Mahitâ, will belief come (home) to thee?
How will belief come (home) to the Friend?
Tell the truth now about the fall of the dice!
Propose a test without making any delay:
In that way which will give thee confidence, Mahitâ."

Mahitâ.

"Put oil into a caldron, get it ready quickly.
Let Sîlâ bathe in it and I will believe.

Âve 'aiṭbâr zarâ mere man ko:
Pahunchî nahîṅ ânch zarâ us ke tan ko.
Jo karnâ yeh kâm matî der lagâo.
Ab jhuṭhî kyûṅ bâtoṅ ko pair chalâo?"

Sîlâ Daî.

"Mahitâ kâ kahnâ karo, mat lagâo der:
Dharo kaṛhâî tel kî, aur kâm kar pher.
Pher karo kâm, bîg tel mangâo.
Kaṛhâî meṅ ḍâlkar, phir ânch lagâo.
Jab ho jâve tel garam kah do ham se:
Le Sîlâ âp nahae, male apne tan se."

Mahitâ.

"Tel kaṛhâî ḍâlke de do jaldî ânch:
Dhak dhak bhaṭhî kare jaise pakke kânch.
Jaise pakke kânch aisî bhaṭhî bâlî.
Phir dûr dûr pahunchî us ânch kî lâlî.

Then will a little confidence be in my mind,
If no particle of fire touch her body.
If you will do this delay not.
Why stick to untruths now?"

Sîlâ Daî.

"Do as Mahitâ says, and delay not.
Put the oil into the caldron and do what there is to do.*
Do what there is to do: send for the oil at once.
Put it into the caldron and light the fire.
Let me know when the oil is heated:
And let Sîlâ bathe herself and rub it on her body."

Mahitâ.†

"Put in the oil and quickly light the fire.
Let the furnace blaze, as when glass is made.
As when glass is made so heat the furnace.
And let the blaze of the fire spread afar.

---

* *I. e.*, heat it. † To his herald.

Sab pâp miṭe apne, yeh dil meṅ thâno:
Tum kar do tayyâr; kahâ merâ mâno.
Jab lâl hove tel, dekh us ko jâke:
Phir Sîlâ se ḥukm karo nahâe âke."

Chobdâr.

"Mahitâ âṅkhoṅ kholke dekho us kâ ḥâl.
Agin jale, lohâ tape, tel hûâ hai lâl.
Tel hûâ lâl; dekh, Mahitâ piârâ.
Tum dil kâ bhar pûr karo matlab sârâ.
Tum rakhîyo Bhagwân yâd, Îs manâo.
Jo sachâ hai sîl, matî der lagâo!"

Sîlâ Daî Kâ Do'â.

"Merê sahâî kîjîye ab, Trilokî ke Nâth!
Khamb chîr Pahlâd ko âp lagâyâ sâth!

All my doubts will (then) be blotted out, keep this in thy mind.
Get it ready and hearken to my words.
And when the oil is red-hot go and see it (for thyself),
And then tell Sîlâ to come and bathe in it."

Herald.

"Mahitâ, see its (the caldron's) state with thy own eyes.
The fire blazes, the iron is hot and the oil is red-hot.
The oil is red-hot; see, Mahitâ, my beloved (master).
Do thou now fully all that is in thy mind.
Remember thou God, and call on the Lord.
If her virtue be true, make no delay!"

Sîlâ Daî's Prayer.

"Protect thou me now, Lord of the Universe!
Bursting the column thou didst save Prahlâda! *

---

* In allusion to the story of Prahlâda in the *Vishnu Purâna*. Prahlâda praised Vishnu to his father, the atheistic Daitya Hiraṇyakaśipu, whereon his father enraged asked him if Vishnu, being everywhere, was in the pillar near him. Prahlâda replied that he was; his father said 'then I will kill him' and drew his sword to strike the pillar. On this Vishnu, is in his man-lion (*nṛisiṅha*) *avatâra*, came out of the pillar and slew him.

Taiṅ râkhî hai lâj kare Gâj kî sahâî!
Aur Draupatî kî chîr sabhâ bîch bharâî!
Narsî kî kâj kare bîg sañwârî!
Is jaltî agin bîch lâj rakhîyo hamârî!
Tulsî kî mâlâ phir hâth uṭhâî:
Sîlâ le nahâe: nahîṅ surkhî âî!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Karm likhâ Kartâr ne, karm sake hai bâñch!
Mahitâ, ab tû dekh le, nahîṅ sâch ko âñch!

Protecting the Elephant*, thou didst preserve his honor!
And didst increase (the length of) Draupadî's† garment in the midst of the assembly!
And quickly didst Narsî's‡ work (for him)!
Preserve now my honor in the midst of this blazing furnace!
I take my garland of *tulsi* beads§ in my hands:
And Sîlâ bathes and no wound comes (to her)!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"God hath written our fate; one can read his fate!
Mahitâ, look now: truth cannot be injured.

---

* Apparent reference to the stories connected with the birth of Ganeśa, the Elephant-headed god, in the *Brahmâvaivarta Purâna* and in the *Bhâgavata Purâna*.

† Reference to the well-known tale in the *Mahâbhârata* where Yudishṭhira in gambling with Duryodhana stakes and loses himself, his family and his wife Draupatî. Duhśâsana, Duryodhana's brother then seizes Draupatî and begins to tear off her clothes on the ground that being now a slave she could not object. Kṛishṇa, who was present, however, lengthened her garment as fast as it was rolled off.

‡ Narsî was a Nâgar Brâhman of Junâgaṛh and one of the Bhagats. The allusion here is to a very popular song about him in which he gives a *hundî* (cheque) on Sâwal Shâh (Kṛishṇa) to two pilgrims *en route* from Mathurâ to Dwârkâ, which was cashed on arrival by Kṛishṇa in the form Sâwal Shâh, a banker, who did not exist in the flesh.

§ As a protection: the *tulsî* plant, sweet basil, *ocymum sacrum*, is considered sacred everywhere.

Nahîn sâch ko ânch, re Mahitâ, jâne sab sansârâ.
Sat kî Sîlâ âp bane hai, us kâ Sarjan-hârâ!
Jhûṭhâ dos lagâke, tain ne kyûn Sîlâ ko mârâ?
Jo Lachhmî Chand ab sunte woh khove jheṛâ thârâ!"

Mahitâ.

"Mantar ko yeh zor hai! tel hûâ hai mand!
Yeh Gorakh kâ chelkâ, kîâ kaṛâhâ ṭhâṇḍ!
Ṭhaṇḍâ dîâ mantar se tej agan ko:
Is wâste nahîn ânch lagî is ke tan ko.
Yeh jâdû se Râjâ sab kâm banâve:
Is wâste 'aitbâr nahîn mujh ko âve."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Sûe kusambhâ pahir le, bahur karo singâr.
Sat tere kâ â gîâ ham sab ko 'aitbâr.
Sab ko 'aitbâr tere sat kâ âyâ.

Truth cannot be injured, Mahitâ, as all the world knows.
Sîlâ's virtue is established, (it is) her saviour!
Putting undeserved blame on her why hast beaten Sîlâ?
If Lachhmî Chand hears it he will destroy thee?"

Mahitâ.

"This was by force of some charm! the oil was cooled!
He (the Râjâ) is a disciple of Gorakhnâth and cooled the caldron (by charms).
He cooled the blazing fire by charms.
This is why no fire touched her body.
The Râjâ did all this by sorcery:
And this is why I have no faith in it."

*Harbhaj Sâh.**

"Put on thy red dress† and fasten on thy jewels.
We all have faith in thy virtue.
We all have faith in thy virtue.

---

* To Sîlâ. † As a married woman.

Jo honî thî ho gaî, rahî Rabb kî mâyâ.
Tum, Sîlâ, singâr karo abran sâro.
Is jhagre ko dûr karo gardan mâro."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Yeh dhang merâ kar dîâ, kyâ merî taqsîr?
Tû jannî mâtâ merî, yeh Mahitâ merâ bîr.
Mahitâ hai bîr merâ âj dharm kâ.
Jo likhâ Taqdîr mite nâhîn karam kâ.
Ab dekh lîâ mujh ko dâl tel ke andar:
Mat der kare, Bâbal; chal apne mandar!"

BAYÂN DUSRE BHÂṬ KÂ.

Sîlâ Daî.

"Bâbal, rath jutwâe de, ab mat kîje der:
Main bhojan yehân na karûn, hogî barî âber:
Hogî barî âber, karo chalne kî tayyârî.

What was to be has been; it is a mystery of God.
Sîlâ, put on thy jewels and dress.
Put off this trouble afar and destroy it."

*Sîlâ Daî.**

"He has treated me thus: and what was my fault?
Thou art my bearing mother; this Mahitâ is my brother.
Mahitâ is my sworn brother† from to-day.
What God hath written in fate cannot be blotted out.
He (Mahitâ) has tried me in the fire.
Delay not, my father and let us go to our home."

CONTINUATION ACCORDING TO THE SECOND BARD.

Sîlâ Daî.

"Father, put the bullocks into the carriage, make no delay now.
I cannot eat (even) my food here and we shall be very late.
We shall be very late, make ready quickly.

---

* To her mother and father.
† After this Sîlâ could no longer be his *wife* becoming his *sister* Is not this idea Muhammadan?

Na ṭhairûṅ pal ik; kahî maiṅ man kî sârî.
Merî mâtâ pâs mujhe, Bâbal, le jâo:
Bâr bâr maiṅ kahûṅ, zarâ mat der lagâo."

Mahitá.

"Chîrâ utârûṅ zarr' kâ, gal jâma' chotâr:
Kaun same bichhran? kyâ hamro prân adhâr?"

Ragnî.

"Prân lîe jât hai Sîlâ:
Prabhû! Taiṅ kyâ rachî lîlâ?
Chuṭâ merâ an jal pînâ.
Binâ Sîlâ nahîṅ jînâ.
Nahîṅ jânûṅ thâ yeh hogî:
Banûṅ chalke abhî jogî!"

Harbhaj Sâh

"Rudan karo Mahitâ, matî: mat nâ khoîye jân.

I will not tarry a moment; I have said all my say.
Take me to my Mother, Father.
Again and again I say, make no delay."

Mahitâ.

"I will pull off my gold-shot turban and robes from my body.
Is this a time for parting? Shall my life be empty?"

Song.

"Sîlâ is taking my life.
O God! what wonders hast thou done?
I cannot take my food and drink (any more).
I cannot live without Sîlâ.
I did not know that this would happen.
I will go now and turn myself into a *jogi*.*"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Weep not, Mahitâ; ruin not thy life.

---

* Religious mendicant.

Ai bîran Mahitâ mere, kahâ hamârâ mân.
Kahâ hamârâ mân, bîran; maiṅ samjhâûṅ tujh ko, Bhâî:
Dûjî bahin aur Sîlâ kî, woh tujh ko dûṅ parnâî.
Sîlâ pe kuchh zor na merâ: bât suno hamrî sârî.
Rath jutwâe chalûṅ Agrohe; 'Râm, Râm,' sab lo, mhârî!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Dhan, Sîlâ, terî mât ko! Dhan pitâ mât, Kaṅwâr!
Dhan terâ parwâr sâb! Dhan Mahitâ bhartâr!
Dhan Mahitâ bhartâr! Hamârî mu'âf karo taqsîr!
Terâ sat rahâ hai, Sîlâ: jûṅ Gangâ ka nîr!
Khûb jamâo Bipr not ke sundar chânwal khîr.
Ab tû merî bahin dharm ḳî, maiṅ terâ hûṅ bîr."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Dhan, Rîsal, gaṛh nagar ko! Dhan, Rîsal, terâ nâm!

O Mahitâ, brother mine; listen to my words.
Listen to my words, brother: I will explain to thee, Friend.
Sîlâ has got another sister, I will betrothe her to thee.
I have no power over Sîlâ: hear all my words:
I will put (the bullocks into) the carriage and go to Agrohâ. Take all our adieus."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Honor to thy mother, Sîlâ! Honor to thy father and mother, Lady.
Honor to all thy family! Honor to thy husband Mahitâ!
Honor to thy husband Mahitâ! Forgive my fault!
Thy virtue has triumphed, Sîlâ, as the (sacred) waters of the Ganges!
Feed the Brâhmans well with rice and milk.
Now art thou my sworn sister and I am thy brother."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Honor, Rîsal, to thy fort and city! Honor, Rîsal, to thy name!

Bar, Râjâ, tujh de chalî, suphal tumhârâ dhâm !
Suphal tumhârâ dhâm ! Nagar meṅ sukhî baso nar nârî !
Kîâ lajjâ thî hâth tumhârî, rakhî Girwardhârî.
Itnâ hî sanjog likhâ, na kuchh bât bichârî :
Hâth joṛ âdhîn kaṛhî hûṅ, 'Râm, Râm,' lo mahârî."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

" Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ, sunîye Sîl Kaṅwâr !
Tû, Sîlâ, sat rûp hai : sat râkhâ Kartâr.
Sat râkhâ Kartâr terâ : tû dhan Sîlâ jag meṅ âî !
Dhan to mât pite, tere ko rûp shakal gun adhkârî !
Tû, Sîlâ, hai bahin dharm kî, maiṅ mukh bachan kahâ bhâî.
Tum khush raho, jao bâbal ke, sîl shakal sobhâ pâî ! "

Give thee my blessing ; Râjâ, I go : may thy home be glorious !
May thy home be glorious ! May men and women live happily in thy city !
My honor was in thy hands ; the Lord* kept it.
So much connection (with thee) was written (by fate) ; it was not imagined (by us).
With joined hands I make my salutation ; take my adieus."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

" With joined hands I pray thee, listen, my Lady Sîlâ !
Thou, Sîlâ, art the incarnation of virtue : God preserve thy virtue.
God keep thy virtue : fortunate (it is that) thou camest into the world !
Fortunate thy father and mother (that gave) to thee the title to all beauty and virtue !
Thou, Sîlâ, art my sworn sister : I thy sworn brother.
Be thou happy and go to thy father's house to receive all virtue and beauty ! "

---

* *Lit.*, The mountain-bearer, *i.e.*, Kṛishṇa.

Sîlâ Daî.

"Rîsâl, tû jug jug jîyo! Baso nâgâr gulzâr!
Ab tere sut hovegâ sundar Râjkañwâr!"

Râgnî.

"Putr hogâ tere, Râjâ.
Bajeñ chhattîs ṭhân bâjâ.
Nagar ânand ho bhârî,
Sâbhî gâveñ jo nar nârî.
Nâm Randhîr to rakhîye.
Bachan hirde meñ to likhîye.
Yeh hî asîs hai mahârî,
Kareñ chalne kî ham tayyârî!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"'Râm, Râm,' lîjo mere, ai Nirp, chatr sujân!
Sat Sîlâ kâ âṇke râkhâ Srî Bhagwân!"

Sîlâ Daî.

"O Rîsal, live for ever! may thy city be prosperous!
And may thou have a son, beautiful and princely!"

Song.

"Thou shalt have a son, Râjâ.
And the music shall be played in 36 places:*
Thy city shall be very happy,
When all the men and women rejoice.
Name him Randhîr.†
Write my words in thy heart.
This is my blessing,
(While) we make ready to go!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Take my adieus, O wise and clever Râjâ!
The Holy God came and preserved Sîlâ's virtue!"

---

* In a large realm.

† This gives us a name for a son of Rasâlû. I have not seen it elsewhere. As a large number of the chief families of the Panjâb and the Panjâb Himâlayas claim descent from Śâlivâhan and Rasâlû, it is probable from the presence of the name here that some of them claim it through this Randhîr.

Ragnî.

"Sîl sat Râm ne rakh lâyâ,
Hûâ man kâ mere chûyâ.
Unhoṅ se ḍaur thî mahârî.
Bât sun, Râojî, mahârî.
Wohî Trîlok ka Sâmî.
Bane rahe tere rajdhânî!"

Jab tayyârî sâh ne karî, sab ko sîs niwâe.
Lajjâ râkhî Râm ne; lenâ rath jutwâe.
Lenâ rath jutwâe sâh ne Sîlâ bîg biṭhâî.
Hâth joṛ kahe 'Râm, Râm,' phir Ganpat Deo manâe.

Song.

"God preserved Sîlâ's virtue,
And the desire of my heart was fulfilled.
My trust was in Him (Râm).
Sir king, hear my words.
He is the Lord of the Universe.
May thy kingdom flourish!"

When the merchant (Harbhaj) made ready he bowed his head to all.*
God had preserved his honor; he put the bullocks into the carriage.
Putting the bullocks into the carriage, the merchant quickly seated Sîlâ in it.
With joined hands he bade adieu and did homage to Ganpat Deo.†

---

* Rangâchâr, the Brâhman, who appears in the Legend of Gurû Guggâ as Guggâ's family priest is here introduced to speak many of the *narrative* portions of this piece when it is played as a drama. He has no other connection with it. This is one of his speeches.

† The Elephant God Gaṇeśa worshipped always at the commencement of a journey.

Agroho ke ho lîe râstâ, lambâ kûnch karâe.
Phir Mahitâ kare rudan chalâ jogî se 'araz lagâe.

Muktâl.
Mahitâ.

"Bidhî kî hai gat niârî!
Soch mujh ko hûî bhârî.
Karam rekh balwân,
Nahîn ṭartî hai ṭârî!"

"Hâth joṛ âge kaṛhâ, mukh se kahûn âdes.
Kirpâ karo, Gur Deojî; do jogî kâ bhes.
Do jogî kâ bhes, Nâthjî; kânon mundrâ pâo.
Main jogî hone âyâ hûn, zarâ der mat lâo.
Tan ke bastar utâr lo, mere ang bhût ramâo.
Jog bhekh dîjo, Mahârâjâ; hamre prân bachâo."

They took the road to Agrohâ, making a long march of it.
And then Mahitâ weeping went and besought a *jogî*.

*Refrain.**
Mahitâ.†

"This is the wondrous work of Fate!
Great is my sorrow!
Powerful is the line of Fate,
And tarries not for putting off!"

"I stand before thee with joined hands, and make salutation with my lips.
Have mercy, my holy Gurû: put on me the *jogî's* dress.
Put on me the *jogî's* dress, my Lord; put the (*jogî's*) rings into my ears.
I am come (to thee) to be a *jogî*, delay not at all.
Take the clothes off my body, rub ashes on my body.
Give me dress of a *jogî*, Mahârâjâ,‡ and save my life."

---

* The *muktâl* is a piece of four short lines of the nature of a chorus or refrain.

† To the *Jogî*.

‡ Common form of address towards *jogîs*.

Muklâl.

Âp, Gur, kirpâ kîjo :
'Araz mere sun lîjo :
Chîro mere kân ;
Jog kâ rástâ dîjo !

Jogî.

"Jâ, landî ke ! Bhâg jâ ! tû kyâ jâne jog !
Jo dhâre hai jog ko, tiyâg shakal man bhog.
Tiyâg shakal man bhog : kaṭhan hai jag meṅ jog dahelâ !
Pâñchoṅ mâr, pachîs tiyâg de : jab jogî kâ chelâ.
Sab parwâr tiyâg kaṅwar, to jag meṅ rahe akelâ.
Baṛâ bikâṭ khâṇḍe kî dhârâ ! yeh mat jân suhelâ !"

Refrain.

"Gurû, have thou mercy :
Here my petition.
Pierce my ears.
Show me the way of saintship !"

Jogî.

"Go, thou son of a cur ! Be off ! what dost thou know of saintship !
Who takes the saintship, renounces all the desires of his heart.
Renounces all the desires of his heart : the saintship is hard and difficult in the world !
Put off the five (desires) and the twenty-five (lusts) then canst thou be a *jogî's* disciple.
Renouncing thy whole family and sons, live alone in the world.
The point of a sword is a very difficult thing (to rest on)
Imagine not this (saintship) to be easy !"

Muktâl.

"Bachâ, ghar ko jâo!
Kâheko muṇḍ muṇḍâo?
Baṛâ kaṭhan hai panth,
Nahîṅ sukh is meṅ pâo!"

Mahitâ.

"Pitâ, mât, kul, nâr, sab maiṅ ne kare nirás
Ab ichhâ nâ bhog kî, jog karan kî âs.
Jog karan kî âs, Nâth; maiṅ man meṅ yehî bichârâ.
Jog bhekh lene ko âyâ, tiyâg shakal nar nârî.
Sîlâ, sîl, shakal gun sâgar, so thî jân hamârî:
Us nagar meṅ jâûṅ, Nâthjî, banke âj bikhârî."

Jogî.

"Pâñchoṅ indarî bas karo; mân madan lo mâr.

Refrain.

"My son, go home.
Why shave thy head.
The road is very difficult.
And no comfort to be found in it!"

Mahitâ.

"I have put away father, mother, family, wife and all.
I have no desire for pleasure now; my hope is to become a *jogî*.
My hope is to be a *jogî*, my Lord: this is the longing of my heart.
I came to put on the dress of a *jogî*, renouncing all the world.
Sîlâ, the paragon (ocean) of all virtue and goodness was my life:
I will go to her home, my Lord, to-day dressed up as a mendicant."

Jogî.

"Renounce the five senses: destroy desire and lust.

Tan trishnâ jog kî miṭê, jab jâ jog upâr.
Jab jâ jog upâr, gyân se pânchoṅ dûr haṭâo.
Kâm krodh ko bas kar rakho, dugdhâ, piyâr, ghaṭâo
Kaṭhan dhâr khâṇḍe kî, bachâ, jog jis ko batâo.
Are Shâh* ke, jâ ghar apne: kis kâ jog kamâo?"

Mahitâ.

"Jog bhekh lene âyâ, tajkar sabhî kales.
Jab sat, sîl, santokh ko lagê na mâyâ les.
Lagî na mâyâ les, tumheṅ kahtâ samjhâke:
Jog bhekh maiṅ karûṅ, Nâthjî, man chit lâke.
Man chit, budh, hankâr âyâ hûṅ dûr haṭâke.
Chîro mere kân, jog kâ mantar sunâke!"

Blot out the lust of the world from thy heart, and then put on the saintship.
Put on the saintship and by knowledge (unto salvation) put off afar the five (senses).
Put away anger and lust and (so) lessen thy pain, my friend.
The point of the sword is sharp, my son, which the saintship presents.
O thou son of the Merchant, go to thy own home: what will the saintship profit thee?"

Mahitâ.

"I came for the *jogî's* dress, leaving all my cares.
And then no part of illusion will belong to virtue, honor and contentment.
No part of illusion will belong to them, as I tell thee.
I will put on the *jogî's* form, my Lord, with all my heart and soul.
Putting off my wisdom and knowledge from my heart I am come.
Bore my ears and tell me the charm of the saintship!"

---

* For *Sâh.*

Jogî.

"Mahâ bikaṭ yeh jog hai; khaṇḍe kî sî dhâr.
Chûk giâ so rah gayâ, bin chûkî woh pâr!
Bin chûkî woh pâr; re Bachâ, jâne khaṭan faqîrî.
Bhûkan bashan sabhî tiyâgoge, chhuṭ jâ shakal amîrî.
Man ânand nahîṅ rahne kâ, sadâ rahe dilgîrî.
Kaṭhan jog sadhne kâ nâhîṅ: jâo gharoṅ dhar dhîrî."

Mahitâ.

"Ab dhîraj man meṅ dharûṅ tere charan kâ dhyân.
Der na kije, Nâthjî; chîro mere kân.
Chîro mere kân, âj tum darshan pâo.
Lenâ âyâ jog, mujhe tum kyâ bharmâo?
Hâth joṛkar kahûṅ, zarâ mat der lagâo.
Gyân tath kî phûṅk kân mere meṅ pâo."

Jogî.

"Very difficult is the saintship, as the edge of a sword.
Who fails remains behind. who fails not gets across.
Who fails not gets across; my son, know the saintship to be difficult.
In hunger forego thy food, give up all the appearance of nobility.
No pleasure for the mind, ever remaining distressed.
Thou canst not bear the difficult saintship: go and take thy ease at home."

Mahitâ.

"I will take courage in my heart, worshipping at thy feet.
Make no delay, my Lord: bore my ears.
Bore my ears, show me thyself to-day.
I must become a *jogî*, why dost disappoint me?
With joined hands I say, make no delay.
Blow true knowledge into my ears."

Jogî.

" Maiṅ tujh ko samjhâutâ, karo gyân kî rît.
Jâ, ghar apnâ baiṭh raho : chhoṛ jog se prît.
Chhoṛ jog se prît : jân le, Alakh purakh, Abinâsî,
Brahmâ wohî, Bishṇ wohî, hai wohî rûp Kailâsî !
Ghar ko jâo : jog nâ lenâ ; sun, Mahitâ biswâsî !
Chhin meṅ mahiloṅ prân taje terî Sil Kaṅwârî dâsî ! "

Mahitâ.

" Dâsî kâ da'wa tajâ : ho gae nipaṭ nirâs :
Jab Sîlâ ne ham taje, âe tumhâre pâs.
Âe tumhâre pâs, Nâthjî, jog bhek lenâ yehâṅ se :
Ham ko tyâg gaê bâbal ke Sîl Kaṅwar hamrî dâsî.
Kyâ* tû bhek jog kâ de de ; nâhîṅ, prân tajûṅ ban meṅ.

Jogî.

" I tell thee, consider knowledge well.
Go sit in thy home : give up the desire for the saintship.
Give up the desire for the saintship : know him, the Immortal, the Imperishable :
Brahmâ is he, Bishṇ† is he, Kailâs‡ is his form.
Go home : thou canst not take the saintship : hear thou foolish Mahitâ !
Thy wife, the Lady Sîlâ will give up her life at once in the palace (if thou become a *jogî.*)"

Mahitâ.

" I have given up my claim to my wife : I have no hope of her for ever.
When Sîlâ deserted me, I came to thee.
I came to thee, my Lord, to put on the *jogî's* dress here.
My wife, the Lady Sîlâ, has left me for her father's house.
Either you give me the *jogî's* dress or I destroy my life in the forest.

---

* *Kyâ = yâ.* † Vishṇu. ‡ Śiva.

Jab se bhichaṛî prân, piârî : bhâe lage mere tan meṅ."

Kard uṭhâî nâth ne, kar Gorakh kâ dhyân.

Jogî.

"Â, bachâ ; yehâṅ baiṭh jâ : chîrûṅ tere kân.
Chîrûṅ tere kân."

Jabhî kanoṅ meṅ phûṅk lagâî.
Kân chîrke mundarâṅ gerî, ang bhabhût ramâî.

Jogî.

"Gur kâ bachan mân le ; Bachâ, tujhe yeh hî samjhâî!
Alakh jagâke, bhichâ lâo : jog suphal ho jâe!"

"Jog bhek lekar chale, âng bhabhût ramâe :

When my life was ruined : fire (misery) entered my body."

The *jogî* took up his knife, calling on Gorakhnâth.

Jogî.

"Come my son ; sit down here : I will bore thy ears.
I will bore thy ears."

Then he blew into his ears.
Bored his ears, put in the rings and rubbed ashes on his body.

Jogî.

"Hear the Gurû's words : my son, I teach thee this!
Call out '*alakh*'* and beg food, and may thy saintship prosper!"

He put on the *jogî's* dress and went, and rubbed ashes on his body.†

---

* "The imperishable name:" the cry of mendicants begging.

† He thus became what is generally known as a *kanphattâ faqîr*, or ear-pierced mendicant. They are followers of Gorakhnâth, and are under a vow of silence. Nothing will make them speak as I know from experience.

Agrohe ke bâgh meṅ dene alakh jagâe.
Dene alakh jagâe bâgh meṅ bistar lâyâ.
Baith rahâ yeh akant sawâl kisî se nahîṅ pâyâ.
Alakh Purakh kâ dhyân hirde bich lagâyâ."

Mahitâ.

"Tû hai pûran Brahm; Terî pâî nahîṅ mâyâ!"

Mâlan.

"Bhojan kîje; ânke maiṅ lâe Mahârâj:
Pahile bhojan kîjîye, phir karo kuchh kâj.
Phir karo kâj; mere sun prîtan prân piârî.
Do roṭî aur sâg shâm ke khâtir lâe tumhâre.
Chhoṛo charas, thâm do kûâṅ, kârij ho jâ thâre:
Bhojan karo; der mat kîjo; mâno bachan hamâre."

And going into the garden (of Sîlâ's father) at Agrohâ he called out '*alakh*'.
Calling out '*alakh*', he spread his bed in the garden.
He sat alone and spoke to no one:
Meditating on the Immortal in his heart.

*Mahitâ.**

"Thou art the true Brahmâ: Thy wonders are not fathomed!"

Gardener's Wife.†

"Take the food I have brought thee, Mahârâj.
First take the food and then do something (for us).
Then do something (for us): hear, thou husband, beloved of my life.
Two loaves and a relish have I brought thee for thy supper.
Let go the bucket, stop the (working of the) well, and stay thy work.
Take thy food without delay: hear my words."

---

* Addressing the Deity.
† To her husband working in the garden at Agrohâ.

Mâlî.

"Khûb kîâ yeh kâm, taiṅ bhojan kîâ tayyâr:
Lâ, Mâlan, bhojan karûṅ; chhoṛ dîâ sab kâr.
Chhoṛ dîâ sab kâr, piârî, bhojan ham ko lâo.
Ik darvesh bâgh meṅ utarâ: jâkar darshan pâo.
Ik roṭî ham ko de, Mâlan, ik us pe le jâo.
Sidh purus ko bhojan deke pâs hamâre âo."

Mâlan.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ, Jogîjî Mahârâj;
Bhojan kîjîye, Nâthjî, lâe tumharî kâj.
Lâe tumharî kâj, Nâthjî, charnoṅ sîs niwâûṅ.
Bhojan karo baiṭh, Mahârâjâ, jal jhârî bhar lâûṅ.
Mere kanth ne ḥukm dîâ hai, tumhare ṭahil bajâûṅ.
Âp kaho so hî karûṅ, Nathjî: ḥukm âp kâ châûṅ."

Gardener.

"Thou hast well done, getting ready my food.
Let me take my food, my (gardener's) wife: I have given up all the work.
I have given up all the work, my beloved, bring me my food.
A holy man has come into the garden, go and visit him.
Give me one loaf, my (gardener's) wife, and take one to him.
Give the food to the holy man and come back to me."

Gardener's Wife.

"With joined hands I beseech thee, Sir Jogî, Mahârâj;
Take the food, my Lord, I have brought for thee.
I have brought it for thee, my Lord, and lay my head at thy feet.
Sit and eat the food, Mahârâjâ, and I will bring thee water in a pitcher.
My husband ordered me to do thy service.
I will do as thou sayest, my Lord: I desire thy orders."

Mahitâ.

"Khûb kîâ bhojan lâe, man meṅ âp bichâr.
Sun, Mâlan, Kartâr kî mâyâ apram pâr.
Mâyâ apram pâr jagat meṅ, nahîṅ kisî ko pâî.
Sab se pît banî thî hamrî, jab Sîlâ parnâî.
Munshî aur dîwân raheṅ the mere ṭhal ke mâhîṅ.
Har gat param pâr, Mâlinî, bâsî bhojan lâe."

Mâlan.

"Kis pe bheji taiṅ, piyâ? kaisâ woh darvesh?
Mahitâ baiṭhâ bâgh meṅ kar jogî kâ bhes!
Kar jogî kâ bhes Kaṅwar ne tan meṅ khâk ramâî;

Mahitâ.

"Thou hast done well to bring me food, considering me in thy mind.
Listen, thou Gardener's Wife, the wondrous works of God are unfathomable.
His wonders in the world are unfathomable, and none hath fathomed them.
I was friendly with every one when I was betrothed to Sîlâ.
Clerks and officers lived in my house.
The works of Hari,* thou gardener's wife, are wonderful, that now thou bringest me stale food."

Gardener's Wife.

"To whom didst thou send me, my husband? what sort of monk was he?
It is Mahitâ that sits in the garden dressed up as a *jogî!*
Dressed up as a *jogî*, my Lord has put ashes on his body.

---

* God; Vishnu.

Sir par dhâe jaṭâ ; kân meṅ mundrâ pâî !
Ho gîâ mahil andher, kaṅwar jogî ban âyâ !
Tan man kî na hos bâgh meṅ bistar lâyâ !"

Mâlî.

" Tû tiryâ kamzât hai ! nek dhare nâ dhîr !
Woh to Mahitâ shâh thâ : kaise banâ faqîr ?
Kaise banâ faqîr, bâwarî ? Tû tiryâ mat hînî !
Sât karoṛî hai woh Mahitâ : yeh hai bât nâ honî !
Aisî koṭal kaṭor nâr ! taiṅ jhûṭh bât kah denî !
Aise Mahitâ ko kahe jogî ; 'aqal tere kin chhînî ?"

Mâlan.

" 'Aqal hamârî nâ gaî : jhûṭh bât mat jân.
Mahitâ jogî ho gayâ : kahâ hamârâ mân.

He has tied (his hair in) a knot on his head, and put rings into his ears.
The palace has become dark ! Because its lord has become a *jogî*.
Bringing his bed into the garden he has ease for his body or mind !"

Gardener.

" Thou art a wanton woman ! Thou art confused !
Mahitâ was a merchant, how can he have become a *faqîr* ?
How can he have become a *faqîr*, thou fool ? Thou woman without sense !
Mahitâ is (a man) of seven *karors* * and this cannot be !
Thou art a wicked wanton woman to tell such lies !
Call such as Mahitâ a *jogî* ? thou hast lost thy senses !"

Gardener's Wife.

" I have not lost my senses : think my words no lies.
Mahitâ has become a *jogî* : listen to what I say.

---

* *I.e.*, worth Rupees 70,000,000

Kahâ hamârâ mân, piyâ; maiṅ Sîl Kaṅwar pai jâûṅ.
Mahitâ jogî hone kî jâkar khabar sunâûṅ.
Binâ kahe maiṅ nâ haṭne kî; piyâ, tujhe samjhâûṅ.
Sârâ ḥâl sunâ Sîlâ ko pîchhe bhojan khâûṅ."

Soche hî mâlan baṛî ho man meṅ dilgîr.

Mâlan.

"He Bhâve, tû kyâ karî?"

Bahe nain se nîr.

Bahe nain se nîr: rudan kar umang rahî hai chaltî.
Nikas bâgh se chalî mahil ko Sîl Kaṅwar pe âtî.
Ṭap ṭap âṅsû paṛe naiṅ se, na mukh barnî jâtî.

Mâlan.

"Piyâ tumhare paṛe bâgh meṅ, kyûṅ nahîṅ darshan pâtî?"

Hear my words, my husband: I will go to the Lady Sîlâ.
I will go and tell her of Mahitâ's becoming a *jogî.*
I will not return without telling her: I tell thee, my husband.
I will tell Sîlâ all about it and then I will eat my food."

And thinking it over, the gardener's wife was very sorrowful in her heart.

Gardener's Wife.

"O Fate, what hast thou done?"

Tears fell from her eyes.

Tears fell from her eyes: very sorrowfully went she on.
Coming out of the garden she went to Sîlâ's palace.
Drop, drop fell the tears from her eyes, nor could she speak with her lips.

Gardener's Wife.

"Thy husband is in the garden, why dost thou not visit him?"

Sîlâ Daî.

"He Mâlan, sachî kaho: kyûn man kîâ udâs?
Kyûn nainon jal châ rahâ? kaho hamâre pâs.
Kaho hamâre pâs: rudan kartî kyûn âî?
Kyâ kuchh hûâ bigâr mujhe de sâch batâe.
Kyâ kin biptâ kahâ? tere ko denî gârî?
So mujh se tain kaho, matî kar soch bichârî!"

Mâlan.

"Sîl Kanwar, main kyâ kahûn? dhare nahîn man dhîr!
Woh to Mahitâ Shâh kâ baiṭhâ banâ faqîr.
Baiṭhâ banâ faqîr dekhke us ko âî.
Kyâ mukh setî kahûn? dekh tan hûâ saudâî.
Tumhare pati lîâ jog: kaun gat hûî tumhârî?
Yeh mujh ko afsos baṛâ: sun, Sîl Kanwârî:

Sîlâ Daî.

"Thou Gardener's Wife, speak the truth: why art so sad in thy heart?
Why fill thine eyes with tears? Come and tell me.
Come and tell me: why art so sorrowful?
Has anything been wrong with thee? Tell me the truth.
Has any one said anything harmful, giving thee abuse?
Tell it me and be not so grieved and sorrowful!"

Gardener's Wife.

"My Lady Sîlâ, what shall I say? I have no joy in my heart!
Mahitâ the Merchant's son sits in the garden having become a *faqîr*.
Sits there a *faqîr*; seeing him I am come.
What shall I say with my lips? when I saw him my body was all full of grief.
Thy husband has taken the saintship: what misery is thine?
Great is this my sorrow: listen, my Lady Sîlâ.

Bâlî 'umar nâdân Prabhû ne kyâ gat kînî?
Is 'umar ko bîch tujhe biptâ yeh dînî!"

Sîlâ Daî.

"Ai Mâlan, taiṅ â âbhî burî sunâe ân!
Tan meṅ bâqî nâ rahî: nîkasî jât haiṅ prân."

Râgnî.

"Prân jâtî abhî merî,
Bachan, Mâlan, jo sun tere.
Bidhî, taiṅ kaun gat kînî?
Bipat aisî mujhe dînî!
Nahîṅ jânûṅ thî yeh hogî:
Âyâ pîtam jo ban jogî.
Sahelî dîe lageṅ ta'nâ!
Tyâg an jal dîâ khânâ!
Soch mujh ko hûî bhârî.
Bipat aisî mujhe ḍârî!"

What grief hath God given thee in thy early and inexperienced youth?
At such an age has He brought thee to misfortune!"

Sîlâ Daî.

"O Gardener's Wife, sad things hast thou told me!
In my body (life) remains not: my life departs."

Song.

"My life goes now,
When I hear thy words, thou Gardener's Wife!
O Fate, what misery hast thou wrought?
Giving me such sorrow!
I did not know it would be thus:
That my husband would come (to me as) a *jogî*.
My maids blame me!
I give up food and drink!
Great is my sorrow:
That thou (Fate) has brought me such grief!"

Silá Daí kí Mátá.

"Sîl Kaṅwar beṭî, suno: kyûṅ man meṅ dilgîr?
Kyûṅ bhojan kartî nahîṅ? bahe nain se nîr?
Bahe nain se nîr? Thâl kyûṅ pare, rî, bagâyâ?
Sach batâo bhed, nahîṅ kyûṅ bhojan khâyâ?
Kyûṅ terâ badan malîn phirî? mukh pe zard âî!
Kyâ kin ne dînî gâl? mujhe de sach batâe.
Do maiṅ khâl utâr, jîb dûṅgî kaṭwâe.
Nâ rakhûṅ pal ik; turt us ko marwâe."

Silá Daí.

"Ai Mâtâ, tum se kahûṅ, lagî badan meṅ âg.
Shâh kâ jogî ho gayâ, âyâ tumhare bâgh.
Âyâ tumhâre bâgh: tumheṅ maiṅ pîṛ sunâî.

Sîlâ Daí's Mother.

"Lady Sîlâ, my daughter, hear: why is thy heart sorrowful?
Why dost thou not eat? (why) fall tears from thy eyes?
Fall tears from thy eyes? O why send thy plate away?
Tell me the truth, or else how can I eat my food?
Why dost wander with wizened form? why is thy face pale?
Has any one abused thee? Tell me the truth.
I will severely beat him; * I will have his tongue cut out:
Nor will I delay a moment: I will have him slain at once."

Sílá Daí.

"O mother, I tell thee, my body is aflame.
The merchant (my husband) has become a *jogí*, and has come into thy garden.
Has come into thy garden! (and now) have I told thee my grief.

---

* *Lit.* Flay his skin.

Kânoṅ mundrâ pâe, âng bhabhût ramâî.
Jab se chhoṛe patî phir darshan nahîṅ pâyâ.
Mere kâran kanth âp jogî ban âyâ.
Yûṅ denâ bhojan tyâg: suno, tum mât hamârî;
Us kâ adhat biyog, nîr nainoṅ se jârî."

Sîlâ Daî kî Mâtâ.

"Sîl Kaṅwâr betî, suno: karo soch ko dûr.
Mahitâ ko ab mahil meṅ lâo âj zarûr.
Lâo âj zarûr; soch taj, Sîl Kaṅwârî.
Man meṅ râkho dhîr, mere prânoṅ kî piârî.
Un bâghoṅ meṅ jâe âj Mahitâ ko lâo.
Yeh sârâ ranwâs usî kî thal bajâo."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Mâtâ, birkham tum bano, maiṅ samjhâûṅ tûe
Jo tû lâve mahil meṅ jagat haṅsâî hûe.

Putting rings into his ears, he has rubbed ashes on his body.
Since I left my husband I have not seen him again.
My husband has become a *jogî* for my sake.
So do I give up my food: listen, thou mother mine:
For the grievous separation from him do tears fall from my eyes."

Sîlâ Daî's Mother.

"Lady Sîlâ, my daughter, hear: put away thy sorrow afar.
Thou wilt surely bring Mahitâ to thy palace to-day.
Wilt surely bring him to-day: put away thy sorrow, my Lady Sîlâ.
Have patience in thy heart, thou delight of my life.
Go into the garden and fetch Mahitâ here to-day.
The whole household shall do him service."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Mother, bring thou my husband: I tell thee.
If thou bring him to the palace the world will jeer

Jagat hansâî hûe, samajh tujh ko nahîn âve.
Kal kahe, 'ai bîr"; âj mahilon men lâve!
Jo honî so hûî : soch kyâ kîje, Mâî ?
Chupke hoke baiṭh kare, mat jagat hansâe!"

Sîlâ Daî kî Mâtâ.

" Pachrang oṛho chûnṛî, kar solâh singâr :
Sîl Kanwâr beṭî, jâo dekhan bâgh bahâr.
Dekhan bâgh bahâr sâth lo sabhî, rî, sahelî.
Gâo mangalchâr, matî na jâo akelî.
Un bâghon men-jâe, khabar pîtam kî lâo.
Jo dekho kuchh bât ânke mujhe, rî, sunâo."

Mâtâ ke mâne bachan, ho man men ânand,
Sab sakhîon men saj rahî, jûn târon men chand.

The world will jeer : dost thou not understand ?
Yesterday I called him " brother," to-day I bring him into my palace !
What was to be has been : why dost grieve, mother ?
Do thou remain silent, that the world may not laugh at us ! "

Sîlâ Daî's Mother.

" Put on thy robe of five colours and thy sixteen ornaments :
Lady Sîlâ, my daughter, go and see the beauty of the garden.
Go and see the beauty of the garden with all thy maids.
Sing songs of rejoicing and go not alone.
Go to the garden and learn about thy husband.
And come and tell me all that thou mayest see."

She obeyed her mother's word and was pleased in her heart,
Resplendent among all her maids as the moon among the stars.

Jûṅ târoṅ meṅ chand chalan kî jab jân karî tayyarî.
Sabhî sahelî sang bîch meṅ ho lî Sîl Kaṅwârî,
Âî bâgh ke bîch; dekh man meṅ Mahitâ sochâ bhârî.

Mahitâ.

"Karm rekh nâ miṭe, bhaṅwar to gayâ chhoṛ de sârî."

Muktâl.

"Bidhî kî haigî gat niyârî:
Karm rekh balwân, nahîṅ ṭartî ṭârî!"

Pahilî Sakhî.

"Ham tere sanmukh khaṛî sabhî sakhî, Mahârâj:
Kyûṅ mukh se nahîṅ bolte? karo kaun kî lâj?
Karo kaun kî lâj? bachan mukh bol sunâo.
Uṭho hamâre sang Kaṅwar mahiloṅ meṅ âo.

(Shining) as the moon among the stars she made preparations (to go).
The Lady Sîlâ in the midst of all her maids
Came into the garden, and Mahitâ seeing them was very grieved in his heart.

Mahitâ.

"The lines of Fate cannot be blotted out, and my soul flies away leaving all (my body)."

Refrain.

"Wondrous is the work of Fate:
Strong is the line of Fate, and waits not for putting off."

First Maid.

"All we maidens stand before thee, Mahârâj.
Why dost thou not speak? whom dost thou fear?
Whom dost thou fear? speak a word with thy lips.
Get up and come with us into my Lord's palace.

Hâṭh joṛke kahûṅ, nain ke palak uṭhâo.
Dirg kholo, Mahârâj; dahî kî pîṛ bhujâo."

Dusrî Sakhî.

Bolo, Mahitâ Shâh ke, sundar bachan anûp!
Sab bâlâ beâkul hûî dekh tumhârâ rûp!
Dekh tumhara rûp, Shâh ke, âj ân birhe ne gherî,
Ham dâsî kharî pâs tumhâre shakal charnan cherî,
Kis kâran, Mahârâj, batâ de, badan terâ jo kum lâyâ?
Hâth joṛke kahûṅ bâr bâr, nâ mukh se kuchh farmâyâ!

Pahilî Sakhî.

"Ai Sîlâ, tum hî kaho pîtam ko samjhâe:
Ham setî bole nahîṅ, âp giâ sarmâe.
Âp giâ sarmâe, tum hîṅ kaho, prân piârî.
Bolegâ tum sang; kahegâ man kî sârî.

With joined hands I beseech thee, lift up thine eyelids.
Open thine eyes, Mahârâj, and ease the pain from our bodies."

Second Maid.

"Speak, Mahitâ, thou Merchant's son, some sweet and pleasing words.
All the household,* seeing thy beauty, are disturbed.
Seeing thy beauty, thou Merchant's son, the pain of separation (from thee) hath possessed them.
All we maids are standing before thee to do thee service.
Tell us, Mahârâj, why thy body is so emaciated?
With joined hands we ask again and again and thou dost say nothing!"

First Maid.

"O Sîlâ, speak to thy husband thyself.
He will not speak to us, but is ashamed.
He has become ashamed; do thou speak, beloved of our lives.
He will speak to thee and tell thee all his heart's (desire).

---

* *I.e.*, the female part of it.

Púchho man kî bât: jog tap kyûn dhârî!
Mukh se bolâ nahîn, hûâ dukh bahot apârî."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Sunîyo merî bintî, pîtam prân adhâr!
'Araz karûn, dâsî kharî, gal bich pallû ḍâr:
Gal bich pallû ḍâr; Kanth, sun 'araz hamârî.
Mukh bolo, Mahârâj; khatâ tum bakhsho sârî.
Kyûn hûâ badan malîn phire? mukh par zard âî?
Hâth joṛkar kahûn: bol mukh, sir ke Sâîn!"

"Pîtam hamre chal base, sûnî rah gae khoṛ:
Bâlepan ke bîch meṅ gaî muḥabbat toṛ!

Ask him his heart's (desire): why he has taken on the saintship and penance.
He would not speak with his lips, and pained us infinitely."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Hear my prayer O husband best beloved!
I, thy slave standing (here), beseech thee, with garment round my neck*
With garment round my neck, husband hear my prayer.
Speak with thy lips, Mahârâj: forgive all my fault.
Why is thy body so emaciated? why is thy face so pale?
With joined hands I pray thee, speak with thy lips, thou Lord of my head!"

"My husband has departed and left his body empty.†
Our loves have been torn (asunder) in the midst of my youth!

---

* *I.e.*, dressed so as to honor the person supplicated: to be very humble.
† Speaking now to her maid.

Gaî muḥabbat toṛ; piyâ mere ho gae jangal ke bâsî.
Bâlepan ke bîch, sahelî, kyâ Kartâ ne maiṅ tarâsî?
Mere kâran jog bhes lîâ, kân bîch mundrâ ḍâlî."

"Kahâṅ chale ho chhoṛ âj, Sîl Kaṅwar sî taj nârî?
Kis ne lîâ târ, patî, yeh kân tumhâre kî motî?
Kahâṅ gîâ chîrâ, gulbâgâ, shakhal bashan, resham dhotî?
Beâkul bahî yeh nâr kahe, khaṛî Sîl Kaṅwar tumhârî dâsî!
Ik bar mukh se bol, pîyâ; nahîṅ, prân tajûṅgî maiṅ yehâṅ se."

"Ai Prabhû Dînânâth, tû sunîye merî pukâr!
Kanth yogan maiṅ khaṛî, kahâṅ gae bhartâr?"

Our loves have been torn (asunder): my husband has gone to inhabit the deserts.*
My maid, what has God done to me in the midst of my youth!
For my sake he put on a *jogî's* dress, and put the rings in his ears."

"Whither hast gone to-day leaving thy wife, the Lady Silâ?†
Who tore out the pearls from thy ears, husband?‡
Where is thy fine turban. all the beautiful robes for thy body and thy silken loin-cloth?
The Lady Sîlâ, thy slave, stands here: with bewildered mind (body) she cries.
Speak one word with thy lips, my husband: or I will destroy my life here."

"O God, the Lord of Slaves, hear thou my prayer!
I stand here bereft of my husband: where has my husband gone?"

---

* *I.e.*, has died: the Hindus are always taken into the *jangal*, away from inhabited spots for burning.
† Speaking now to her husband.
‡ Most native merchants of the Baniyâ caste wear pearls in their ears.

Râgnî.

"Gae bhartâr ban jogî.
Pîâ bin kaun gat hogî?
Prabhû, maiṅ kyâ khatâ kînî?
Bipat aisî mujhe dînî!
Mere paṭ rakhîye, Sâmî!
Bhagat bachhal Garuṛ gâmî.
Sakhî, bâbal pe tum jâo:
Der pal kî matî lâo.
Kaho mâtâ pe tum jâ, rî:
Chitâ kî sab karo tayyârî."

"Chandan bîg mangâe lo: mat man karo udâs.
Satî hûṅ, kosal rachûṅ, chalûṅ piyâ ke pâs.
Chalûṅ piyâ ke pâs, sakhî, maiṅ tum ko 'araz sunâûṅ.

Song.

"My husband became a *jogî*,
What will happen to me without a husband?
What sin have I committed, O God?
That thou hast given me this pain!
O Lord, preserve my honor:
Protector of the Saints and rider on Garuḍa.*
My maid, go to my father.
Delay not a moment.
O go thou to my mother
And get ready all the funeral pyre."†

"Get the sandal-wood‡ quickly: sorrow not in thy heart.
I am *satî*, I make my pyre and go to my husband.
I go to my husband, my maid, I tell thee.

---

* *I.e.*, Vishnu.
† *I.e.*, her husband being now dead she intended to become *satî* and burn with him.
‡ For the pyre.

Sab sâmagrî lâo mahil se, Râm Nâm gun gâûṅ
Ab jîne kâ nâ phal merâ, tum ko yeh samjhâûṅ.
Atal suhâg milegâ mujh ko, piyâ milan ko jâûṅ."

Sun Sîlâ kî bât ko bândî hûî udâs.
Chalî rudan kar mahil ko, âî Harbhaj Shâh ke pâs.
Âî Harbhaj Shâh ke pâs rudan ke nainoṅ meṅ jal chhâyâ.

Bândî.

"Woh to Mahitâ jogî hoke bâgh tere men âyâ.
Nâ tan meṅ prân bhaṅwar Baikuṇṭh Lok ko dhâyâ.
Us ke sang prân taje, Sîlâ ghî chandan mangwâyâ!"

Sun bândî kî bât ko ho man meṅ dilgîr.
Jân meṅ bâqî nâ rahî, bahe naiṅ se nîr.
Bahe nain se nîr.

Get all the necessaries (for the pyre) from the palace, sing the Holy Name of God.
I have no profit in living now, I tell thee.
A very wifehood shall I obtain when I go to meet my husband."

Hearing Sîlâ's words the maid was sorrowful.
She went weeping to the palace and came to Harbhaj Sâh.
Came to Harbhaj Sâh weeping, and tears filled her eyes

Maid.

"Mahitâ came as a *jogî* into thy garden.
No life was in his body and his soul has fled to Heaven.
Giving up her life with his has Sîlâ asked for sandalwood."

Hearing the maid's words he sorrowed in his heart.
No (pleasure) remained in his body, tears fell from his eyes.
Tears fell from his eyes.

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Bidhî, tain yeh kyâ bât bichârî?
Ai Bhagwân, ân sukh mâîn dîâ mujhe dukh bhârî!"

Ân bâgh men dekh Sîl ko kûk Shâh ne mârî.
Karam rekh balwân kisî se na ṭartî hai ṭârî.

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Sîl Kanwar beṭî, suno: kîâ chit kyûn dhang?
Chalo mahil ke bîch men, chhoṛ piyâ kâ sang.
Chhoṛ piyâ kâ sang, Lâḍlî, âp chale mahilon mâhîn.
Pun dân kar sîl baḍhâo: yeh hî bât main samjhâî.
Is Mahite ke âp nâm kâ sadâ birt lagwâo yehân se.
Us Mahite ke rákho sîl, us ke ûpar tap karnâ jâo Kânshî."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"O Fate, what is this that thou hast resolved on?
O God, thou hast given me grief in my joy!"

Coming into the garden and seeing Sîlâ, the Merchant cried out.
The lines of Fate are strong and wait not for any's putting off.

*Harbhaj Sâh.**

"My daughter, Lady Sîlâ, hear: why is thine heart dejected?
Leave thy husband and come into the palace.
Leave thy husband, my darling, and come into the palace.
Practice good works and charity and virtue: this is what I tell thee.
Make a (religious) endowment for ever in Mahitâ's name here.
Keep thyself virtuous for Mahitâ's sake, go and do a penance at Kâśî (Banâras) for his benefit."

---

* He here attempts to dissuade Sîlâ from becoming *satî*, as he was bound by custom to do

Sîlâ Daî.

“Us Brahmâ ne jo rachî, wohî bhogne bhog.
Jag meṅ apnâ hai nahîṅ, nadî nâm sanjog.
Nadî nâm sanjog, Pitajî, dîâ dukh so hî sahnâ.
Mât pitâ ne janam dîâ hai, phir qismat kâ lahnâ.
Jo kuchh dîâ Brahmâ ne kis ke âge kahnâ?
Jis bidh râkh Râm, Pitâjî, us taraḥ se rahnâ.
Mat barje, Bâbal, mujhe; kyûṅ letâ sar pâp?
Jaun haṭâvegâ mujhe dûṅgî us se srâp.
Dûṅgî us se srâp, satî se jaun haṭâve.
Kitne hî jug hûe mujhe wohî bar pâve.
Ab kangnâ bandhwâe baithke sîs ghundhâûṅ.
Kar solâh singâr piyâ milne ko jâûṅ.

Sîlâ Daî.

“What God hath ordained, that must be done.
None are thine own (true friends) in the world; all friendship is temporary.
All friendship is temporary, my Father: we must bear the pain that is given us.
Father and mother give us birth, and then we must submit to fate.
Who can complain of what is ordained of God?
As God keeps us, my Father, so must we remain.
Forbid me not, father: why take sin upon thy head?
Who prevents me (from being *sati*) him will I curse.
Him will I curse who prevents me from becoming *sati*.
For many ages will I obtain the same husband.*
Now will I have the marriage bracelet tied on, and my hair dressed.
And putting on all my sixteen ornaments I will go to my husband.

---

* *I.e.*, by becoming *sati*: allusion to the belief in the transmigration of souls.

Kyûṅ karte ho der? chitâ kî karo tayyârî.
Piyâ milan kâ châo mere man meṅ hai bhârî.
Tum chandan mangwâe sabhî sâmagrî lâo.
Hâth joṛke kahûṅ mujhe piyâ pâs pahunchâo."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Sîl Kaṅwar beṭî, suno; mat nâ karo biyog.
Yehâṅ apnâ koî hai nahîṅ, nadî nâm sanjog.
Nadî nâm sanjog, Lâdlî, mat man ko bhaṛkâve.
Râm Nâm hirde meṅ râkho, mat nâ bharam gaṅwâve.
Jalkar chhâî badan kî ho jâ, hâth nahîṅ kuchh âve.
Karnî kare mile bâlam pai; bin karnî nahîṅ pâve."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Ai mere gyânî pitâ, khûb dîâ updes.
Jin kâ sachâ sîl pai lage na mâyâ les.

Why do you delay? Get ready the pyre.
Very great is my longing to go to my husband.
Send for the sandal-wood and bring all the necessaries.
With joined hands I beseech thee to bring me to my husband."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Lady Sîlâ, my daughter, hear: go not away (from us).
We have no (real friend) here, friendship is transitory.
Friendship is transitory, my darling: ruin not thy heart.
Keep the name of God in thy heart and lose not thy fair fame.
By burning thy body will become ashes and will profit thee nothing.
Thou wilt meet thy husband (in the next world) by good deeds: without good deeds thou wilt not obtain him."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Ah, my wise father, good is thy advice.
No part of illusion belongs to her whose virtue is real.

Lage na mâyâ les, sîl jin kâ hai pûrâ.
Piyâ milan ko jâe koî jag meṅ sûrâ.
Piyâ binâ nahîṅ jîwaṅ; jîvêṅ pî bin nahîṅ hoe;
Jâûṅ pîyâ ke pâs, mujhe barjo nâ koe.
Dîje chitâ banâe, karo mat pal kî derî.
Pîyâ milan kâ chââ, majil khoṭî ho merî."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Hirde gyân apne karo, mâyâ matî bisâr.
Yeh bhî satî kâ rûp hai; sunîye, Sîl Kaṅwâr.
Sunîye, Sîl Kaṅwârî beṭî; samajh soch le man meṅ.
Pun dân kar sîl badhâo, bâbal ke angan meṅ.
Aisâ dukh hûâ hai tujh ko â karke bâlepan meṅ.
Hon satî chhoṛo, ab, Beṭî, tere lî saran maiṅ."

No part of illusion belongs to her whose virtue is complete.
Some noble (women) there are who go to meet their husbands.
Without my husband I will not live: without my husband I cannot live.
I will go to my husband; let none prevent me.
Get ready the pyre; delay not a moment.
I desire to go to my husband, though the way be hard to me."

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Keep knowledge in thy heart, forget not (that these are) illusions.
For such is the nature of *sati*: listen, Lady Sîlâ.
Listen, Lady Sîlâ, my daughter: think and consider it in thy mind.
Do good works and charity and virtue in thy father's house.
Such grief hath come to thee in thy early youth!
Give up becoming *sati* now, my daughter, I beseech thee."

Sîlâ Daî.

"Bâbal, derî mat kare, kahûṅ tumheṅ kar joṛ.
Ab mere lag gaî piyâ milan se ḍor.
Piyâ milan se ḍor: mujhe ab kyâ samjhâve?
Kyûṅ le hai sar pâp? hâth tere kyâ âve?
Pî ke sang thî prân; kaho, ab kaun bachâve?
Satî hon se mujhe koî mat âj haṭâve!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Taiṅ mahârî mânî nahîṅ, bahot rahe samjhâe:
Ai Beṭî, terî khushî piyâ milan ko jâe.
Piyâ milan ko jâe: abhî chandan kî chitâ banâûṅ.
Sab sâmagrî dharî chitâ meṅ, terâ ḥukm bajâûṅ.
Uṛ gîâ haṅs, rahî hai kâyâ; kis ko gyân sunâûṅ?
Tû to surg sidhârî, Beṭî, Râm Nâm to lâûṅ!"

Sîlâ Daî.

"Father, delay not, I pray thee with joined hands.
A longing is upon me to meet my husband.
A longing to meet my husband: why press me now?
Why take sin upon thy head? It will not profit thee.
My life was with my husband: tell me, who can save me now?
Prevent me not from becoming *sati* to-day!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Thou wilt not hear me, though I greatly press thee.
Ah, daughter, thy pleasure is to meet thy husband.
To meet thy husband: I will get ready the sandal-wood pyre at once.
All the necessaries are placed on the pyre; I obey thy order.
The soul has fled: (it is but) the body (that) remains: to what shall I teach knowledge?
Thou art gone to Heaven, daughter, I call on the name of God!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Ai Sûhe, tu chatr hai; jâne chârоn Bed.
Ab Mahitâ, kah de, kahân? yeh hî batâve bhed.
Yeh hî batâ de bhed: kahân hai Mahitâ prân piyârâ?
Usî jaga ham prân tajenge: yeh hai nem hamârâ.
Kaun makân gîâ hai Mahitâ? Hamen batâ de sârâ.
Yehî bât batlâ de, Sûhe; tere hâth guzârâ."

Totâ.

"Ai Râjâ Rîsal, suno; dharo idhar ko dhyân.
Us Agrohe nagar mân taj de jâe prân!
Taj de jâe prân, Râojî; sun le bât hamârî.
Bâgh bîch men us Mahite kî jal gaî Sîlâ piârî.
Bâgh bîch men un donon kî chitâ banî hai bhârî.
Shâh Harbhaj mahilon se âyâ le sâmagrî sârî."

---

*Râjâ Rasâlû.**

"My parrot, thou art wise: knowing the four *Vedas*.
Tell me where is Mahitâ now? Tell me the secret.
Tell me the secret: where is Mahitâ my heart's beloved?
In the same place will give up my life:† this is my vow.
Where has Mahitâ gone? Tell me all about it.
Tell me this, my parrot; it will come from thee."

Parrot.

"O Râjâ Rasâlû, hear: give thy attention here.
He has given up his life in Agrohâ City!
He has given up his life, Sir King: listen to my words.
Mahitâ's beloved Sîlâ has burnt herself in the garden.
A large pyre is erected to them both in the garden.
Harbhaj Sâh is come from the palace with all the necessaries."

---

* Change of scene. † Live and die with him.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Ab hamrâ nâ jîûnâ; hot dharam kî hân.
Ik dinâ, ik tithî ke the us ke hamre prân!
The us ke hamre prân, piârî; ab ṭalke kahân jânâ?
Honhâr to ho gaî, Sûhe; ab kyâ jân chhapânâ?
Ab Mahite ke mare pichhârî merâ nahîn ṭhikânâ.
Mahârî us kî ik bât thî: tain na bhed pachhânâ!"

"Âgnî matî lagâîyo, isî chitâ men âj.
Âyâ Gaṛh Rîsâl se main jalne kî kâj.
Main jalne kî kâj nem Mahitâ sang merâ.
Kyâ rahâ jag ke bîch dharam jo apnâ hârâ?
Yeh man uṭhe tarang bhasham tan ko kar ḍâlûn.
Nâ jîûn pal ik, us ke sang sidhârûn."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"I will live no longer now: my honor is lost.
My and his (Mahitâ's) lives were of one day and one moment!
(So) were his and my lives, my beloved: where shall I go now?
What was to have been has been, my parrot: why hide my life now*?
There is no hope for me after Mahitâ's death.
His and my fate were one: thou dost not understand!"

"Light not the fire† in this pyre to-day
I am come from Risâlgaṛh to burn (on the pyre).
I have a vow to burn with Mahitâ.
What remains in the world when one's honor is lost?
Great is the desire of my heart to make ashes of my body.
I will live no longer but will depart with him."

---

* Why live any longer?
† Scene changes again and Rasâlû is now at Agrohâ speaking to Harbhaj Sâh.

Harbhaj Sâh.

"Ai Râjâ, mat nâ jale karo, parjâ kî pâl!
Kaun chîz kâ dukh tumheṅ? sunîye, Râo Risâl.
Sunîye, Râo Risâl, tere bin sab ra'îyat dukh pâve.
Is Mahite ke sang, Râojî, kyûṅ tû prân gaṅwâve?
Aisâ balî nahîṅ koî, Râjâ, tere sâmhne âve.
Kaun bât pe jalo, Rasâlû? kyûṅ nâ bhed batâve?"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Shâh Harbhaj, tum se kahûṅ; man meṅ karo bichâr.
Merâ us kâ kâl thâ, ik thithî ik bâr.
Ik tithî, ik bâr bîch meṅ merâ us kâ marnâ.
Merâ us kâ yeh hî dharam thâ; ab pîchhe kyâ karnâ?
Lâkh kaho maiṅ nâ haṭne kâ: usî chitâ meṅ jalnâ.
Koî ghaṛî meṅ âj jale, ham ab Mahite se milnâ!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

"O Râjâ, protector of thy subjects, burn not thyself!
What is troubling thee? Listen, King Rasâlû.
Listen, King Rasâlû, without thee thy subjects will
suffer trouble.
Why give up thy life, Sir King, with Mahitâ?
None should have such power over thee, Râjâ.
What dost burn for, Râjâ? why not tell me?"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Harbhaj Sâh, I tell thee: think it over in thy mind.
His and my life were of one moment and one time.
His and my death are of one moment and one time.
This was his and my honor: after him what can I do?
Speak for ever but I will not turn back: I will burn on
the same pyre
Burn us some time to-day, I will meet Mahitâ now."

Totâ.

"Ajî Nâth, sun lîjîye, karo ik tadbîr.
Nâth, tumhâre bâr meṅ taj dûṅ âj sarîr.
Taj dûṅ âj sarîr, Nâthjî; ab jîwan kyâ merâ?
Râo Rasâlû gîâ maran ko, terâ charan kâ cherâ.*
Agrohe meṅ jalan gîâ hai, us se kâl ne gherâ.
Chalo hamâre sang, Nâthjî; karo ik har ko pherâ."

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Are bachâ, mat nâ jale, dharo idhar k dhyân.
Chalo sang, ham bhî chaleṅ; bhale kareṅ Bhagwân.
Bhale kareṅ Bhagwân, re bachâ; man meṅ râkho dhîrâ.
Nahîṅ maregâ Râo Rasâlû; mat nâ taje sarîrâ.
Ik Nâm se dhyân lagâo: sadâ bhajo Raghbîrâ.
'Honhâr haṭṭî nâ,' sohî kah gae Dâs Kabîrâ."

Parrot.†

"Sir Saint, hear me, make some plan.
At thy door, my Lord, I will give up my body to-day.
I will give up my body, Sir Saint: why should I live longer?
Râjâ Rasâlû, the disciple at thy feet, has gone to die.
He has gone to burn at Agrohâ; death is on him.
Come with me, Sir Saint: let us journey thither."

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"My son, burn not: turn thy attention here.
Come with me, let us go together: God will bless us.
God will bless us, my son: have patience in thy heart.
Râjâ Rasâlû will not die: (so) givē not up thy body.
Worship the One Name (of God): call always on Raghbîr.‡
'What is to be is not put off,' so saith Kabîr.§

---

* For *chelâ*. † Prays to Gorakhnâth. ‡ Râma, *i.e.*, God.

§ The great mediæval reformer, whose writings and sayings still form the principal beliefs of the modern illiterate Aryan Indians. He flourished in the time of the Emperor Sikandar Shâh Lodî, A. D. 1488-1512.

Totá.

"Woh to baiṭhâ chitâ meṅ, merâ badan gîâ sûkh.
Phir jâke kyâ karoge, de holî se phûṅkh.
De holî se phûṅkh khabar le; kyûṅ mujh ko tarsâve?
Chalo hamâre sang, Nâthjî, hamre prân bachâve.
Jîwan kâ phal jab hai merâ, jo Râjâ mil jâve.
Aj marûṅgâ tere bâr meṅ, jo nâ use jiâve."

Gurú Gorakhnâth.

"Chal, bachâ, ab chalat haiṅ lenî nâdh uṭhâe."

Agrohe ko chal paṛe chhin meṅ pahunche âe.
Chhin meṅ pahunche âe, bâgh meṅ âsan ân lagâe.
Nâdh bajâke, 'âlakh' jagâke, jab nau Nâth bulâe.
Jahâṅ bâgh men chitâ banî thî, usî chitâ pe âe.
Amrit bûnd ger jogî ne, siddhoṅ ke bar pâe.

Parrot.

"He sits on the pyre and my body is dried up (with grief).
What wilt go and do now, blowing gently on him?
Blowing gently on him tell me: why play with me?
Come with me, Sir Saint, and save my life.
Life will be of use to me when I meet the Râjâ:
To-day will I die at thy door, if thou do not restore him to life."

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Come, my son, let us go now taking my conch."

They started for Agrohâ and arrived in a moment.
They arrived in a moment, and took their seat in the garden.
Blowing the conch and calling '*âlakh*' they called the nine Saints.*
And they came to pyre that was made in the garden.
The *jogî* (Gorakhnâth) threw on it a drop of holy water and received the blessing of the great saints.

---

* Reference to the nine Nâths of whom Gorakhnâth was the chief.

Pârbatî.

" Ai Pîtam, is nagar meṅ kyâ hûî hâhâ kâr ?
Rudan kare nagarî sabhî, kar rahî bahot pukâr.
Kar rahî bahot pukâr ; Nâthjî, kaho sach kî bânî.
Kis pe bipat paṛî hai bhârî ? Yeh ham ne nâ jânî !
Is kâ bhed batâo ham ko, âp Nâth gur gyânî.
In kâ dukh miṭegâ, Sâmî, jabhî pîûṅgî pânî."

Mahâdev.

" Koî rove, koî haṅse, jag meṅ dukh â pâs.
Gyân ḍisht kar dekh le jab jag hot binâs.
Jab jag hot binâs, jânîyo dukh sukh kâ hai melâ.

---

*Pârbatî.**

" My husband,† what is this wailing in this city ?
All the city is weeping, and crying out greatly.
Crying out greatly : my Lord, tell me the truth.
On whom hath this great sorrow fallen ? I do not know of it !
Tell me the secret, thou that art a wise saint and teacher.
O Lord‡ until this sorrow is blotted I will not drink water."

Mahâdev.

" Some laugh and some weep, troubles come in the world.
See with the eye of knowledge that the world is transitory.
When the world is transitory, know that in it are mixed joy and sorrow.

---

* This is a clear case of *deus ex machinâ* : the poet having killed off all his characters, or rather put them into such difficulties as to ensure all their deaths, invokes the supernatural aid of Śiva and Pârvatî to get them out of their troubles.

† *I.e.*, Śiva or Mahâdeva. ‡ *Sâmî* for *Swâmi*, *i.e.*, Śiva.

Is mâyâ se koî bache hai pake gur kâ chelâ.
Jin mâyâ, mohé, lobh, sab, tyagâ, chaurasî na khelâ.
Chalî chalo âge ko, Bholî, mat na karo jhamelâ!"

Pârbatî.

"Ik nahîn mâno, piyâ, lûn in kâ dukh dekh.
Jab yehân se âge chalûn: yeh hî mujhe hai ṭek.
Yeh hî mujhe hai ṭek, Nâthji: nahîn âgâṛî jânâ.
Man meṅ samajh kare hai jo koî, us kâ kyâ samjhânâ.
Bin pûchhe main nahîn chalûngî: âge nahîn ṭhikânâ.
In kâ dukh pûchh lûn pahile, pîchhe bhojan khânâ."

Mahâdev.

"Is mâyâ sansâr meṅ dûkh hai âṭhoṅ jâm.
Chal, Bholî, âge chaleṅ: tujh ko kyâ hai kâm?
Tujh ko kyâ hai kâm? Piârî, samajh soch apne man men.

(But) saved from this wondrous thing is the disciple of a true teacher:
Who hath given up illusion, lust, greed and all, and passed over the eighty-four (*lákhs* of migrations of lives).
Pass on, thou foolish (goddess) and disturb me no more."

Pârbatî.

"I will listen to nothing, my husband, I will see their grief,
And then pass on from here: this is my vow.
This is my vow, my Lord; and I will not go on.
To him who understands in his heart why explain any further?
Without finding out I will not go; I have no hope else.
First I will ask their griefs and then I will eat my food."

Mahâdev.

"Trouble comes all day long in this illusory world.
Come, thou foolish (goddess) and pass on: of what concern is it to thee?
What concerns it thee? Think over it in thy mind, my love.

Kitne râzî hai mast khwârî? kitne râzî hain dhan men?
Jis ne Us kî ṭek lî hai ab âke bâlepan men,
Unhîn Amarpur bâs hûâ hai; samajh dekh apne tan
men."

Pârbatî.

"Main to ab mâno nahîn: kyâ samjhâo, Nâth?
Un kâ dukh niwâr do jabhî chalûngî sâth.
Jabhî chalûngî sâth, Nâthji: yeh mere man âî.
Chalûn âj bâgh men, jogî pûchhûngî samjhâe.
'Kyâ dukh hûâ? batâo ham ko, kyûn raul machâe?
Kis kî chitâ jale bâgh men? Yeh do bhed batâe.'"

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

"Râo Rasâlû jal gae us Mahite kî kâj.
In ko âp jiwâe do; kirpâ karo, Mahârâj!

Some revel in pleasure: some revel in wealth.
Who take His (God's) name in their early youth,
Become inhabitants of Heaven:* understand this in
thy heart (body)."

Pârbatî.

"I will listen to nothing: why dost press me, my Lord?
Lessen their pain and I will go with thee.
Then will I go with thee, my Lord: this is in my heart.
I will go to the garden to-day and find out from the
jogî.†
'What is the trouble? tell me, why do they raise this
weeping?
Whose pyre is burning in the garden? Tell me this.'"

Gurû Gorakhnâth.‡

"Râjâ Rasâlû has burnt himself for Mahitâ's sake.
Bring them to life; have mercy, Mahârâj!

---

* Amarpur = Amarapura = Amarâvati: the city of the immortals.
† Gorakhnâth. ‡ To Śiva.

Kirpâ karo, Mahârâj! Inhîṅ ko haṭke âp jiwâo.
Tum ho pûran Brahm Sakat, jo in ke prân bachâo.
Kirpâ karo, dukh hâro hamârâ, zarâ der mat lâo.
In ke prân bachâke, Saktî, jab âge ko jâo."

Kirpâ hûî hai Sakat kî: hûâ Qudrat kâ khiyâl.
Apnî unglî chîrke amrit lîâ nikâl.
Amrit lîâ nikâl Saktî ne jabhî chitâ pe ḍârâ.
Tînoṅ hue chitâ meṅ baiṭhe mukh se 'Râm' uchârâ.
Nahîṅ ant Us kî lîlâ kâ: kyâ jâne sansârâ?
Ik Nâm hai sâr jagat meṅ, wohi sabhî ko piârâ!

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Ab kirpâ Gur kî hûî sâre hamârî kâj.
Sab jag pâlanhâr ho, baṛe gharîb-nawâj!

Have mercy, Mahârâj! Bring them to life again.
Thou art Creator and Almighty; save their lives.
Have mercy, take away my grief, and delay not.
Save their lives, O Almighty, and then pass on."

The Almighty had mercy: the Allpowerful considered them.
Cutting his finger he drew forth the water of life.*
The Almighty drew forth the water of life and threw it on the pyre.
All three on the pyre sat up and called on God.
There is no end to His (God's) mysteries: what knows the world of them?
There is One Name in all the world, which all love.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Now through the mercy of the Gurû (Gorakhnâth) all my desire has been accomplished:
The nourisher of the whole world, great cherisher of the poor!

---

* This is a new origin for the *amṛita!*

Bare gharîb-nawâj, jagat kî lîlâ phir rachâo.
Haṭke janam hûâ hai, in kâ dûja biyâh karwâo.
Aur sab pîchhe karîyo; Paṇḍit bîg bulâo.
Bedî racho biyâh kî tayyârî; bâje sabhî bajâo."

Paṇḍit bîg bulâeke shâhâ lîâ rachâî.
Mahitâ Sîl Kanwâr ke phere dîe diwâe.
Phere dîe diwâe, wahâṅ sab â gae gotî nâtî.
Sab parwâr âyâ bâgh meṅ, pardâ khîcheṅ bânâtî.
Mangalchâr hûâ bâgh meṅ, Gorakh charhe barâtî.
Nar nârî ranwâs khushî hoṅ, sab parjâ gun gâtî.
Jab unheṅ sahâ sajâeke dîe sutâ ko biyâhe,
Ghar ghar meṅ ânand ho, mahiloṅ meṅ uchhâe.

Great cherisher of the poor, perform another marvel for the world.
They have been brought to life again, marry them a second time.
Do all the rest afterwards; send for the priest at once.
Make ready the marriage altar; sound all the music."

Calling the priest quickly they performed all the ceremony.
And performed the marriage of Mahitâ and the Lady Sîlâ.
They performed the marriage there and all the kith and kin came.
All the household came into the garden, and tents of cloth were pitched.
Songs of rejoicing were (sung) in the garden and Gorakhnâth started the procession.
Men and women of the household were pleased and all their dependants sang their praises.
When the propitious moment was fixed he (Harbhaj Sâh) married off his daughter.
Rejoicings were held in the houses and palaces:

Mahiloṅ meṅ uchhâe, dât haṭke de bhârî.
Milne Sîl Kaṅwâr sakhî sab niârî niârî.

Sîlâ Daî.

"Lîje mujh ko, mât, abhî rî bîg bulâe.
Abhî, Mâtâ milûṅ sâs apnî ko jâe."

Sîlâ Daî kî Mâtâ.

"Kushal khem se tum jâo, merî Sîl Kaṅwâr.
He Sîlâ, merî lâḍlî, tan man ḍârûṅ wâr.
Tan man dârûṅ wâr, merî prânoṅ kî piârî.
Lûṅgî beg bulâe; nahîṅ kîjo man bhârî.
Jâo sâs ke pâs, khushî se maṅgal gâo.
Lûṅgî beg bulâe; matî dil meṅ ghabarâo."

Kîâ majil dhar majil, phir kûnch kîâ makân.
Chand roz ke bîch meṅ âe Rîsalgaṛh darmiyân.
Âe Rîsalgaṛh darmiyan, âe haiṅ sajkar sab nar nârî.

Were held in the palaces, and a great dowry was given anew.
And all her maids severally embraced the Lady Sîlâ.

Sîlâ Daî.

"Mother, send for me early.
Mother, now would I go to meet my mother-in-law."

Sîlâ Daî's Mother.

"Happy and joyful go thou, Lady Sîlâ mine.
O Sîlâ, my darling, I sacrifice my body and soul (to thee).
I sacrifice my body and soul, thou delight of my life.
I will call thee early: be not anxious in thy heart.
Go to thy mother-in-law, singing gaily in thy joy.
I will call thee early: have no care in thy heart."

Stage by stage they went and reached again the house (of Mahitâ).
After many days they arrived in Rîsalgaṛh.
They arrived in Rîsalgaṛa, came all the men and women in their best (to meet them).

Deo hîdâr 'araz karte haiṅ hâth joṛ intazârî.
Âge ghoṛâ hai Mahite kâ, pîchhe Sîl Kaṅwârî.
Ghar ghar meṅ ânand hoîyo hai sunkar bâtâṅ sârî.

Sîlâ Daî.

"Charan tumhâre maiṅ lagûṅ, ai Sâsur, maiṅ ân.
Joṛî ân milâ dî haṭke Sri Bhagwân.
Haṭke Sri Bhagwân, Sâsjî, hameṅ suhâg dîâ hai.
Dîn-diyâl, Raghu kul, Nâik, jis kâ saran lîâ hai.
Rachanhâr rachtâve Sâmî, jis kâ khiyâl bhayâ hai!
Amar nâm un kâ hai; jag meṅ dûjâ kaun hûâ hai?"

Sîlâ Daî kî Sâs.

"Sukhî sadâ rahîye, Bahû; rahîyo terâ suhâg.
Dûdh, putr, dhan, sab phaloṅ hoîyo bûṛh suhâg.

The door-keepers welcome them, waiting for them with joined hands.
First went Mahitâ's horse, afterwards the Lady Sîlâ.
Rejoicings were in every house when they heard all.

Sîlâ Daî.

"I am come to fall at thy feet, my mother-in-law.
Once more hath the Holy God joined us two.
Once more the Holy God, my mother-in-law, hath given me wedded life.
The helper of the poor, he of Raghu's race,* the Giver whom we worship.
He the Lord, the Creator hath re-created me, whose favour was on me.
Immortal is his name! Who is second to Him in the world?"

Sîlâ Daî's Mother-in-law.

"Be ever happy, my daughter-in-law: may thy wedlock last.
Milk, and sons, and wealth, a wedded old-age, all be thy lot.

---

* Râma = God.

Hoîyo bûṛh suhâg, yeh hai asîs hamârî.
Sadâ karo ânand ; sûkhî sab â gaî kârî.
Tum pe kare sahâî, ap âwan Girwardhârî.
Man meṅ hûâ ânand, milê jo joṛî thârî.
Sub sambat, sub ghaṛî, sadâ sub kâr tumhârâ !
Shakal tumhâre des, kushal parwâr tumhârâ !
Gâo mangalchâr, so jâo mahil aṭârî.
Haṭkar râkhî lâj, ân Kartâ ne thârî."

Kirpâ hûî Jagtambâ kî, dharâ dhyân Jagdîs.
Sâng sampûran tum ne kîâ, Pârbatî ke Îs !
Pârbatî ke Îs jagat meṅ hamrî karî sahâî.
Sâng sampûran karke, Mâtâ, pîchhe bhîṭ banâe.
Sur, munî, jan, sankâdik ne terî mâyâ kahîṅ na pâî !
Kahte Bansî Lâl, Mât, tû châr jugoṅ meṅ dhyâî.

Be thine a wedded old-age, this is my blessing.
Be happy ever : all happiness hath come to thee.
May he come and protect thee, Girwardhârî (Kṛishṇa).
I was happy in my heart when he joined you two.
Happy thy years, happy thy moments, happy be all thy work.
Happy be thy land, happy be thy family.
Sing gaily and go into the lofty palace.
Once more hath God come and protected thy honor."

Merciful hath been the Earth-mother, the Lord of the Earth* hath been mindful (of me).
Thou hast completed my lay, thou Lord of Pârvatî.
The Lord of Pârvatî hath protected me in the world.
Finishing my lay, Mother, I sing thy praises.
Sages, saints, and the holy ones have not found thy mysteries.
Saith, Bansî Lâl,† Mother, thou art the supporter of the four ages (of the world) !

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* Śiva and Pârvatî. † The composer of the poem.

No. XI.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ MAHÎ PARKASH OF SARMOR,

AS TOLD BY TWO INHABITANTS* OF JÛÑGÂ, THE SEAT OF THE RÂJÂ OF KYONTHAL.

[Kyonthal is the Hill State whose territories lie about Simla, and this song relates the story of a well-remembered fight between the Rânâ of Kyonthal and the Râjâ of the neighbouring Hill State of Sarmor, more commonly known as Nâhau. The geography of the song is strictly local, most of the places mentioned lying in the limited Territories of the Râjâ of Sarmor, and the remainder within those of the (now) Râjâ of Kyonthal. Its history is, of course, strictly local, and excepting the chief heroes, it is, in the present condition of our historical knowledge regarding the Hill States of the Simla District, quite hopeless to ascertain who the many minor personages, that figure in it, were.]

[The song is called the "story of Mahî (or Mâi) Parkâsh, Râjâ of Sarmor." This must be meant for Râjâ Malhî Parkâsh, the fourth of the Sûrajbansî (Râjpût) line of the Râjâs of Sarmor, who, according to a manuscript epitomised history that I have in Urdû of the Sarmor State, reigned in Saṁvat (Vikramâditya) 1165—1174, or A.D. 1118 to 1127. The territories along the R. Jamnâ in its mountain course, known as Sarmor, were conquered by one Sobhâ Rawâl, a Sûrajbansî Râjpût, a son of Rawâl (not Râwal) Ugar Sen of Jaysalmir (founded according to Tod, *Rajasthân*, II., 187, in Saṁvat 1212, or A. D. 1158, by Bhaṭṭi Râjpûts), who established himself in the Râjban forests of the Khyârdâ Dûn in Saṁvat. 1152, A. D. 1095, and called himself Svehabans Parkâsh. He reigned from 1095 to 1099 A. D., and was succeeded by Râjâ Sâlbâhan Parkâsh, 1099-1102; Râjâ Bâlakchand Parkâsh, 1102-1108; Râjâ Malhî Parkâsh, 1108-1117. Parkâsh is the peculiar designation of the Sarmor Râjâs, the present Râjâ being Shamsher Parkâsh, the 45th of the line. The name Nâhan for the title of these Râjâs is comparatively new, as that town was not occupied and repopulated till the time of the 31st Râjâ, Karam Parkâsh, who reigned 1616-1630 A. D. The discrepancy between Tod's date for the foundation of Jaysalmir and the local historical date for the foundation of Sarmor by a Jaysalmir prince is a slight one compared to those that follow.]

[In the song Malhî (Mahî or Mâi) Parkâsh fights Anûp (or Nûp) Sen, Rânâ of Kyonthal. According to the manuscript Urdû history of these chiefs, Rânâ Anûp Sen was 67th of his line, (the present chief Râjâ [by British

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* Kolis, a caste who are weavers and singers by profession.

patent of 1857] Mahindar Sen being 75th,) and was the person who fought Râjâ Malhî Parkâsh of Nâhan at the Deshû Dhâr. But his date appears to have been A. D. 1670-1693, barely within 600 years of that of Malhî Parkâsh. Anûp Sen's contemporary was Râjâ Budh (or Bidhichand) Parkâsh, 34th Râjâ of Sarmor, who reigned 1674-1694 A. D. Going back, however, I find that the 33rd Rânâ, Rûp Sen, was Malhî Parkash's contemporary, and perhaps this is the Chief meant.]

[Four of the hill legends about Simla will be given in succession as they bear upon localities closely connected geographically and historically, and are all in the same dialect, known as the Kyonthali to students of these matters. The linguistic notes that follow are a guide to all the four stories.]

[The language of these hill songs is very archaic and peculiar, and of considerable value in tracing the history of the modern Aryan dialects. I have therefore brought together here, for the benefit of scholars, all the forms and words that are new or peculiar. The lists also will be of use to those studying the text of the songs. I would remark in passing that the often observed *shibboleth* (*sh* for *s*) of the hill peoples is strongly marked in these texts. One set of forms, that of the continuative participle, is worth remarking on here. It varies as *iro*, *îro*, *ero*, *erû*, (and *îre*). In modern Hindî, it is *kar*, *karkar*, *karke* and *ke*: in old Hindî it was often *i* or *î*: in modern dialectic Panjâbî (hill dialects especially) it is often *î*. All the above are variations of the root *kṛi*, make, used an auxiliary termination, and I give, as a suggestion, that this *iro*, etc, is a double termination (like *karkar*) *i* + *ro*, the *ro* representing the root of the auxiliary verb *rahnâ*, to continue, to remain. In support of this view it is to be observed that in the songs (*vide* vocabularies) *rûâ*, *royâ* and *rohâ* = *rahâ* from *rahnâ*: *loâ* = *liyâ*: *goâ* = *gayâ*, *giâ*: *khoyâ* = *khâyâ*: *jogâ* = *jagâ*. I would also draw attention to the various and indeterminate character of the nominal and verbal inflections. They are worth study. Further there is a change from *a* or *â* to *i* (*e*) and *î*, which is noteworthy in tracing etymologies. Thus we have *kas* = *kis*; *ṭhîngâ* = *ṭhag*; *pîg* = *pag*; *ghaṛâ* = *ghîṛâ*; *ḍîngâ* = *ḍâng*; *dîve* = *jâve*; *lîḍâ* = *lanḍâ*; and more strongly both *pachiâ* and *pîchiâ* stand for *châchâ*. Again *bîṛnâ* is *bândhnâ* to bind, fasten. It is possible, therefore, that *bîṛnâ* and *bândhnâ* both represent the Sanskṛit root *bandh* (*badh*).]

GRAMMATICAL FORMS.

bo (= *ai*), o, oh.

ûâ, *de*, *dî* (= *meṅ*), in: also (= *meṅ se*) from inside, from: ex., *jabe dî* = *jab meṅ*, when.

hâge (= *pâs*), near, by, to.

îre; *iro*, *îro*, *ero*, *erû*, the continuative participial termination: ex., *dîre*: *jâere*: *bhâgîro*, *jâîro*, *hârîro*, *hanḍîro*: *jâiro*: *jâerû*.

khî = *ko*, to.

khî, *khîye* (= *wâste*), for.

kho (= *se*) from: (= also *ko*) to.

lâ, *le*, *lî*, the termination of the past and aorist tenses: ex., *baslâ*, *japlâ*, *bollâ*, *jaṭlâ*, *olâ*, *dîlâ*, *bolâ*, *holâ*, *âelâ*, *bolûlâ*: *laṛle*, *hole*, *dîle*: *bhuît*.

lo (= *ko*) to.

mâ, mâṅ : mî, mîṅ : me, the future and conditional tense termination : ex., *lîmâ, jâmâ, dîmâ, lâmâ, nîmâ : âmâṅ, bharmâṅ, gharmâṅ : âumî, jâmi : karmîṅ, âmîṅ, bharmîṅ, dîmîṅ, bîjmîṅ : lîme*

mânj, mânje, mânjî, mânjo = (*meṅ, bîch meṅ*) *mâjh, mânjh*, in, through.

nere, near.

o, oṅ, the plural termination : ex., *bastaro, bhâîyo, ṭhâkuro, dhâro : sunaṅganoṅ.*

râ, re, rî, the possessive termination ; *c.f.* Panjâbî, *dâ, de, dî* and the Gurkhâ, *lâ, le, lî.*

ṭâ, ṭe, ṭî ; ṭo, a diminutive termination : ex., *nareltâ, nareltо : c.f.* Panjâbî and Hindî, *râ, rî, ṛâ, ṛî.*

PRONOMINAL FORMS.

ânthî (= *itnâ*) this much.

e ; es, îs, îsû = (*yeh*) *is*, this.

ebe = *ab*, now.

ebho(= *yûṅ*) thus.

eunî (= *yahâṅ*) here.

esho, îsho, îshâ ; hîshî ; îsî = *aisâ*, this kind.

ete, ethîṅ = (*yahâṅ*) *ethe*, here.

hâmûṅ, hâmî ; hemî, hemeṅ, hemîṅ, heme, hemo = *ham*, we, (I).

hâṅ (= *maiṅ*), I.

jabe = *jab*, when, (then).

jaî, jâyâ, jî = (*jaisâ*) *jihâ*, like.

jî = *jo*, when.

jîṛâ = (*jaisâ*) *jehṛâ*, that kind.

jîshî, = *jaisâ*, that kind.

jûnî = *jo*, who, which.

kâ ? kai ? = *kyâ ?* what ?

kâre ? kârî ? = (*kaisâ ?*) *kehṛâ ?* what kind ?

kas ? = *kis ?* what ?

kebe—kebe, either—or.

kene ? kîne ? kine ? keîṅ ? kîṅ ? = *kis ?* which ?

kîdâ ? = *kehṛâ ?* what kind ?

kîkhe, each.

kinî ? (= *kyûṅ*) why ?

kîshâ ? kîshî ? keshî ? = *kaisâ ?* what kind ?

konî ? = *kaun ?* which ?

mâ, mân = (*mujh*), *maiṅ*, me : ex., *mâ khî*, to me : *mâ kho*, from me.

mahârâ, mhârâ = *hamârâ*, our (mine).

moveṅ (= *maiṅ*) I.

orâ, ore, = *ure*, here : (this side).

re, like.

saî, sî, seh (= *woh*) he, that.

sebe (= *we*), they.

tabe, tâmbe = *tab*, then.

taî, taiṅ ; taine, taîne, taînî, taînîye ; tîne = *tis*, that, (he).

tâṅ, tân = *tû*, thou.

târî = *terâ*, thy.

teshî, tîshî = *taisâ*, such.

tî, tîas, tîs, tîse, tîsî, tes, taîs = *tis*, that.

tîdâ, tîde, tîdû, tîdo, (= *tahâṅ*), there.

tînoṅ = *tin*, they.

tîte (= *tyûṅ*), thus.

tîte = *tithe*, there.

tîtîye, tetîye, titnîye, at that time.

to, toeṅ, toîṅ ; tûne, tûnî ; tosî, tusî, tûsî, tuso = *tum*, you.

VOCABULARY.

ainî, innî, a fight.

akhṭî = *âṅkh*, the eye.

akrâ, arrogant.

âlo (= *loṭâ*), a brass pot ; cup.

ashyâ = *assî*, eighty.

bâdâ, all, the whole.

bîdnâ = *bajânâ*, to obey.

badrâ, a bag.

baḍṛâ = *baṛâ*, much.

(?) *bâe* (= *kuchh*) at all.

balâ (= *sakâ*) could ; [so ? *banâ* = *saknâ*].

oalând = *banwând* (*c.f.* *nenâ* = *lenâ*) to get made.
bâlnâ = *banând*, to make.
bâlto, a bracelet, wristlet.
bâmû, clothes.
bând (= *lagând*) to begin.
bânî, clothing: (= also *sûrat*) appearance.
bashî, rain.
bâṭnâ (= *gûṇḍnâ* but *c.f.* *baṭnâ*, to make) to knead.
bedno, penetrated (*c.f.* Panjâbî *binnâ*).
begî, *bîgrî* (= *bahot*) very, much.
beo, *bîo* (= *hûâ*), was: (*c.f.* *boâ*).
beṛâ = *bîṛâ*, a flock of cotton.
bhalrâ (= *bahot*) much.
bhâtale, oxen.
bhâtrî, arrow.
bhâyo (= *hûâ*), was.
bholkâ (= *bhunnâ*) parched, half cooked.
bhûlâ (= *hûâ*) was.
bîghâ, broad.
biorâ, a change in music (time or tune).
bîr, village lands.
bîrâ, an exchange.
bîrnâ (= *bândhnâ*) to bind.
boâ = *huâ*, was (*c.f.* *beo*).
châmbâ (= *tâmbâ*) copper.
chauṛâ (= *chauntṛâ*) a verandah, platform.
chauṛâ (= *thoṛâ*) a little: note *ch* = *t*; *c.f.* *châmbâ*.
cheorî, *chîoṛî*, (= *strî*) a woman, wife.
chirwâ, a babe.
chhâṛnâ = *chhaḍnâ*, to leave.
chhîjî (= *purâ*) fulfilled.
chhîjî, *chhîjrî*, third, *i.e.*, *tîsrî*; *c.f.* *chauṛâ*.
daî = Panjâbî, *dhî*, daughter.
dagâsâ (= *ganḍâsâ*) a small knife for cutting grass somewhat on the principle of an axe.
dalîchâ (= *galîchâ*) a mat.
dâphî (= *koṭrî*) a room.
deunâ (= *jânâ*) to go: it occurs in the forms, *dîvâ*, *dîwâ*, *dîvî*, *dîve*, *devî*, went.
ḍîngâ = *ḍâng*, a club.
ḍîngnâ (= *nikâlnâ*) to take out.
dîse, *dese*, *deshî* (= *din*: Skr. *divas*, *dyaus*) the day.
dîve, imp: let us give, give: *c.f.* *leve*.
dhâchnâ, to feed.
dhâî (= *dohâî*) help.
dhâî, on high.
dhâk, *dhâkî*, on high.
dharâtî = *âdhî râtî*, midnight.
ḍheṛî, *ḍhîṛî*, *ḍhîṛe*, *ḍhîṛâ*, (= *din*) the day.
dhîso, *dhîshâ* = *dîsâ*, visible.
dûlke, sunrise.
ḍûm (= *Ḍom*, a low caste) a menial.
durâgî (= *nuqârâ*) a loud drum.
gâveṅ = *gâû*-*gâî*, a cow.
gâveṅ = *gâṅu*, a village
ghîṛâ = *ghaṛâ*, an earthen pot.
giṭhî = *angîṭhî*, a fire-place.
goâ, *goe*, *goî*; *goyâ* = *gayâ*, *giâ*, went: also the auxiliary passive form.
hâdî, *hâḍrî* (= *bât*) word, thing.
hanḍnâ (= *chalnâ*) to go, walk.
hâzirî (= *hâzir*, present) an attendant, servant, follower.
hîrnâ = *hernâ*, to look at, stare.
jagro, the walls of a house.
japnâ (= *bolnâ*) speak: *c.f.* *japnâ*. to repeat (religion).
jaṭne, *jaṭhnâ* (= *bolnâ*) to speak.
jogâ = *jagâ*, a place.
kâchh = *kinârâ*, a bank.
kâṅg, a row, noise.
kârâ, revenue (= ? *kâr*).
karego = *karanglâ*, a corpse.
kartâ, great anxiety.
ke = *ki*, or
khâṭî, revenue.
khoyâ = *khâyâ*, ate.
kîlo, in the morning.
koîlî, *koele*, verandah.
kûkû, cuckoo.
kyûṭh, clouds.

lekhâ-jokhâ = *lekhâ—chokhâ*, computation.

lenâ, to take: also auxiliary; it occurs in the forms; *loe, lûâ, loî* = *lîâ, lîe, liyâ, liye*, took: *lîwâ, leve, lîve* = *lîye*, let us take.

lîḍâ = *lanḍâ*, crop-tailed.

lîro, a cry.

lûâ = *rûâ* = *rahâ*, remained: see *royâ*.

mâecho (= *mâ bâp*) parents.

majjat, an army.

manrû (= *mangâî, sagâî*) betrothal.

meûn (= *wazîr*) a minister: ? a caste name.

mîro, a roof.

nabârâ, past tense, pierced.

nadrî = *nazarî*, sight: *c.f.* the common Panjâbi, *kâgad* and *kâgat* = *kâghaz*.

nakâr, gut, leather-string.

nâî, nî, nîn = *nahîn*, not.

nânâ = *lânâ*, to bring.

narelo, nareḷâ, nareḷo, a vessel (= ? *narel*, a cocoanut: the vessel of a *chillam* or *ḥuqa*).

nâvî, (*c.f.* Panjâbi *neâuṇâ*, to bend to one's will) subject, ruled.

negî, nîgî, nîngî, a chief, military commander, (?) a caste name.

nenâ = *lenâ*, to take: found in the forms, *neîn, nîân, neûn, nîmâ*.

neorî, navîro, likeness.

nîkṛâ = *nikkâ*, small.

nokhî = *anokhî*, an unfair injury.

obâ (= *ûpar*) above.

pagî, a vestibule, verandah.

pagṛâ (= *zâhir*) visible.

pagrâ, a follower (= ? *pag*, Panjâbi).

pâkharo, opposition, enemy.

pânâ (= *ḍâlnâ*) to throw, place.

pandale, a verandah.

parchî = *barchî*, a lance.

pehorû kho (= *âge ko*) next.

pîchiâ, pachiâ (= *châchâ*) paternal uncle.

pîḍârî (= *prît*) love.

pîg = *pag*, foot.

pîonolî, yellow ink.

pîṛî = *pîṛhî*, a generation.

ponâ, an ear of corn.

pûchhnâ—nichnâ = *pûchhnâ-gichhnâ*, to ask.

puro, pure, purâ, = *pare*, back, beyond.

pyûlî, pyûwal, a door.

rabâlî, a caress.

raghes (= *matlab*) a meaning.

râmbî, an instrument for uprooting grass, etc.

râṅgarî, a wife: ? fem. form of *Râṅgar*, a Râjpût caste.

rannâ, (= *chauntṛâ*) a verandah, platform.

rekhâ, a rival (fem.)

rîgarû, regarû, member of the royal family: *rîgaṛî* (= *log*) the people, population.

ro, rû, (= *aur*) and.

royâ, rûâ, rove, rokâ, forms of the verb *rahnâ*, to remain: past tense.

rûbhan (= ? *rûbarû*) before, in front.

samân (= *inâm*) reward.

sanoṅ (= *salûk*) treatment.

sardâ, plenty.

sarlî, loud.

serî, sairî; setî (= *maidân*) a plain, flat place: ? for *sîṛ, sîrâ*, a swamp.

shâdnâ = *saddhnâ*, to call, send for.

shâh = *sâh*, life.

shâî, (= *sajâî*) made, completed.

sharî = *sarî*, opposed.

shîgî, shîngî, quickly.

shîlâ (= *san*) hemp.

shîlî (= *gîdar*) a jackal.

shîrush = *sarsoṅ*, mustard.

shokâ = *sukâ*, dry.

sibure, always.

sîjlâ, altogether.

soâṅ (= *sîdhâ*) straight in front.

tâtâ pânî, boiling water.

tâve, imp. of *tâuṇâ*, = to warm up.

thokarî = *hathkaṛî*, handcuff.

thîngâ = *ṭhag*, a scoundrel, cheat.

undâ (= *nîche*) below.

TEXT.

Hár Rájá Mahí Parkâsh Rájá Sarmor.

Tabe bârâ baras Maî Râjâ joṛî Kyonthal nârâzî.
Tabe Nâhan sî* Râjâ taînî fauj pâî joṛî.
Tabe jî ḍerâ âyâ thâ Râjâ râ Balag rî serî.
Tabe jî Balag rî bastaro goe bhâgîro devî.
Tabe Dharmî Bâhmanî mat lî kamâî:
Tabe Râjâ âyo goyâ chaṛhîro ḍere âumî jâe.
Tabe thâlî bharî motî rî bheṭâ Râjâ khî lîe.
Tabe Râjâ taînî Mahî ghâî pîṭhṛî pherî.
Tabe "hekṛî, Râjâ, pêṭhṛî dûnî, Sâhibâ, terî.
Tabe jo tû sune, Râjiâ, Bâhmanî rî wazîrî†
Terî bâhiṅ lâo suṛânganoṅ; tû jâ Nâhanî pherî!"
Nahîṅ sundâ Bâhmanî cheoṛî râ jânâ.
"Merî Kyonthal nârâzî khî jânî hî jânâ.
Tusî bânoṅ, châkaro, pâgaṛî; pahiro sanjoyâ."
Tabe âj hukum Râjâ râ Nâgnî khî hoâ.
Tabe Nâgnî rîgaṛî goe bhâgîro dîvî.
Sunnî chhâṛî goe Nâgnî to bâe goe nâ sharî:
Tabe Nâgnî rî gaṛhî goe begî ḍarî.
Tabe ḍheṛî ekkî pânjoe‡ goe Nâgan choṭî.
"Tusî bânoṅ, châkaro, pâgarî, shigî karo roṭî."
Tabe âj hukum Râjâ râ Sainjûnî khî hoâ.
Tabe ḍerâ â goyâ Râjâ râ Sainjûnî rî sairî.
Tabe bârâ jûnî§ dârûe Râjâ kîâ mahâlâ‖
Tabe sâre bhâîyo Kyonthal râ lâmbû jîṛâ hâlâ.
"Tusî bânoṅ, châkaro, bugche; pahiro sanjoyâ."
Tabe âj hukum Râjâ râ Desû Dhâro khî hoâ.
Tabe Dhâro Râjâ Deshû rî kîrî¶ pâyâ mahâlâ.
Tabe Kâṭhṛî rî Kolîye mat pâî kamâî;
Tabe Râjâ âyo goyâ Mâîyâ ḍere aumî jâe.

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* So in this text, but *sí* is unintelligible; probably should be *Náhaní*.
† ? For *'arzí*.
‡ *Pánch ek*, about five.
§ *Júní*, a weight, one and a half *mans*.
‖ ? For *mahávara* practise: *vulgo mahárá*.
¶ ? For *kilí* from *khila* a fort.

Tabe Kaṭhṛî rî Kolî râ bar lekhâ do serâ.
Tabe jo baslâ, "Râjâ Deshûe tis rî râyat hâmî."
Ḍerâ le goe lûṭî rûbharo rî dharâtî.
Tabe Kolîye devî goe Kâṭhṛî Joṅgâ re darbâre.
"Kîshâ suttâ, Râjiâ Sâhibâ, Deshî bairî ûe?"
Tabe Râjâ Joṅgâ re pagiye dâ girdâ pherû.
"Tusî Ghîle âindiyo Chhibbrû, Dharte Bhilêrû."
Tabe jî Ghîlâ âyo goya Chhibbrû, Dhartâ Bhilêrû.
Tabe Râjâ tainiye Nûp Senî puchhne loe teshî.
"Tabe Deshû âyo goyâ. Maîyâ; hâmî karmîṅ kyâ?"
"Tabe ḍolâ devî, to daî râ, khoe, Sâinâ Râjâ."
Daî Râjâ rî Sîtalâ lândî nâ rasoî.
Tabe Ghîlâ japlâ Dhartâ manrû rî ghâî.
Jo jo thî nîkrî* dûjhî tain dî karaz laî.
"Terâ desh khâyâ, Râjiâ, châkare ro ghoṛe.
Desû laṛle Dhâro dî châkaro ro ghoṛe.
Bhâṭ khâyâ tere châkare, pichh pîtî hâmî."
Tû bhî laṛe, mere jo râyat, âdhâ kârâ chhoṛûṅ.
Tabe Ghîle tâine Chhîbbre mat ghâî kamâî:
Tabe Mahite mutsaddî khî kâgaz pahunchâve.
Tabe bhâe† bhâîyo râtî khî kîlo fauj kaṭhî.‡
Tabe bashî lûâ thâ pâî, jhûmeṅ rahî kyûṭh.
Tabe chhiṛî fauj Râjâ rî, hoe dhaule dhâro:
Tabe ṭhârâ§ chaṛhe Ṭhâkuro, pandrâ hazâr:
Tabe Deshûâ re Dhâro dâ goyâ mo'âmlâ lâge;
Tabe Deshûâ re Dhâro dî lâgî goî laṛâî!
Tabe Hanumâne Gosâîn ghâyâ pagṛâ jape:
"Ebe dhanwâ chhâṛo bhâṭhrî dâṅgare sambhâlo."
Kâṭî kâṭîro bhar ghâyâ dhârṭhî ro nâlo:
Tabe gahe lâge goe mûṇḍû re karego re bâṛo.
Tabe Râjâ rî fauj râ ghâ re kâṭâ kîâ.
Tabe Ḍeshû rî Dhâro dî lâgî goe jhîṛî.
Tabe obâ âyâ thâ Râjâ pâlagî dâ undâ nâyâ‖ jîṛî.¶
Râjâ Sainjû rî serî dâ suranî gîrâ.
"Merâ orâ â, nî tû Molûâ, soînî râ narelo."

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* ? For *neg*, rights. † For *hûe* was. ‡ ? For *ekaṭṭhâ* together.
§ For *aṭhârâ*. ‖ *Nânâ = lând*. ¶ Doubtful word.

Tî dâ soîne re narelo dâ Debî râ thâ barâ.
"Tabe tâṅ lâgî, Râjâ, narelo rî, hâṅ leyâ hûṅ shâh."
"Ebe Nâhan re, Molûâ, konî muṅh jâmî. ?"
Tabe eshâ lâgâ thâ boldâ Nâhanî râ Nâthû.
"Tabe lîḍe lîḍe ebe ghoṛave ebe gâhnâ bâthâ."
Tabe pehoṛû kho bollâ Nâhanî râ Meûṅ:
"Tû Râjâ Kyonthal lo jâîro e leyâ samân!"
Tabe eshu lâgî goe boldî Râjâ rî Rânî:
"Râjâ, jab thâ barjî kas râ na thâ mânî;
Tu bhî Kyonthal lo jâero kâ rî karî áyâ?"
"Tâṅ bî bolo, Sâhibâ Rânî, nâî mehnâ deve:
Merâ Deshû Dhâro râ badlâ tainî, Rânî, dekhî.
Tû bî Râṭîpânî, Rânî, dekhî karî tamâshâ."
Tabe Râjâ taînî Nâhanî karî loâ samân:
Tabe bârâ sau kîâ ghoṛlû sâthî lâkh piâdâ.
Tabe chaṛhî fauj Râjâ rî Râṭîpânî âyâ.
Tabe ṭhârâ* jûnî dârûe Râjâ kîâ mohâlâ.
Onde jhûmakû Dhatrî, obâ Sargo kâmbâ.
Tabe dhaulie re gîḍie, kaliâ re kâgâ,
Taîne Râṭpânî bhâyo goyâ mo'âmlâ lâgî.
Tabe bîṛâ lâgâ bandûkoṅ râ megh jîṛâ goṛâ:
Tabe bîṛâ lâgâ kamâne râ jâo jîṛâ ponâ:
Tabe bîṛâ lâgâ talwârî râ bijlî jî chamâko.
Tabe îshû lâgâ thâ boldâ Nâhanî Râjâ·
"Toîṅ Deshû Dhâro bhayvâ Râjâ Sâhibâ, thî nokhî kî."
"Tabe ebe pâkî boî, Râjiâ, merî Sîdhî rî wazîrî."
"Tabe dûdh sardâ merî Nâhanî ebe lâî dîmâ khîrî."
Tabe eshû lâgâ boldâ Sîdhâ Wazîro,
Jûnî phâṭ pardû, muṅh dâ pâchho saî nâ phero:
"Tabe terî Deshû Dhârî dâ, Râjiâ, bash châlâ nâ thâ merâ,
Tabe ghane lâge the mûṇḍû re, karego re bâṛo."
Tabe eshû lâgâ bolnî Sidhâ Wazîro.
"Tûni pîchhû Râjiâ Nûp Sainâ, jânâ pherî."
Tabe Sîdhâ, Koṭ râ Ṭhâkuro, baiṭhâ mehnâ deî.
"Tabe Deshû jîtâ thâ, Râjiâ âj hârîro dêwâ."

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* For *athârâ*

Tabe Râjâ goyâ seh Nup Sainî pichhṛo haṭî:
Tabe jî Râjâ seh Mâîyâ bîgṛî hûâ khush;
Tabe Nâhinî jâero karî loe bahot khushî.

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Râjâ Mahî Parkâsh of Sarmor.

When Mahî was twelve years old the Râjâ of Kyonthal quarrelled with him.
Then the Râjâ (Mahî) collected his army at Nâhan:
And the Râjâ took up his station at the plains of Balag,*
And the people of Balag ran away.
Then Dharmî, the Brâhmanî, made a plan,
(That) as the Râjâ had come she would go to his camp.
So she took a platter filled with pearls as a present to the Râjâ.
But Râjâ Mahî turned his back upon her.
Then said she "Sir Râjâ, thy face and back are one to me;
If thou hear the Brâhmanî's petition, Râjâ.
Take golden-bracelets for thy wrists; return thou back to Nâhan!"
He heeded not the wisdom of the Brâhman woman.
"I must go on account of my quarrel with Kyonthal.
Do you fasten on your turbans, my servants, and put on your armour."
Then the Râjâ gave the order for (the march to) Nâgnî at once.†
Then the people of Nâgnî ran away.
Nâgnî was (left) empty and no one opposed them at all:
And the people of Nâgnî were very frightened:
And about the fifth day Nâgnî was conquered.
"Fasten on your turbans, my servants; and quickly make your bread‡."

* About 15 miles from Nâhan.
† *Lit.* To-day. Nâgnî is the second stage towards Kyonthal.
‡ *I.e.*, prepare for the way.

Then the Râjâ gave the order for Sainjûnî* at once,
And the Râjâ's camp came to the plains of Sainjûnî.
Then the Râjâ fired off twelve *jûnîs*† of gun powder:
And all the brethren of Kyonthal shook like grass.‡
"Fasten on your bundles, my servants: put on your armour."
Then the Râjâ gave the order for the Desû Dhâr at once.
And the Râjâ fired at the fort of Desû Dhâr.
Then the bards§ of Kâṭhṛî hit upon a plan,
To go to the camp of Râjâ Mahî.
Two *sers* (of food) were ordered as a gift to the bards of Kâṭhṛî.
Then said they "We are the people of the Râjâ of Desû."||
At dead of midnight the camp was robbed.
Then the bards of Kâṭhṛî went to the Court of Joṅgâ (Kyonthal).
"Why art sleeping, Sir Râjâ, an enemy hath come to Desû?"
The Râjâ of Joṅgâ was walking about his verandah.
"Call you Ghîlâ, the Chhibbar, and Dhartâ, the Bhiler."
When Ghîlâ the Chhibbar and Dhartâ the Bhiler were come
Râjâ Anûp Sen (of Kyonthal) began to ask them thus:
"Mahî has come to Desû; what shall we do?"
"Give (thy daughter) in marriage (to him), O Râjâ (Anûp) Sen and enmity will be lost."¶
Sîtalâ, the Râjâ's daughter would not take her food.
Then spake Ghîlâ and Dhartâ, settling the betrothal:
(And so) on what free rights they had (the Râjâ) demanded double revenue.

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* Or Sainj, the third stage. † *I.e.*, 18 *mans* or 1475 *lbs.*

‡ *Lâmbû ?=lambá*, a grass, *aristida depressa* or *setacea*: see *Panjab Plants*, Stewart, p. 249.

§ *Kolí*, a caste occupied as bards and weavers.

|| *I.e.* of the conqueror: a flattering speech.

¶ This is a very doubtful line.

(So they said) "Thy country has been robbed, O Râjâ, by thy servants and their horses.
Thy servants and their horses are to fight at the Desû Dhâr.
Thy servants eat the rice, and we drink the rice-water."
"Fight ye, too, (said the Râjâ) that are my subjects and I remit half the revenue (from you)."
Then Ghîlâ the Chhibbar thought of a plan:
And sent letters (papers) to the ministers and clerks.
When the night had passed away, the army collected in the morning.
The rain was falling and the clouds lowered:
And the Râjâ's army advanced and the hills became white (with their clothes).
Then advanced the eighteen Lords* and fifteen thousand (men):
And the struggle began at the Desû Dhâr;—
The fight at the Desû Dhâr!
Then spoke the follower of Hanumân Gosâîn.†
"Throw aside bows and arrows here and look to your clubs."
(With) slaying and slaying the earth and the hollows became filled:
And heads and corpses were piled up into fences.
And the Râjâ (Mahî's) army was cut up like grass.
Then they went through the bushes of the Desû Dhâr.
The Râjâ (Mahî) who had come (sitting) upright in a palanquin was carried back prostrate.
The Râjâ came to his senses in the plain of Sainjûnî.
"O thou Mahî, bring here my golden *huqa*:"
In the golden *huqa* was the offering to Devî.
"Râjâ, thou dost want the *huqa*; I have but brought my life."

---

* The 18 *thâkurs* or barons over whom the Kyonthal Râjâ ruled.
† Meaning Hanumân, the monkey-god: the god of warriors.

"With what face shall we go to Nâhan now, Mahî ?"
Then thus spoke the Lord of Nâhan :
"The crop-tailed horses are now (only fit) for (treading out) grain."*
Then next spake the Minister of Nâhan :
"Going to the Râjâ Kyonthal thou hast taken this army ! "
Then thus spoke the Râjâ's Queen :
"Râjâ, when thou wast warned thou wouldst not listen to any one;
Thou hast gone to Kyonthal and what hast thou done ? "
"I tell thee, my Lady Queen, do not reproach me.
Thou shalt see my revenge, Rânî, for the Desû Dhâr.
Thou shalt see the affair at Râtîpânî, my Queen."
Then the Râjâ of Nâhan made his preparations :
Twelve hundred horse and a hundred thousand infantry.†
And the Râjâ's army reached Râtîpânî.
The Râjâ let off eighteen *jûnîs*‡ of gun powder.
Beneath the earth shook and above the heavens trembled.
The white vultures and the black crows collected :
And the struggle was then at Râtîpânî.
Then the guns in exchange thundered like the clouds :
And the exchange of arrows was like the chaff from barley :
And the swords in exchange flashed like lightning.
Then thus spake the Râjâ of Nâhan :
"My brother Râjâ (of Kyonthal), thou didst much damage at the Desû Dhâr.
The advice of my (Minister) Sîdhâ, O Râjâ, is very good.
I (the Râjâ) have plenty of milk in my Nâhan, I will bring here *khîr*§ (for thee)."||

* *Bâthû*, a species of *chenopodium*.
† Meaning merely a vague large quantity.
‡ *I.e.*, 27 *mans* or over 2,000 *lbs*.
§ A pottage of milk and rice. || Give thee a plenteous reward.

Then thus spake Sîdhâ, the Minister,
Who was wounded in the face by a lance, and who did not turn back :
"In the Desû Dhâr my power was useless, Râjâ,
And heads and corpses began to be collected into fences."
Then thus spake Sîdhâ, the Minister.
"O Râjâ Anûp Sen, do thou turn back."
Then Sîdhâ, the Lord of Koṭ, spake (these) reproaches :
"Thou didst win at Desû, Râjâ, to-day shalt thou lose."
Then was Râjâ Anûp Sen driven back :
And Râjâ Mahî was very pleased.
And great rejoicings were held at Nâhan.

No. XII.

THE STORY OF SYÂMÂ, LORD OF SOHINI,

AS TOLD BY TWO INHABITANTS OF JÛNGÂ, THE SEAT OF THE RÂJÂ OF KYONTHAL.

[The history of the legend is very mixed and confusing. It relates the quarrels of Râjâ Narpat (*sic*) of Sarmor with Syâmâ of Sohinî, who is described as "*jâgîrdâr, parganâ Sohinî, 'ilâqa Sarmor*," *i. e.*, fief-holder in the sub-division Sohini of the Sarmor State. But as far as the lists in my possession guide me there never was a Râjâ Narpat Parkâsh of Sarmor. The 49th Rânâ of Kyonthal, however, was Rânâ Narpatî Sen, and the legend may be explained possibly by supposing that the Râjâ of Sarmor's help was asked for in suppressing Syâmâ. Nevertheless the legend distinctly calls Narpat, Râjâ of Sarmor, and states that Syâmâ's fief was in Sarmor territories. Rânâ Narpati Sen of Kyonthal seems to have lived about the beginning of the 16th century A.D. His contemporaries on the Sarmor throne have left apparently nothing but their bare names and dates behind them. The mention of the Râjâ of Gaṛhwâl or Srinagar, as the helper of Syâmâ's son Sundar, does not help us, for no name is given, and according to Sarmor history there was more or less continuous fighting between these mountain neighbours from the time of Râjâ Mândhâtâ Parkâsh of Sarmor, A. D. 1634-1654 till the beginning of this century.]

[Syâmâ in the song is called the *mawâwî* of Sohinî, a word I have variously rendered as independent, insurgent, rebel, etc., as the context warranted. In the MS. Kyonthal History the word is *mâvî* and is described as indicative of a class, which it undoubtedly is. They seem to have been independent landowners in the hills, holding usually very small estates, but acknowledging no master and paying no one revenue or tribute. The MS. history says "*mâvî, ya'ne khud sar log*," *i. e.* "the mâvîs, or masters of themselves." It is to be noted that Syâmâ is in the song supposed to possess title-deeds in the shape of copper-(plate)-sheets. In short the whole question of these *mâvîs* is very interesting, if not important. I have suggested that this modern word *mawâwî* or *mâvî*, which I heard also pronounced *mawâhî* and *ma'âvî*, is the Arabic word, and our Indian Official term, *mu'âfî*, rent-free lands.]

[The geography and history of the legend are strictly local and call for no further remark here. It is quite impossible, at present, to ascertain the history of the minor personages so frequently mentioned in it.]

TEXT.

Hâr Syâmâ, Jâgirdâr, Parganâ Sohinî, 'Ilâqa Sarmor.

Syâmâ Sohinî râ ban gayâ mawâwî.*
Kârâ mo'âmlâ Râjâ râ khâî loâ grâhî.
Gâve maheshe parzâ rî ghâî kâre mâjiânî.†
Tabe dove jane Rigaṛûe gallo pâî lâî.
Râjâ Narpat pagîye dî sunno:
"Sach bolo, mere Regaṛû, kâre japâ tosî?"
"Kene japâ, Sâhibâ, dûkhâ sûkhî lâî?"
"Tosî sach bolo, mere Regaṛû, Râjâ kolhû de pîlo."
"Hâmeṅ lâî, Râjâ Sâhibâ, mawâwî rî gallo."
Mâṅj Deshû dâ, Râjiâ, Syâmâ banâ mawâwî.
Mahil re baḍhâro kho mâṅgî châmbî rî bahî.
Châmbî rî bahî dâ kârâ Râjâ dekhâ.
Sât hoe Râjâwalî kârâ binâ dittâ.
"Korâ âno merâ kâgat, kalam rû dâwât.
Pahil likho chiṭhî dâ Râm merî salâm:
Dûjî likho chiṭhî dâ pionolî raghes.
Kebe âve merî Nâhan khî, kebe rove nâṅ mere deshî."
Tabe do Râjâ re châkaro Sohinî khî dîve.
Sohinî jâîro goê chaure baiṭhî.
Syâmî rî râṅgaṛî morî mâṅjî dekhî:
Syâmî rî râṅgaṛî bharî laî narîlo;
Chaure khî âî hâth dittâ nareltâ.
Bâvîṅ pairo bâṅdo.
"Syâmâ mawâwî Sohinî râ ghare holâ ke gâveṅ?"
"Syâmâ suttî rove Jaîyâ bangalî rî ḍâphî."
"Tîshâ bîo koîṅ âdimî jo Syâmî deo jagâvî?"
Tabe Thûlîe lâyâ beṭî thâli dâ chhenâkâ.
Suttâ hondâ seh Syâmâ jhumkîrû jâgâ.
"Ûbâ uṭhe, bâpuâ, goe Râvale âve."
"Kene khâî na, beṭîe, Râvele rî khâṭi."
Âge nîkalo bahiro khî sauṛî ro daliche.
Mâṅjî raune Sohinî re bichi goî satraṅjî.

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* (P) From *mu'âfî*, rent-free lands. † (P) *Mu'âvaza*, compensation.

Syâmâ donoṅ Jaîyâ tabe bâhiro khî âe.
Chîlke seh lâ gae tabe kachahrî de baiṭhe.
Pâge dâ khole tî ne kâgat diṭṭî Syâme re hâth.
Tabe Syâme tîne Jâîye bâṅchne lâî.
Bâṅchî bâṅchîro kâgat pâî gîṭhî de phûkî.
"Tûsî done âve bolî, chaṛhero Râjâ ro Rânî.
Râjâ dîmâ gâoṅṭo, Rânî bhar laî pânî.
Kâle kare in re muṅhṭo, lâmbe deo dhâke."
Pâṭhâ ditta shîrash gâṅthṛî dâ bânî.
Kunke Râjâ ginero ennî ainî âve.
Tabe tînoṅ Râjâ re châkaro de lâmbe ditte dhâke.
Tabe Sohinî seh châkaro pure Nâhan khî haṭe.
Râjâ baiṭhâ thâ Narpat bârâ re dwâre.
Tabe rîgaṛûe Râjâ bolî, "jaikârî."
"Bolo, merio rîgaṛo,' oh Syâmâ rî hâdî."
"Pâthâ ditta, Sâhibâ, shîrash gâthṛî dâ bânî;
'Je kunke Râjâ ginero mâ khî ethî fauj leve.'"
."Mere nîṅgî Târû gaṛh re ore leo shâde.
To ne, Târûâ nîgiâ, Sohinî khî jânâ.
Tû to bhârî laî jâ fauj, baḍ.â sâmân.
Mâre begî jâe goâ akrâ Sohinî râ mawâwî.
Târûâ nîgiâ, tû to â, bo, Sohinî phûkî."
Târue nîgî laî fauj joṛî.
Châṅge châṅge loe hâzirî, châṅgî bandûko.
Shîṅke dârû re badre hâthî rî bândhe pîṭhe:
Âge nikale mohre de neze re nishân.
Tabe chaṛhi fauj Târûe rî Jimṭe rî ghâṭî.
Ghâṭ tîas Jimṭe re karî ghâyâ mahâlâ:
Dhoîṅ rî bâdalî goyâ sûrjo jhîmâ.
Syâmâ baiṭhâ Sohinî thaṛe pândale shûno.
"Tâmbe bolo, merâ Choṛûâ, kaun ugmâ Râjâ?"
"Râjâ koî nî ugmâ, Târû gaṛh râ nîgî."
Tabe Târû rî fauj âî Sohinî bâṛe:
Sohinî rî bâṛo dî lâî Târû re âgo.
Syâmâ seh Sohinî râ lâmbî dîlâ hâko.
"Dînroâ, Kînrûâ, merî dhâî khî âve."
"Tînoṅ sânoṅ khî, Syâmiâ, hâmeṅ koî na âmîṅ.

Bârâ ḍhoe barash Dohchî dâ bhâre.
Ghar chîne toîṅ âpne, tûne* kâṭî mahârî."
Isho âgî boldî Syâmî re nâro:
"Tere laṛe hâzirî, mere jâero ḍûm."
Tabe îsho lâgâ boldâ Sohinî râ Syâmâ:
"Kadhî bhîlî râṭṛî? kadhî olâ deshû?"
Tabe chaṛhe âîre mohre Dhâgû Syâmâ râ Kesû.
"Choṛûâ,† Kolṭûâ, in dhîṛî khî pâlâ."
Bhîtaro dâ jaṭlâ sebe Chohuṛû Kolṭû:
"Târû paṛâ nadṛî: lâo, Syâmâjî, golî."
Tinoṅ rî hâdî khî Syâmâ hâsne lâgâ:
"Je bâṅhîṅ tân dî, meriâ Chûṛûâ, lândâ koe nîṅ golî?"
Sohinî rî sîrî dâ goyâ mo'âmlâ lâgî:
Târû nîgî rî fauj râ ghâ kâṭâ kîâ;
Târû nîṅgî seh Nâhan râ tabe lâgâ rondâ:
"Kâṭî Râjâ rî fauj, hâṅ Deshû jogâ nâ hondâ."
Tabe likhîro Târûe kâgat Nâhan khî diṭṭâ.
"Sadâ kâṭî, Târûâ, ghâenî râ ghâ.
Tû âj mawâwî kho ore leve swâs."
Tes Târû nîṅgî dî âyo goî dhîrî.
Jhûṛâ ro Ruliâ hâzirî Kâlsî khî dîve.
Jab jândâ paṛî jandîye rain rû rât:
Tabe lâge Dûbî rî Kalsî pyûlî re pâṭ.
Bâhar dâ jaṭlâ Ruliâ rû Jhûṛâ:
"Pyûlî râ Dûbiâ tû pyûwal kholî."
"Tu kaî râ âdmî? kine jogâ âyâ."
"Nâhan râ hâṅ âdmî, Kâlsî khî âyâ."
"Tu kare ebho, Jhoṛiâ, bâg mânje ḍerâ.
Tabe baro dîmâ bâkarâ bhalko re sabere.
Hâdî galo jabe lândîye baîṭhîye rain rû rât.
Tabe khole Dûbî rî Kâlsî pyûlî re pâṭ.
Tabe Jhûṛâ Râje râ hâzirî bhîtaro khî dîwâ;
Tabe pâg dâ kholâ kâgat dîtâ Dûbî re hâth
Hêmâ Chand Dûbî lûâ kâgat bânchî:
"Mahâre begî jâî goyâ akarâ Sohinî râ mawâwî:

* Toon wood: cedrela toona.
† For the common opprobrious name Chûhṛâ.

Sât hûî Rajâwalî Syâmâ balâ nâ nâvî:
Tân kho mângî, Dûbiâ, gaṛh rî jamât.
Chângî lîve hâzîrî; chângî Lahorî Nâlî:
Bhârî lîve fauj, bhârî lîve samân."
Tabe Hemâ Chand Dûbî loî fauj joṛî:
Tabe chaṛhî fauj Hemâ Chand re Kâlsî rî Dhâro:
Dhâro tîne Kâlsî karî pâyâ mahâlâ.
Dûjî âyâ Himâ majliye Nâhan re darbâre
Râjâ baiṭhâ thâ Nâhane rû bârâdarî.
Hemâ Chand Kâlsî râ bolo "jaikârî"
Tabe daïn dûje jaikârî pûchho Râjâ nîsho.
"Mahâre goyâ akarâ Sohinî râ mawâwî;
Râjâ rî fauj râ ghâ kâṭâ kayâ.
Himâ Chand Dûbiâ, Sohinî khî jânâ.
Bhârî laî jâ fauj: bhârî samân."
Chaṛhî Dûbî rî fauj Jimṭe re ghâṭ.
Ghâṭ tîne Jimṭe re kârî pâyâ mahâlâ.
Jimṭe re ghâṭ thaï jamre re bûṭe.
Sâz bâne tîne jamre goe jhûthî dâ chhoṭî.
"Bidhniâ Baḍhâriâ* baiṭhâ kâ tû hîre?
Dârû bâṇḍde châkaro khî ṭâkaṛî ro sere."
Dârû bâṇḍde châkare paî kâng.
Pâthâ pâthâ dârû râ kîkhe châkar mângô.
Dârû re badare dî gâe chamkî âg.
Âdhî fauj Himâ Chand rî goî dârûe baṇḍde jalî.
Âdhî fauj Himâ Chand rî Sohinî khî châṛhî.
Likhî Dûbî kâgat Syâmâ mawâwî khî dittî.
"Syâmâ, tû orâ melo khî âve."
"Chupâ rove tû sharm khî Kâlsî râ Dûbî.
Kâl chârî mahesh, âj gîrâ lobî.†
Jape, tû, Dûbiâ, kâl mânjo rî hâdî:
Moveṅ dhâchâ thâ, Dûbîâ, chhâî rû âl."
Âdhî fauj Himâ Chand Sohinî darbâre.
Sohinî re bâṛo dî lâî Himme âg.
Tabe Sohinî rî sairî dâ goyâ mo'âmlâ lâgî.

---

* For *banḍârâ*, a distributor. † For *lobhî*.

Beṭe nikâle Syâmâ re sîh jaî guṛiâne.
Îshû lâgâ boldâ Sohinî râ Syâmâ.
"Tuso bolûn, mere beṭuoṅ, in dhîṛe khî pâle."
"Pore* jalo, Jaîyâ, terî lângṛî khoṭî."
Bâî Jaîyâ mûsale âdhî jagro chhoṭî.
Beṭe Syâmâ re sairî khî dauṛîro paṛe:
Sairî mânje Sohinî re goyâ mo'âmlâ lâgî.
Biṛâ lâgâ kamâne râ jâo jayâ pûnâ:
Bîṛâ lâgâ talwârî râ bijlî rî chamâko:
Bî â lâgâ bandûk râ meheg jagâ goṛo.
Sîrî mânjî fauj râ lekhâ royâ nâ jokhâ.
Likhe Heme kâgat Nâhan khî ditte.
"Jalî goî, Râjâ, karam; jalî goî bhâg.
Âdhî fauj kâṭî, Syâmâ, âdhî jalî âg."
"Sadâ kâṭî, Hemeṅ, ghânî râ ghâo.
Tû orâ âve Nâhan khî lîve apnî jân."
Hîmâ Chand haṭâ Nâhan khî pâchho.
Râjâ tîne Nâhan re mat pâî kamâî.
Jamnû ro Syâmâ sâlâ hole bahinoî.
Do Râjâ re regaṛû Jamnû khî dîve.
Jamnû Banâyak orâ Râjâ bulâyâ.
Râjâ baiṭhâ thâ Nâhane râ bârâ re dwâre.
"Mahâre begî goyâ akarâ Sohinî râ mawâwî.
Syâmâ ândîye Sohinî re, deûṅ nîkrâ gâûṅ."
"Khoṭâ Râjâ tû Sâhibâ, tâṅ dhîjdâ nâhîṅ."
Râjâ tîne Narpat chhûṅ pâyâ janeû.
"Râjâ, lîve âmâṅ jo Syâmâ, kâṭne nâ deûṅ."
Gaû re galo dâ Râjâ chauṛâ tâgâ.
Tabe Jamnû Banâyak Sohini khî dîwâ:
Sohinî jâero chaure dâ baiṭhâ.
Syâmâ rî rângaṛî morî mânjî dekhâ.
"Bhâî rî neorî chaure dâ koîṅ baiṭhâ."
Syâmâ rî rângaṛî matrî thaî Syânî.
Bharî laî narelṭo loṭṛâ dâ pânî.
Syâmâ rî rângaṛî chaure khî âî.

* (?) For pûrâ.

Tîse hâth dittâ narelṭo, tabe paire banḍe
"Bâg re phûlṛo, tû kîdâ âyâ?"
"Syâmâ ro Jaîyâ ghar hole ke gâveṅ?"
"Mawâwî sutte rove Sohînî re bangalâ dâ unche."
"Tîshâ beo koî âdmî jo obe deo jagâve?"
Thûlî Syâmâ rî beṭî bangale khî dîve.
Thûlî beṭî Syâmâ pâyâ jagâve.
"Ubâ uṭhe, bâpuâ, mâmâ rûâ âvî."
Tabe Syâmâ rû Jaîyâ bâhiro khî âe.
Syâmâ mîlo Jamnûṅ pîḍarîye kâṇḍe.
"Tabe, Jamnûâ sâlâ, kine jogâ âyâ?"
"Râjâ tîne Nâhane re tâîṅ jogâ lâyâ."
"Kîshî bânî, Syâmâ, toeṅ Râjâ khî tân?
Râjâ sâthî, Syâmâ nâhîṅ châlde mân."
"Râjâ Sâhibâ, Jamnuâ, begî holâ khoṭâ.
Râjâ tîs Narpat nâhîṅ dhîjdâ ânthî."
"Churî mâs barâbarî nâhîṅ, Syâmâjî, hôndî:"
Ishû lâgî boldî Syâmâ rî nâro.
"Bahin bhânje re tân khî hatiâ lâgo.
Râjâ tîne Narpat chûṅ pâyâ jâneû.
Bâhṅ pândî lîmâ âpnî, ghânî na deûṅ."
Syâmâ rî rângaṛî matri syâṇâ:
"Syâmâ niâṅ jo Nâhanî khî orâ seh nâ haṭo,"
"Tâve, rângâṛî, to sâjrâ gheo:
Khoṭâ Râjâ Nâhanî râ nâhîṅ leundâ jeo."
Îshû lâge bolde Dâgî Syâmâ râ kîso:
"Sât jîtî, bâpû, mo'âmlâ, sat kînî laṛâî.
Ebe, bâpûâ, Nâhane khî âpî hâṇḍîro châlâ.
Jabe dî goyâ Nâhane chalo mahârâ nâ basû."
Syâmâ rî rângaṛî bhulbhulûe rone.
"Baiṭhîro, rângaṛî, jî jâmâ haṭero âve."
Tabe, Jamnû ro Syâmâ Nâhan khî dîve.
Râjâ baiṭhâ thâ Nâhan râ bâradwârî.
Syâmâ Nâhanî râ Râjâ dîe jaikârî.
Dîndîye jaikârî Râjâ piṭhṛî pherî.
"Hekṛî Râjâ piṭhṛî dûnî Sâhibâ terî!"
Syâmâ lâi hâḍṛî Râjâ chupâ shuno.

"Tere, shune, Syâmâ, sohnî re moro.'
"Moro mere sohnî re sahî, Sâhibâ, the;
Bahû ro beṭe khelne khî neîṅ"
"Bahû terî thî sobatî, Râjâ, beṛe khî thâ mângo."
"Kheshîye khî kheshṭî, Sâhib khî Rânî.
Joro zamîn khî sadâ rîṛho, Sâhibâ, sîro."
Sîdhâ Ṭhâkurâ, mat de kamâî.
"Ebe bâdâ kurmâ Syâmâ râ de Nâhanî ânî."
Syâmâ karî pâyâ, Jaîyâ, châkaro re hawâle.
Hâth pâî thokarî, pairo dî beṛî.
Sât kampanî* Râjâ rî Sohinî khî dîvî.
Bâdâ kurmâ Syâmâ râ pâyâ Nâhanî ânî.
Îshû lâgî boldî Râjâ rî Rânî:
"Bahû ânî pâî Syâmâ rî: kas mahalle pânî?"
Tabe Syâmâ mawâwî râ phâṭî goyâ kalejâ:
"Ore leve râṅgaṛî mâ khî pânî rî âlo."
Sât beṭe Syâmâ re bândî-khânâ de pâî.
Îshû lâgî boldî Râjâ rî Rânî:
"Syâmâ guṛâwane khî tâtâ karo pânî."
"Tabe tâte pânî, Rânî, Syâmâ nâ guṛo."
Îshû lâgî boldâ Nâhanî râ Râjâ:
"Syâmâ kâṭnî Jaiyâ Jamnâ re kâchh,
Jo rajo rakte tano re Jamnâ re mâchho."
Syâmâ neîṅ Jaiyâ Jamnâ re kâchho:
Phâṭ bâyâ hongrîro Chimnâ Chamâre;
Râje rakte tînon re Jamnâ re mâchhe.
Sât beṭoṅ bîchû dâ ik bhâgîro dîvâ.
Seh Syâmâ râ Sundaro goyâ bhâgîro dîvâ.
Jimṭe re ghâṭ dâ lâmbî dî goyâ hâko:
"Sîh dîvâ bhâgîro, gherî châkaro shilî:
Tabe jâne mâ Syâmâ re jabe lâmâ Nâhanî âg."
Syâmâ râ Sundaro jâe dîvâ Gaṛhwâle.
Gaṛhwâlo jâîro bharâ beṛe dâ pânî.
Chah mahîne Sundar re bharâ tîte pânî.

* This word is purely English, meaning a *company* of soldiers, and its presence here is very instructive as illustrative of the spread of English terms even among the most remote and backward of Indian populations.

Chah mahîne Rânî bâhiro khî âî;
Gaṛhwâlo rî Rânî pâyâ Sundaro pûchhî:
"Kaî râ bhûmî holâ? kas râ jâyâ?"
"Rânî, Sohinî râ bhûmîyâ; Syâmâ râ jâyâ."
"Taïs jayâ soâne* dâ ete kinî jogâ âyâ?"
"Rânî, Râjâ tîne Nâhanî re kiyâ satyâ nâsho.
Sât âṭh kâṭe ghar re, jorû râkhî khawâsî."
Sundaro rî araz begî Rânîye sonî.
Rânî seh Gaṛhwâlo rî Râjâ hâge dîvî;
Râjâ hâge Rânî pâî araz karî:
Beṭâ Syâmâ râ Sundaro tabe bhîtarâ shâdâ:
"Râjâ tîne Nâhanî re kâ kîyâ terâ?"
"Râjâ bâdâ kâṭâ merâ kurmâ, joro râkhî khawâso."
Râjâ Gaṛhwâlo râ tabe harkhe bharâ:
Tabe Râjâ Gaṛhwâlo pâî majjat joṛî.
Chaṛhî fauj Râjâ rî nîâ bînyâ lekhâ.
Âge nikale mohere dî neze re nishân.
Sîṅke dârûe re badre hâthî rî pîṭhe.
Âî fauj Râjâ rî Nâhanî rî neṛe.
Râjâ Nâhanî râ baiṭhâ hondâ shuno.
Dhârî ghoro Kâlsi Râwalî durâgî.
"Sach bolo, mere regaṛu, kaun ugmâ Râjâ?"
"Râjâ Garhwâlo râ goyâ chaṛhîro âve."
"Hameṅ khoyâ nî, rîgaṛûo, taïs Râjâ râ kîṅ?"
"Syâmâ râ Sundaro bhâgîro thâ dîwâ:
Jo jândâ dîwâ jândîye Garhwâlo re darbâre.
Râjâ laîyâ Gaṛhwâlîye Syâmâ râ beṭâ."
Chaṛhî fauj Râjâ rî Nâhanî re darbâre:
Syâmâ râ Sundaro tabe deîyo hâko:
"Âj, Râjâ Nâhanî, lâî pâî âg.
Seh dîwâ thâ jabe bhâgîro, tabe goyâ thâ bolî.
Râjâ Sijla merâ badiâ âj goyâ chhîjî."
Râjâ dîwâ mîlo khî muṅh leve hathiâr.
"Râjâ, merî chhâṛe jânṛî, jo bole mâ kabûl.
Chhâṛî pâe Râjâ Nâhanî re Sundare joro:
Râjâ Gaṛhwalo râ purâ Gaṛhwâlo haṭâ.

* = *suhâne.*

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Syâmâ, the Lord of Sohinî in Sarmor.

Syâmâ of Sohinî became independent,
And ate up the Râjâ's revenue and property by mouthfuls.
He took away the people's cows and buffaloes as compensation (for revenue).
Two men of the Princes brought complaints.
Râjâ Narpat heard them in his verandah:
"Speak truly, my Princes; what is your complaint?"
"What complaint, my Lord, of our joys and troubles have we brought?"
"Speak ye the truth, my Princes, (or) the Râjâ will work you in the oil-press."*
"We have brought, Sir Râjâ, a complaint against the insurgent.
Syâmâ has become independent in the midst of thy country, O Râjâ."
(The Râjâ) demanded the copper plates (books) from the palace chests.
The Râjâ saw the revenue (statements) in the copper plates.†
For seven reigns the revenue had not been paid.
"Bring me (a) clean (sheet of) paper, pen and ink.
First write in the letter my salutations;
Next write the letter with yellow ink:
'Either come to my Nâhan, or remain not in my country.'"
Then two of the Râjâ's servants went to Sohinî.
Going to Sohinî they sat in the vestibule.
Syâmâ's wife looked through the opening (in the wall):
Syâmâ's wife filled a *huqa*‡ and brought it;
Coming into the vestibule she gave the *huqa* into their hands:

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* Work you as galley-slaves.

† This is valuable as showing that they probably exist, if they could only be got at.

‡ *Lit.*, a cocoanut.

She bowed to their left feet.*
"Is Syâmâ, the independent of Sohinî, in his house or in the village?"
"Syâmâ and Jaîyâ† are sleeping in a room in the house."
"Is there a person who will awaken Syâmâ?"
Then Thûliâ, his daughter, clanged a (brass) platter:
And Syâmâ sleeping awoke with a start.
"Get up, father, the king's (officers) have come."
"I have not eaten, my daughter, any of the king's dues."
First the carpets and rugs were brought outside.
In the midst of the vestibule at Sohinî the carpets were spread.
Then Syâmâ and Jaîyâ both came outside.
At sunrise they held their Court.
Opening their turbans‡ they (the messengers) gave the paper into Syâmâ's hand:
And Syâmâ and Jaîyâ took and read it.
Having read the paper they threw it into the fire and burnt it.
"You two come to say that the Râjâ and Rânî will attack us.
I will give the Râjâ a little village and the Rânî shall fetch us water!
Blacken the faces§ of these (men) and thrust them away."
They gave (the officials) a *pâthâ*|| of mustard-seed tied up in a bundle (saying):
"Let the Râjâ count them and come here to fight."
Then they thrust out the Râjâ's servants:
And the Râjâ's servants returned back to Nâhan.
Râjâ Narpat was sitting in his summer house:
And his ambassadors said to the Râjâ, 'hail.'

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* A very notable custom: sister bowing to the brother.

† His brother.

‡ Allusion to the common native habit of tying up a paper or letter in the turban for safety.

§ Disgrace them.

|| A weight: two *sers* or four *lbs*.

"Tell me, my ambassadors, the news about Syâmâ."
"He gave us, my Lord, a *pâthâ* of mustard-seed tied up in a bundle;
(And said) 'Let the Râjâ count them and bring an army here for me.'"
"Call here, my Commander of the fort, Târû.
Târû, my Commander, thou must go to Sohinî:
Take a large army and great equipments.
My insurgent of Sohinî has become very arrogant.
Târû, my Commander; O do thou go and burn Sohinî."
Târû, the Commander, collected an army.
He took good men and good guns:
And fastened bags of lead and gunpowder on the backs of elephants.
First came on in front the standards of the spears:
And Târû's army advanced to the Jimṭâ Pass.
They made a firing at the Jimṭâ Pass.
Clouds of smoke obscured the sun.
Syâmâ sat on his seat in his house at Sohinî and heard it.
"Tell me, my Choṛû, who is this great Râjâ?"
"It is no Râjâ, but Târû, the Commander of the fort."
Târû's army came to the fence of Sohinî:
Târû set fire to the fence at Sohinî.
Syâmâ of Sohinî made a loud call.
"Dînrû and Kînrû, come to my help."
"On account of that treatment (of thine) Syâmâ, none of us will come.
For twelve years we bore thy burdens in Dohchî.
You built your house and you cut down our toon trees (for it)."
Thus spake Syâmâ's wife:
"Let thy attendants fight, and my servants go."
Then thus spake Syâmâ of Sohinî:
"When will the night pass? And when will it be day?"
Then Dhâgû and Kesû (sons of) Syâmâ came to the front.
"O Choṛû and Kolṭû I reared you for this day."
Choṛû and Kolṭû called out from inside:

"Târû is within shot: let us shoot balls (at him), Sir Syâmâ."
Syâmâ laughed at their words.
"If you have arms my Chorû, why not shoot balls at (him)?"
In the plain of Sohinî the battle began:
And the army of Târû, the Commander, was cut up as grass;
And Târû, the Commander of Nâhan, began to weep:
"The Râjâ's army is cut up, I am not fit to return home."
Then Târû wrote a letter and sent it to Nâhan.
"The grass of the pastures is always cut, Târû.*
Save thy life here from the insurgent to-day."
And comfort came unto Târû the Commander.
Jhûrâ and Ruliâ, his attendants, went to Kâlsî:
And as they went the night and darkness fell (upon them),
And they found the shutters of the door of the Dûbi† of Kâlsî shut.
Ruliâ and Jhûrâ called out from the outside:
"O thou Dûbî, open the shutters of the door."
"What men are you? whence have you come?"
"We are men from Nâhan come to Kâlsî."
"Do thou, O Jhûrâ, then place thy tent in the garden:
And I will give you supplies and a goat early in the morning."
Then they passed the night sitting and talking.
Then the Dûbî opened the door of Kâlsî:
And Jhûrâ the servant of the Râjâ went inside,
And opening the paper in his turban gave it into the Dûbî's hand.
Hemâ Chand, the Dûbî, read the paper.
"My insurgent of Sohinî has become very arrogant.‡
For seven reigns Syâmâ could not be ruled.

---

* This is the Râjâ's reply.
† A sub-division of the Brâhmans.
‡ Contents of the letter.

I ask from thee, thou Dûbî, the forces of thy fort.
Take good men and good guns from Lahore.
Take a vast army and take vast supplies."
Hemâ Chand, the Dûbî, collected his army:
And Hemâ Chand's army advanced along the Kâlsî hills:
And he practised firing on the Kâlsî hills.
Next Hemâ came into the assembly of the Nâhan Court.
The Râjâ of Nâhan was sitting in the summer-house.
Hemâ Chand of Kâlsî said (to him) 'hail.'
When he returned the salute* the Râjâ spake to him thus:
"My insurgent of Sohinî has become very arrogant,
And has cut up the royal army like grass.
O Hemâ Chand Dûbî, thou must go to Sohinî.
Take a vast army and vast equipments."
The Dûbî's army advanced to the Jimṭâ pass:
And they fired (guns) at the Jimṭâ pass.
There were *jamrá* trees† in the Jimṭâ pass,
And the weight of the accoutrements‡ uprooted the *jamrâ* trees.
"O Bidhnâ, thou Treasurer, what art thou idly staring at?
Give out powder to my servants with scales and weights."
As he distributed the powder the men made a disturbance:
Each man demanded a *pâthâ*§ of powder.
The bags of powder caught fire.
Half Hemâ Chand's army was blown up in the distribution of the powder:
And half Hemâ Chand's army went on to Sohinî.
The Dûbî wrote a letter and sent it on to Syâmâ.
"Syâmâ, come thou here and meet me."
"Be silent for shame, thou Dûbî of Kâlsî.

---

* *Lit.*, gave the second "hail."
† ? *Viburnum fœtens.*
‡ *Lit.*, the accoutrements being fastened.
§ 4 *sers* or 8 *lbs.*

Yesterday thou didst graze my buffaloes, to-day thou dost desire my life.
Speak of what happened in the midst of the famine, thou Dûbî:
(When) I fed thee, thou Dûbî, with curds and pumpkins*."
Half the army of Hemâ Chand (reached the) Court of Sohinî.
Hemâ set fire to the fence at Sohinî:
And the struggle commenced in the plain of Sohinî.
Syâmâ's sons came out roaring like lions.
Thus spake Syâmâ of Sohinî:
"I tell you my sons, I reared you for this day."
[" May thy bad lame leg burn, Jaîyâ†."
Jaîyâ took up his club and broke down half the house wall.]
The sons of Syâmâ came running to the plain:
And the struggle commenced in the midst of the Sohinî plain.
The exchange of the arrows was like the chaff from barley:
And the swords in exchange flashed like lightning:
And the guns in exchange thundered like the clouds.‡
In the plain the army could not be counted.
Hemâ wrote a letter and sent it to Nâhan.
" Our fortune is destroyed, Râjâ, and our luck is gone.
Half the army Syâmâ has cut up and half the fire burnt up."
"Hemâ, the grass of the pasture is always cut.
Come here to Nâhan and save thy life."
Hemâ Chand retreated back to Nâhan.
The Râjâ of Nâhan contrived a plan.
Jamnû and Syâmâ were brothers-in-law.§

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* *Âl? cucurbita maxima*: see Stewart, *Panjâb Plants*, p 97.

† The two lines in brackets relate an incidental quarrel between Syâmâ and his brother.

‡ This description seems to be conventional.

§ *Lit.*, were sister's husband and wife's brother (to each other).

Two relatives of the Râjâ went to Jamnû:
And the Râjâ called Jamnû, the Banâyak.
The Râjâ of Nâhan was sitting in his summer-house.
"My insurgent of Sohinî has become very arrogant.
Bring me Syâmâ of Sohinî and I will give thee a little
village."
"Sir Râjâ, thou art false, I believe thee not."
(So) Râjâ Narpat touched his (sacred) thread.*
"Râjâ, I will bring Syâmâ, but I will not let him be
killed."
The Râjâ tore the thread off the cow's neck.†
Then Jamnû, the Banâyak, went to Sohinî:
And going to Sohinî sat down in the vestibule.
Syâmâ's wife saw him through the window.
"The likeness of my brother is sitting in the vestibule."
Syâmâ's wife was clever and wise:
She brought a *ḥuqa* and a cup of water:
And Syâmâ's wife came into the vestibule.
She gave the *ḥuqa* into his hand and fell at his feet.‡
"Like a flower of the garden, how hast thou come?"
"Are Syâmâ and Jaîyâ in the house or in the village?"
"My lords are asleep in the upper part of the house."
"Is there any one who will go up and wake them?"
Thûlî, Syâmâ's daughter, went to the house.
Thûlî, Syâmâ's daughter, waked them up.
"Get up, father, my uncle§ has come."
Then Syâmâ and Jaîyâ came outside.
Syâmâ fell on Jamnû's neck with affection.
"Jamnû, my brother-in-law, whence hast thou come?"
"The Râjâ of Nâhan hath called thee home,
Why hast thou opposed the Râjâ, Syâmâ?
Thou canst not be the equal of the Râjâ, Syâmâ."

---

* By way of oath.
† By way of a stronger oath.
‡ This is a very remarkable custom and seems to be universal in the hills. It reverses the regular Panjâbî custom.
§ Mother's brother.

"The Lord Râjâ, Jamnû, is very deceitful.
I have no faith at all in the Râjâ Narpat."
"Sir Syâmâ, flesh and the knife cannot be equal (friends)."
Thus spake Syâmâ's wife :*
"The murder of thy sister and nephew will be on thee :"
"Râjâ Narpat touched his (sacred) thread :
I will take him to my arms and not suffer him to be killed."
Syâmâ's wife was wise and clever :
"If thou take Syâmâ to Nâhan, he will not return back."
"Warm for me, my wife, some fresh *ghî* :
I shall not bring my life back from the treacherous Râjâ of Nâhan."
Thus spake Dâgû and Kesû, Syâmâ's sons :
"Father, we have won seven struggles and fought seven battles :
And now, Father, thou wouldst go to Nâhan.
When thou hast gone to Nâhan no power will remain to us."
Syâmâ's wife began to weep bitterly.
"Sit still, my wife, if I go I will return."
Then Jamnû and Syâmâ went to Nâhan.
The Râjâ of Nâhan was sitting in his summer-house.
Syâmâ said to the Râjâ of Nâhan, 'hail.'
As he was saluting him the Râjâ turned his back on him.
"Thy front or back is the same (to me), my Lord."†
The Râjâ heard Syâmâ's speech in silence.
"Syâmâ, I have heard of thy golden peacocks."‡
"It is true, my Lord, that I had golden peacocks,
(But) my son and his wife took them away to amuse themselves (with them)."

---

* To Jamnû.
† This scene and expression seem to be conventional.
‡ The signs of independence or royalty.

"Thy son's wife was beautiful, and was asked (in marriage) for the Râjâ's harem."*
"Lowly women for the lowly, Queens for Kings!
For women and land, my Lord, heads are always rolling!"
"O my Lord Sîdhâ,† think of some plan
To bring the kith and kin of Syâmâ now to Nâhan!"
Syâmâ and Jaîyâ were handed over to the servants:
Handcuffs were placed on their hands and manacles on their feet.
Seven companies of the Râjâ went to Sohinî,
And fetched Syâmâ's kith and kin to Nâhan.
Thus spake the Râjâ's Queen:
"Syâmâ's son's wife has been fetched; in which palace shall we place her?"
Then was Syâmâ, the rebel, heart-broken:
"Bring me here, my wife, a cup of water."
Seven sons of Syâmâ were put into the prison-house.
Thus spake the Râjâ's Queen:
"Boil water and throw in Syâmâ."
Then (spake one) "Queen, throw not Syâmâ into boiling water."
Thus spake the Râjâ of Nâhan:
"Slay Syâmâ and Jaîyâ on the banks of the Jamnâ,‡
That the fish of the Jamnâ may satiate themselves with their blood and bodies."
Syâmâ and Jâiyâ were taken to the banks of the Jamnâ:
Chimnâ, the Chamâr, roaring dealt them heavy blows,
And the fishes of the Jamnâ were satiated with their blood.
One out of the seven sons ran away.
It was Sundar, Syâmâ's son, that ran away.
At the Jimṭâ pass he gave a loud cry:
"The lion has escaped which you jackal servants (of Nâhan) surrounded:

* *Berâ*, a courtyard=here obviously *ḥaramsarâ*, a harem.
† The Râjâ speaking.
‡ The Sarmor State lies mostly within the basin of the River Jamnâ

You will know me for Syâmâ's son when I set fire to Nâhan."
Syâmâ's son, Sundar, went to Gaṛhwâl*
Going to Gaṛhwâl he drew water in the Court (of the palace).†
For six months did Sundar draw water thus.
For six months did the Queen come outside,
And the Queen of Gaṛhwâl fell to asking Sundar:
"Of what land art thou? whose son?"
"O Queen, Sohinî is my country; I am Syâmâ's son!"
"From that pleasant land why hast thou come here?"
"O Queen, the Râjâ of Nâhan has ruined us!
Seven or eight of our house he slew and made our wives his slaves."
Eagerly the Queen heard Sundar's prayer.
The Queen of Gaṛhwâl went up to the Râjâ;
And the Queen made a prayer to the Râjâ:
And they called in Sundar, the son of Syâmâ:
"What did the Râjâ of Nâhan to thee?"
"The Râjâ slew my kith and kin and our wives he made his slaves."
Then was the Râjâ of Gaṛhwâl filled with anger.
And the Râjâ of Gaṛhwâl collected his army.
The army of the Râjâ advanced (in numbers) beyond reckoning.
In the front went the spears and the standards: (and)
Bags of shot and powder on elephants' backs.
The army of the Râjâ approached to Nâhan.
The Râjâ of Nâhan sitting there heard it:
(That) the drums of some king were being beaten on the Kâlsî hills.
"Tell me, my princes, who is this great Râjâ?"

* Called also from its capital Sṛinagar. It is now a British hill district under the Commissioner of Kumâun in the North-West Provinces.

† *Beṛa* again used for a palace. Sundar has turned himself into a water-carrier.

"The Râjâ of Gaṛhwâl has come."
"We have done nothing to that Râjâ, my princes."
"Syâmâ's son, Sundar, ran away to him:
And running away went to the Court of Gaṛhwâl.
It is Syâmâ's son that has brought the Râjâ of Gaṛhwâl."
The army of the Râjâ advanced to the Court of Nâhan:
And Syâmâ's son, Sundar, gave a shout:
"To-day, O Râjâ of Nâhan, have I brought fire.
When I fled (from thee) I spake thus.
Râjâ, my revenge has to-day been altogether effected."
The Râjâ (of Nâhan) went out to meet them and gave up his arms.*
"Râjâ, spare my life who give my consent to thy terms."
The Râjâ of Nâhan released the women of Sundar's (family):
And the Râjâ of Gaṛhwâl returned back to Gaṛhwâl.

---

* *Lit.*, with his arms in his mouth. A curious custom.

No. XIII.

THE SONG OF NEGÍ BAHÂDUR,

AS SUNG IN JÛṄGÂ, THE CAPITAL OF THE KYONTHAL STATE.

[This is a love-song and probably refers to some intrigue in the hills about Simla which attained to local notoriety. Bahâdur or Sabdâ, as he is called in the song, is described as having been a Negî, or Military Commander in the Kyonthal State, but when he lived I have been unable to find out. There is nothing in this song which would give the least clue to his date.]

[The geography of the song is local as usual, excepting as to one place which I was told was near Sṛinagar in Gaṛhwâl.]

[It is valuable for its grammar and vocabulary, but its disjointed and spasmodic nature has made it very difficult to render the doubtful words and passages. It seems to consist of a long string of locally familiar images and proverbial expressions, which it would require a native of Kyonthal to adequately explain, could one be found to do so.].

TEXT.

Râg Nigî Bahâdur.

Nîgî gâwandâ nâ Bahâdur gale paṛe royâ shokâ :
Chhoṭî rakam rî lâîchî lîve ṭhande pânî râ loṭâ.
Bahâdur re ghartû dhîshû dûrâ dâ Dillî.
Ishî rahî jîû dî mere jîshî dahîṅ khî billî.
Ghyo bharmîṅ ghîṛe, tel bharmîṅ kuppe.
Manâ silgî maniye, dhûâṅ hondâ nâ loe.
Koṭhî paṛî Shimlâ,* Nâliyo† talâo.
Gujjî lâgî bedno, hondâ pagṛâ nâ ghâo.
Joṅgo re beṛe dâ holâ pâthar râ mîṛo.
Chatro rove jîo dâ, mûrakh dîo sarlî lîṛo.
Devî re mandar di holî ghûṅgṛû ro mâlâ.
Koe bharî akhṭî ? shîgî lîme sambhâlo.
Maharî bîṛo kho soâṅ dhîso Kanhâr.‡
Dhîṛe hoe bhalṛe. terî bhûli na navîro.

---

* Shimlâ, the local pronunciation of Simlâ.
† Near Simlâ. ‡ 25 miles from Simlâ.

Mahâre ghar dâ dhishû bangalâ terâ.
Râtî mîntiye supne hoê kâlejâ rî lîro.
Goro charo ganole, charo maheshî Karole.*
Râtî mîṭiye supne jânî bâuoṭî shirwe. •
Lânî nâṅ dostî, Bahâdurâ, hî dostî burî:
Hîshî lâgo dilo dî, jishî.mâs dî churî.
Dhâî baiṭhâ sûrijo, Bahâdurâ, gâdî baiṭhâ mahant.
Chandî ro phûlṛo dîmîṅ, chhâṛe dilo râ ant.
Kâlî bânî mainâ, Bahâdurâ, harî bânî totâ.
Agge dittâ thâ âsrâ, Bahâdurâ, pîchho dâ gotâ.
Kâle khâe tere kâjle, Bahâdurâ, mânj mâthe re ṭîke.
Korî khâî prît, Bahâdurâ, ghaṛî pallo rî chîte.
Dillî bîjmîṅ sîrash, Dillî agere râî.
Shâg bholkâ horîye khâyâ, badî hâm dî lâî.
Dhâke phûlâ phûlṛo râhâ dhâk dî aṛî.
Je holâ mhâre hâq râ, hâlâ phaṛke paṛî.
Bâshî to kûkuâ kho o dî teṅ.
Dhîrâ gâlâ âj kâ terî, Bahâdurâ, jânî rî teṅ?
Sogî† rî saṛak âyâ Rânî râ ekkâ.
Jitthe lâgo dîlṛe bâlâ tithe jhâldâ nâṅ rekhâ.
Hâṅs chungo samundare, Sabdâ, machhî nadî re bîghâ.
Hemî sîbûro thî, bâre khî tusê bîchhṛe shîngî.
Chând bichhṛe sûrijo, Sabdâ, ghane rî târe.
Hemeṅ tosî nâṅ bichhṛe, bhâg bichhṛe mhâre.
Aṭh phûṭo‡ râ takhtâ, nau phûṭ rî kaṛî.
Ik kârṭâ gharṭo râ, Sabdâ, dûjî fikro thârî.
Phul phullâ julâb râ, râkhâ pâthar pânde:
Heme, gandâ, thârî taîṅ, tosî pâî nâṅ lânde.
Khaṛa khaṛîye shone araz merî.
It kârtâ ghar râ, dûjî zarab terî.
Dhûro re bâdlî pânde paṛî âdhî.
Bârâ kâtî baras tere hukum bâdî.

---

* Said to be near Srinagar in Gaṛhwâl.
† Seven miles from Simla.
‡ *Phûṭo, phûṭ*, very interesting corruptions of the English word 'foot.'

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Nîgî Bahâdur.

I cannot sing of Nîgî Bahâdur as my throat is dry :
Bring me small cardamoms in a cup of cold water.
Bahâdur's house seems as distant as Dillî.*
(The longing) of my heart is as a cat's for the curds.
I will fill pitchers with *ghî* and leathern-bottles with oil.
My heart burns in my heart, there is no smoke nor flame.
There is a house at Simlâ, a tank at Nâliyâ.
It penetrates unseen (for) the wound is not visible.
The roof of the palace at Jûngâ is of stone.
The wise remain in their hearts,† the fool cries aloud.
In the temple of Devî is the circlet for the ankles.
Why fill thy eyes (with tears)? Quickly he will take care of thee.
From my palace is seen Kachâr before me.
Many days have been, thy face is not forgotten.
I can see thy house from my hut.
Meeting thee in a dream of the night my heart was torn in pieces.
The cattle graze in the pastures, the buffaloes at Karol.
In a dream of the night I thought thy arms met (round) my head.
Indulge not in lust, Bahâdur, lust is wicked:
Thus is the heart injured (by it) as flesh by the knife.
The sun sits on high, Bahâdur, as a high priest on his throne.
I will give thee flowers of silver, if thou release the secret of thy heart:
A black-coated *mainâ*,‡ Bahâdur, and green-coated parrot.
First thou didst give me hope, Bahâdur, and afterwards didst deceive me.

---

* *C.f.* proverb *Dillî dûr hai*, it is a far cry to Dehlî.
† Keep their own counsel.
‡ *I.e.*, the talking *mainâ*, which is much valued.

The lamp-black in thine eyes, Bahâdur, and the beauty of thy face have devoured me.
Great love (for thee), Bahâdur, and the devotion of (every) moment and hour devours me.
I will sow *sarsoṅ** in Dehlî, and *râî** in front of Dehlî.†
Another has eaten the half-cooked relish; I have been disgraced.
The flower bloomed on high, and on high it withered.
Had it been my lot, it would have fallen quickly (into my lap)‡.
O Cuckoo! sitting on the branch of the walnut tree:
Why should I waste the day in the (useless) hope of my beloved, Bahâdur?
The Rânî's *ekkâ*§ has passed along the Sogî road:
Where a girl's heart is attached she cannot tolerate a rival.
The swans eat in the sea, ‖ O Sabdâ! the fishes in the broad rivers.
I was (for loving thee) for ever, in the end thou didst quickly separate (from me).
The moon parts from the sun, O Sabdâ! the stars from the sky.
I and thou are not separated, our fates are separated.
The wood is of eight feet, and the beam (wants) nine feet.
My first anxiety is for the house, Sabdâ, my second anxiety is for thee.
The rose-flower bloomed and I laid it on a stone:
It was for thee, ungrateful! thou didst not receive it.
Stand awhile and listen to my prayer.
The first anxiety is for my house, the next for thy injuries.
The cloud from afar has split in half.
I have passed twelve years obeying thy commands.

* *Sarsoṅ, Brassica campestris*; *râî, Brassica juncea.* They are two kinds of mustard.

† This appears to allude to some proverb, or perhaps *Dillî* may mean 'in my heart!'

‡ So interpreted, but *hâlâ* has not been really translated.

§ A conveyance in which one pony is driven.

‖ According to a well-known myth.

No XIV.

MADANA THE BRAVE, LORD OF CHAUṚÂ,

AS SUNG IN THE KYONTHAL STATE.

[This exceptionally fine and poetical legend relates to some war, or rather fight, between the neighbouring states of Jûṅgâ (or Kyonthal) and Kahlûr (or Bilâspûr) about the year A.D. 1680. The date can be fixed more or less approximately as being in the time of Rânâ Anûp Sen of Kyonthal (1670-1692 A.D.) his contemporary on the Bilâspûr throne being Râjâ Bhîm Chand, the 35th of his line, (A.D. 1672-1693), according to the manuscript epitome of the history of that State in my possession. Râjâ Bhim Chand is there stated to have been the successful warrior this legend makes him out to be.]

[The geography is again strictly local, and beyond what is above stated there is no history attached to it. The human interest, however, that the bard has infused into it is unusually great.]

TEXT.

Hâr Madanâ Sardâr, Mauza' Chauṛâ, 'Ilâqâ Kyonthal.

"Joû Karâukâ,* toîṅ Chauṛe khî jânâ."
Joûâ Karâuk diwâ Chyonṭî rî *Dhâro*:
Joû Karâuke jaṭhâ Madanâ Bhaṛo ;†
Joû Karâuk, jaṭho, tîtîye shuno na koî:
Joû Karâuke dittî pîṛî rî gâlî.
Tabe Madane Bhaṛe shonâ koilî dâ khaṛe.
"Jithe tosî âve mard Koṭî re ṭhîṅge.
Ashyâ bharmâṅ Râjâ râ, tûso ghânî gharmâṅ ḍîṅge.
Joûâ Karâuk to bîshîye dâ helâ.
Bâdâ Châele tâṅ deo nâṅ koîṅ ṭhelâ."
"Mâelî ro Malâṅgonâṅ râ nikalâ dhûâṅ!
Shonî dâ nâṅ pîṛe râ mûâṅ!"
Odû ro Madanâ donoṅ chhîṛe khî shâde.
"Râjâ Sâhibâ hâmûṅ kadhî nâṅ dhîjâ!
Chhîṛe khî keshî jâo hemîṅ pachiâ bhatîjâ?"
"Isû chheṛe khî tûso jânî jânâ paṛo."

---

* Said to be the same as *Chaudhrî*. † *Bhaṛ = Sardâr*.

Madanâ Bhaṛo goyâ thar-thar kâmbi.
"Châle, jî Udû châchiâ, Chirmaṭe jâmîṅ:
Shaṛṛû Chanâl dâ hemîṅ dhanoṅ balâmîṅ."
Ûdû ro Madanâ donoṅ Chirmaṭe dîve.
"Shaṛṛû rî Chanâliye! Shaṛṛû ghar ke gâveṅ?"
"Shaṛṛû Chanâl holâ bhîtarâ sutiâ."
"Shaṛṛû Chanâlîye! Shaṛṛû dîttâ jagâvî."
Shaṛṛû Chanâl thar-thar kâmbâ.
"Bhaṛo rî dhanoṅ khî merî nahâr nî baniâ lâmbâ."
"Nahâr nî je tere, Shaṛṛûâ, hemeṅ bâuî de shîle."
Shaṛṛû Chanâl tabe bâldâ lâgâ;
Odû ro donoṅ Madaṇâ bhûṅeṅ de baiṭhe:
Shaṛṛûe Bhaṛo rî dhanoṅ karî pâî taiyâr;
Odû ro Madanâ donoṅ ghar khî âe.
Buḍḍhî mâî bâṭâ tabe âṭâ.
Madanâ ro Ûdû tarkash shâî.
Buḍḍhâ bâpû de kân dâ beṛe:
"Tû Bhaṛo beṭiâ, jândâ tû pâchhṛo bhîṛe"
Odû ro Madanâ donoṅ hoe taiyâr.
Bâmûe oḍwe tabe bîṛo le pâgo:
Donûe seh mâecho tabe uchhnî lâgo.
Bamûe Bhaṛo oḍwe ditte koele khî pego:
Titnîye thâ Kâchhîye chhiṛwe chhîkhâ;
Madanâ Bhaṛo baiṭhâ betîye dâ jânî:
"Mâele re chhîṛo dâ kabhî jîundâ nâ haṭo."
"Rabâli lo khelâve beṭ e Kesû.
Chhîṛo kho âelâ bhalṛe dese."
Ûdû ro donoṅ Madanâ Jûṅgo khî âe.
Râjî baiṭhâ Nûp Sain bârâdwârî:
Ûdû ro Madanâ bolo, 'jaikarî.'
Dittîye 'jaikarî' Râjâ pûchhne lâî:
"Ûdû ro Madanâ, donoṅ chhîṛo khî jâo."
"Râjiâ Sâhibâ, to kabhî nâṅ dhîjo hemo;
Chheṛo khî heme doneṅ kishe lâî loe pîchiâ bhatîjâ?
"Palâsho rî nâlî lânî ḍîngîye jhâṛî."
Joûâ Karâuk dîwâ Chyunṭî rî Dhâro:
Joûâ Karâuk dhâro dâ jâthâ.

Tabe Joûâ Karâuk dîwâ Chauṛe re biṛo:
"Îshû châlâ chhîṛo khî âpe Sâhib Râjâ.
Lâî dhîṛîye ṭhaṇḍkâ sabhe Jûṅgo khî shâde."
Tabe Chauṛe Palâshû rî nâlî Jûṅge âî.
Râjâ baiṭhâ Nûp Sain bârâdwârî.
Tissî fauj Râjâ bolî 'jaikârî.'
"Kîshî âî, Râjiâ, chhiṛo rî mhârî bârî."
Tabe sârî fauj Râjâ araz karî;
Râjâ Sâhibâ araz nâ mânî.
Râjâ lâî Sâhib zabarî rî zorî.
Âpnî fauj Bhaṛe kî taiyâr.
Tîdû dâ Bhaṛo dîwâ Tûndalo Kawâlî.
Tûndalo Kawâlî dâ Bhaṛ ghar khî jâtho.
"Mere maheshî ro bhâṭale bhîtaro khî bâno."
Tide dâ châlâ dîwâ Bhaṛo Tûndalo rî serî.
"Tetîye baso Bhaṛâ bhain terî Sâhibâ."
Gadambarî bhain leîye dudh râ kaṭorâ.
"Chîoṛî jâtî dî hondî nâ shudho:
Chhîṛo khî jândîye leî namalâ dudh."
Gadambarî bhain dittî sarlî liṛo:
"Gadambarî, to roî na pîṭî:
Âumâṅ jabe haṭîro, nîmâṅ shâdîro gharo.
Soe dîmâṅ maheshî gâbhano gâvîṅ."
Tîdâ râ châlâ dîwâ Beshî re panere:
Beshî rî Bâmanî âî panerî.
Beshî rî Bâmanî bharwe taṅgo.
"Dekhîyo, chîorîyo, îs Bhaṛo râ rang!"
Iksî Bâmanî tabe 'Bhâîyâ' bolâ:
"Îsî jawânî koe chhiṛo khî châlâ?"
"Râjâ Sâhibâ mân dhîjâ nâṅ anthî."
Tisse doe bâîṅ dâ bâlṭo khole:
"To purâ haṭe ghar khî, tere ḍâṇḍo khî hole."
"Ethîṅ bâlṭoe mere ḍaṇḍ nâ chhijo."
Tîdâ râ châlâ dîwâ Bhaṛ Serî rî ghâṭ:
Serî rî ghâṭ lâî rasoî.
Serî rî ghaṭ dâ ûndâ Mâeḷi khî dekho:
Mâelî Malâṅgane nikalâ dhûâṅ.

Madane Bhaṛe hukum fauj khî kîyâ:
"Mâelî Malâṅganâṅ mân kho dhîshiâ dhûâṅ;
Bâno tosî kamaro, shîgî karo roṭi."
Tithe kho fauj dîvî Mâelî rî seri.
"Samjhe, Bhaṛâ, tâṅ khîye pâkharo âî."
Pahili inni khî tîne pâkaṛî talwâro:
Pahilî fauj kâṭîro dharnî bichâve.
"Samjhe, Bhaṛâ Madanâ, dujṛî innî."
Dujṛî fauj khî sambhâlî dhanoṅ:
Kâṭîro fauj dharnî bichâî.
"Tû samjhe, Bhaṛâ Madanâ, chhîjrî innî."
Chhîjrî fauj khî Bhaṛe pakaṛâ ḍagâsâ:
Chhîjî Bhaṛe fauj dharnî rulânâ.
"Samjhe, Bhaṛâ Madanâ, chauthî âî innî."
Chauthî Bhaṛe innî khî pâkaṛî bandûk:
Bandûk rî golîye ghâî fauj dhâî.
"Samjhe, Bhaṛâ Madanâ, pânjvîṅ innî."
Pânjvîn pâkharî khî dângaṛo sambhâlâ:
Kâṭîro pâkharo dharnî rulâvî.
Chheî innî khî pâkaṛî râmbî:
Chheî innî Bhaṛe dharnî rulâvî.
"Tû samjhe, Bhaṛâ Madanâ, satvî innî, Sâhibâ."
"Ûdûâ châchiâ, mere hâth nâṅ rohâ keîṅ!
Sâkhne hâth bairîyo ebe mârâ, châchiâ!"
Puro dâ bolûlâ Kahlûriâ Sâû:*
"Kebe bânde châlî, Bhaṛâ, kebe baṛchâ bâṅn?"
"Saṛî Kahlûro, terî bândî na jâo!"
Kahlûrîye Sâûe ghâyâ baṛchâ bâî.
Chhâṭî bâyâ baṛchâ pîṭhî nabârâ.
"O Ûdûâ châchiâ, ebe bairî mârâ!
Ghar banâtî nâ merâ lûṭiâ lîwâ:
Âmâṅ bole bâpû hâge, 'Bhaṛo châkarî khî dîwâ.'"
Ûdûe Châchîye tîne kamaro kashâ ṭaî râ.
Kamaro kashîro ḍolî dâ chukkâ.
Tîdo re chale âe Beshi re panhere.
Beshî rî Bâmanî âî tabe panhere.

* *Sâû=Sardâr.*

"Kal kâ gâbharû jo âj chukhîro ûnâ."
Beshî rî Bâmanî leî dudh râ katorâ.
Tîtîye tabe chhâṛi pâî Bhaṛe Madane prân.
"Mathrûâ Turebâ, ebe biorâ kare bâjâ.
Ethe râ bâjnâ jo shuno Jûṅge Râjâ,
Hate âyâ Madanâ jâî goyâ mârâ."
Tîde râ châle âe Chauṛe rî bîṛo.
Buḍḍhâ rû buḍḍherî dîle sarlî lîṛo:
"Râjâ Sâhibâ, hemîṅ kadhî nâû dhîjâ:
Chhîṛo khî do lâe the pîchiâ ro bhatîjâ."
Kebrû rî setî dî loe chittâ banâvî.
Ûdûe châche tîne ditte Bharo de dâgo.

TRANSLATION.

Story of Madanâ, Lord of Chauṛâ in the Kyonthal State.

"O Joû Karâuk, thou must go to Chauṛâ."*
Joû, the Karâuk, went to the Chyonṭî Hills:†
Joû, the Karâuk, spake to the Lord Madanâ;
Joû, the Karâuk, called out, but no one heard him:
(So) Joû, the Karâuk, cursed his family.
The Lord Madanâ standing in his verandah heard him.
"All of you men that come from Koṭî‡ are scoundrels.
I will pay the Râjâ eighty (rupees as a fine) and beat thee well with a stick.
Joû, thou Karâuk, thou art an habitual bribe-taker.
In all Châel§ no one will give thee (even) a scrap (of food)."
"Smoke has arisen in Mâel§ and Malâṅgan! §
May thy family perish for thy not hearing‖!"
(Thus) were Odû¶ and Madanâ called to the fight.

---

* This is the order of the Râjâ of Kyonthal to Joû to call Madanâ to help him in a battle.

† Close to Chauṛâ.

‡ Near Chauṛâ.

§ Divisions of Kyonthal State.

‖ Meaning that he had come to say that there was fighting, and that these people would not hear his summons for help.

¶ Uncle to Madanâ.

"The Lord Râjâ never spares us !*
How can we, uncle and nephew, (both) go to the fight ?"
"You *must* go to this fight."
The Lord Madanâ began to tremble violently.
"Come, Sir Uncle Odû, let us go to Chirmaṭâ :†
We will have our bows mended by Shaṛṛû, the Chanâl."
Odû and Madanâ went together to Chirmaṭâ.
"O wife of Shaṛṛû, the Chanâl ! Is Shaṛṛû at home or in the village ?"
"Shaṛṛû, the Chanâl, is sleeping within."
"O wife of Shaṛṛû, the Chanâl ! Awaken Shaṛṛû."
Shaṛṛû, the Chanâl, trembled violently.‡
"I have no gut ready long enough for my Lord's bow."
"If you have no gut, Shaṛṛû, then make (the string) for us of hemp."
Shaṛṛû, the Chanâl, began to make (the string);
Odû and Madanâ both sat on the ground.§
And Shaṛṛû made ready my Lord's bow;
And Odû and Madanâ returned home.
The old mother kneaded the flour (for them) :
Madanâ and Odû filled their quivers :
The old father filled his ears with cotton :‖
"O my Lord, my son, if thou go, then fight in the rear."
Odû and Madanâ were both ready.
Then they put on their clothes and bound on their turbans ;
And both their parents began to caress them.
My Lord having put on his clothes went into the verandah ;
At that same moment his babe Kâchhî sneezed ;¶
And the Lord Madanâ knew that he would be defeated.
"I shall not return alive from the fight at Mâel, (thought he)."

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* This is Odû and Madanâ's complaint. † In Châel.
‡ Because he would have to work for nothing for the chiefs.
§ To watch him. ‖ That he might not hear the bad news.
¶ A very bad omen.

(Spake he) "Let me caress and play with my child Kesû.
I will return from the fight after many days."
Odû and Madanâ went both to Jûṅgâ.
Râjâ Anûp Sen was sitting in his summer-house:
Odû and Madanâ said (to him), 'hail.'
When he returned the salute the Râjâ began to ask (after) them:
"Odû and Madanâ, you must both go to the war."
"O my Lord Râjâ, thou dost never excuse us:
Why dost send us both, uncle and nephew, to the war?"
"I will dig up the (very) bushes from the valley of Palâsh."*
Joû, the Karâuk, went (again) to the Chyoṇṭî Hills:
And Joû, the Karâuk, called out in the hills.
Then Joû, the Karâuk, went into the land of Chauṛâ:
"The Lord Râjâ is coming himself to this war.
He has called every wearer of a silver zone† to Jûṅgâ."
Then the whole valley of Chauṛâ and Palâsh came to Jûṅgâ.
Râjâ Anûp Sen was sitting in his summer-house.
To him the host said, 'Râjâ, hail!'
"How has our turn, Râjâ, come for service (so soon)?"
And all the host besought the Râjâ.
But the Lord Râjâ heard not their petition.
The Lord Râjâ used oppression and force.
The Lord (Madanâ) got ready his army.
Then the Lord (Madanâ) went to Tûndalo and Kawâlî:‡
At Tûndalo and Kawâlî the Lord (Madanâ) called out thus to his house:
"Fasten my buffaloes and oxen inside."
From thence my Lord (Madanâ) went to the Tûndalo plain.

* In Châel. He means to say that he will impress the whole population.
† *I.e.*, all adult males.
‡ Villages, a stage from Jûṅgâ.

"My Lord, now is the Lady, thy sister, dwelling here."
Gadambarî, his sister, brought him a cup of (fresh) milk.*
"Womenkind have no sense!" (said Madanâ).
"On my way to the fight thou hast brought me (fresh) milk!"
Gadambarî, his sister, cried out aloud.
"Weep not and lament (thus), Gadambarî:
When I return back I will bring thee to my house.
I will give thee a milch buffalo and a cow heavy with young."
Thence he went to the tank at Beshî.†
The Brâhmanîs of Beshî came to the tank;
The Brâhmanîs of Beshî filled the place (with their numbers).
"Behold," said one, "my women, this Chief's doing!"
Then spake one of the Brâhmanîs, "my Brother:
Why go to the wars in this (time of thy) youth?"
"The Lord Râjâ would not at all excuse me."
She took off her bracelets from both her arms:
"Go thou back home, these are for thy fine."
"These bracelets will not pay the fine."
Thence the Chief went on to the Sairî pass.‡
At the Sairî pass he eat his food.
From the Sairî pass he looked down into Mâel:
The smoke was arising in Mâel and Malâṅgan.
My Lord Madanâ gave the order to the army:
"I see the smoke (arising) in Mâel and Malâṅgan;
Gird up your loins and hasten over your food."
Thence the army went to the plains of Mâel.
"Have a care, my Lord, thou wilt be opposed."§
For the first assault the Chief seized his sword.

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* A bad omen.
† Second stage from Jûṅgâ.
‡ Third stage from Jûṅgâ.
§ The taunt of the enemy.

The first line were slain and strewed upon the ground.
"Have a care, my Lord Madanâ, there is a second line."
For the second line the Chief got ready his bows:
The (second) line slain were strewed upon the ground.
"Have a care, my Lord Madanâ, there is a third line."
For the third line the Chief seized his axe:
The Chief destroyed utterly the third line.
"Have a care, my Lord Madanâ, the fourth line is come."
For the fourth line the Chief seized his gun:
The bullets of the guns destroyed the fourth line.
"Have a care, my Lord Madanâ, for the fifth line."
For the fifth (line of) enemies he got ready his battle-axes:
The enemy were slain and levelled with the earth.
For the sixth line he seized his knives:
The Chief levelled the sixth line with the earth.
"Have a care, my Lord Madanâ; there is a seventh, my Lord!"
"O Odû, my uncle, there is nothing in my hand!
My enemy will now slay me empty-handed, my uncle!"
From the opposite side spake the Lord of Kahlûr.
"Either be my captive, my Lord, or I thrust in my spear."
"Thou wretch of Kahlûr, I will never be thy captive!"
The Lord of Kahlûr thrust in his spear.
The spear entered his breast and came out at his back.
"O my uncle Odû, the enemy has slain me!
Take not my (blood-stained) robes back to my house:
(But) tell my father and mother that 'my Lord is gone on service.'"
His uncle Odû bound up his side.
Binding up his side he placed him in a *ḍolî*.

Thence they went (back) to the tank of Beshî.
Then the Brâhmanî came to the tank:
"The strong man of yesterday is carried back to-day."
The Brâhmanî of Beshî brought a cup of milk.
(But) at that very moment the Lord Madanâ gave up
his life.
"O Mathrû, thou Bard, change now thy music,*
That when the Râjâ of Jûṅgâ hears the notes from here
He may know that Madanâ is brought back dead."
Thence they went to the land of Chauṛâ:
The old father and mother raised a loud cry;
"O my Lord Râjâ, thou hast never spared us:
Sending both uncle and nephew to the war."
In the Kebrû plain they built the pyre,
And Odû, the uncle, burnt the Chief there.

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* *I.e.*, The bard who accompanied the force must now change his martial music for that of a funeral.

No. XV.

THE LEGEND OF SAFÎDOṄ.

AS GENERALLY KNOWN IN THE PANJÂB, AND AS TOLD BY AN INHABITANT OF SAFÎDOṄ.

[The legends about Safîdoṅ, which practically relate the story of the holocaust of snakes by Janamejaya, and the events leading thereto, are very widely known throughout the Panjâb, and form perhaps one of the most important groups of the legendary lore of the people. The story—overladen however with much subsequent Brahmanical lore—is told in the *Âdi Parvâ* of the *Mahâbhârata*, and again partially in the *Bhâgavata Purâṇa*, and has been the subject of endless speculation. It no doubt relates the war of extermination carried on by the Aryans about Dehlî (Dillî) against the Nâga race of the Panjâb, and is thus a tale of much historical importance.]

[Throughout the legends, as related by the peasantry of the present day, the Nâga people are confounded with the *Nâg*, or poisonous snake, which was perhaps their totem, and in this respect the tradition of to-day varies but little from that of the Sanskrit classical times. But so strongly does the humanity—so to speak—of the Nâgas of the story in all its forms come out that, wherever the word *Nâg*, and sometimes where the word *Sâmp* (snake), has occurred, I have translated by the vague word *Nâg* in preference to *snake* or *serpent*. It is well worth remarking how clearly the modern Panjâbi tradition tends to show that the real cause of the quarrel between the Aryans and the Nâgas was the abduction of a princess of the latter race by Parikshit, the king of the former.]

[The scene of the story is always laid in the Panjâb at the place variously called Safîdam, Safîdoṅ, Sapidâṅ and Saphidâṅ, which the more learned natives say represents Sarpa-damana. This would make the name to mean "the subduing of the snakes or Nâgs." Safîdoṅ is a town in the Jînd State.]

[I have not given the original of the following short prose legend of Safîdoṅ, as it is merely the ordinary Urdû of Europeans and the polite natives. It only carries us as far as the abduction of the princess and does not relate the subsequent murder (?) of the seducer Parikshit and the terrible reprisal of his son Janamejaya. The *Mahâbhârata* story is mostly occupied with the deeds of Janamejaya and the death of Parikshit.]

THE LEGEND OF SAFÎDON.

The town was founded by the Pâṇḍavas* and its modern name is Safîdam, or more popularly Safîdoṅ. In it there were

* Usually the sons of Pâṇḍu and heroes of the *Mahâbhârata*, but here probably the descendants of Pâṇḍu, as Parikshit and Janamejaya, the usual heroes of this legend, were respectively grandson and great-grandson of Arjuna the Pâṇḍava. In modern language the whole race are called Pâṇḍus.

at that time three large closed up wells. In one was *amṛita*,* in another snakes, and in the third locusts. Niwal Daî, the daughter of Râjâ Bâsak,† once opened the *Amrita* Well in order to draw off some of the "Water of Immortality" to cure her father, who was suffering from leprosy. For a Nâg‡ of Râjâ Bâsak's family had bitten a cow, and the cow had cursed Bâsak, that, as he had not ordered his Nâgs to leave cows and Brâhmans§ alone, he should become a leper.

Now the people agreed that the only cure for the Râjâ's leprosy was some of the *amṛita* from the well at Safîdoṅ, but, as the stones over the mouth of the well were very heavy, it was almost impossible to procure it. Niwal Daî, the daughter of the Râjâ, offered to bring the *amṛita* for her father at all hazards, though the Râjâ and all her relatives tried very hard to dissuade her. They all the more advised her not to go, as she had been once betrothed to one of the Pâṇḍavas and Râjâ Bâsak had broken off the match,‖ so naturally, as the well was in the power of the Pâṇḍavas, she ran a great risk of being seized by them if she went there.

However she would listen to no one, and went off to the well to bring the *amṛita*. So beautiful was she that she fascinated the beasts and birds of the forest, who collected at the well to gaze at her. Even Râjâ Indra¶ came down to see her.

By her magic strength she removed the stones from the well mouth, and tried to draw the water so as not to show herself to the god of the water. But the water went downwards into the well and her rope could not reach it. At last being weary

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* *Amṛita* is the water of life or immortality.

† Vâsuki, the chief of the serpents or Nâgas. The Niwal Daî of modern legend corresponds somewhat to Jaratkârû of the *Mahâbhârata*.

‡ It should be borne in mind that the Nâg is looked on as a true venomous snake by the natives, and that his anthropomorphic character is confined entirely to the legends.

§ Both being sacred in Hindû eyes.

‖ This betrothal is a serious mater still, and the breach of the compact on these occasions is a source of much quarrelling to the present day.

¶ The god of the firmament and the sender of rain. As the lord of Swarga, the heaven of the gods, he is now regarded as the personification of lasciviousness and sensuality.

she was ready to curse Khwâjâ Khizar, the god of the water.* But Khwâjâ Khizar said that she should have no water unless she showed herself to him. Now Niwal Daî had never yet shown herself to any one except her own parents, and she felt very uneasy, but, being helpless, and out of affection for her father, she showed herself to the water, which rose up at once to the brim of the well. But in doing this it made such a noise that the Pâṇḍavas heard it, and knew that Niwal Daî had come, for none but she had the power to open the well.

Presently the Pâṇḍava, to whom she had been betrothed, came galloping up to the well and determined to seize her, but she at once transformed herself into a Nâg† (snake) and thrust herself into the brick platform round the mouth of the well. The Pâṇḍava remained there a long while urging her to come out, and assuring her of his good intentions towards her. She refused, and used all her tricks and devices to avoid him, but the Pâṇḍava Râjâ would not budge an inch. So at last Niwal Daî made him swear an oath not to touch her, and promised to assume her proper human form and come out of the platform. The Râjâ swore a great oath, and Niwal Daî assuming her human form came out and stood before him. And when the Râjâ saw her full beauty he tried to seize her again, but Niwal Daî reminded him of his oath and said: "The sea and the wind and the water are bound by their vows and leave not their appointed places."

"But," answered the Râjâ, "your father betrothed you to me and afterwards broke his word, and you will be married to another husband after me! Is such a thing tolerable in the golden age? The women of the Black Age‡ shall abandon

* Often regarded as a Muhammadan saint and identified with the Prophet Elias: really he is the god of the flood, and probably represents an old cult engrafted on to Central Asian Muhammadanism.

† This power of transformation is the main characteristic of the legendary Nâgas, and repeatedly occurs in all stories regarding them.

‡ *Satjug*, the golden age, represents in a loose way the *Krita Yuga* of Sanskṛit, the first age of the world, when all men behaved well and there was no trouble. *Kâljug*, the black age, represents the *Kali Yuga*, the fourth or present depraved age of the world, when righteousness has ceased and trouble has begun.

their husbands for other men to whom they are not married, but this cannot be *now;* so I will not let you return to your father."

So Niwal Daî, seeing no other way of escape gave her word to the Râjâ, that if he let her go now she would return to him soon. And the Râjâ let her go.

Niwal Daî went to her father and bathed him in the *amṛita* all over, excepting his thumb, over which she placed her kerchief, because she intended to return to the well under the pretence of fetching more water to cure the thumb. As soon as the *amṛita* touched Râjâ Bâsak he was cured of his leprosy, excepting his thumb. Seeing this he said to his daughter: "The leprosy has left every part of me except my thumb." On this Niwal Daî offered at once to fetch more *amṛita* from the well, but her father did not wish it, as he feared that the second time the Pâṇḍavas would surely catch her. However she would not listen and went off to the well.

As soon as she arrived, the Pâṇḍava, who had been awaiting her, seized her, and making a fire in the forest formally married her and took her to his palace.*

But Râjâ Bâsak's thumb was never cured, and that is why leprosy is still rife among the people of the Panjâb.

* The walking round the fire by the bride and bridegroom is the crowning ceremony of the orthodox Hindu marriage. The narrator here means to say that Niwal Daî and her abductor went through all the forms of a real marriage.

No. XVI.

PRINCESS NIWAL DAÎ,

AS SUNG BY TWO SCAVENGERS FROM BIBIYÂL VILLAGE NEAR AMBÂLÂ.

[This legend covers the whole ground of the story of the war between the Aryans and the Nâgas, from the abduction of Niwal Dai, the daughter of Vâsuki the Nâga monarch, by Parikshit the Pâṇḍava king of Hastinâpura and the consequent murder of Parikshit by Vâsuki's emissaries to the final destruction of the Nâgas by Parikshit's son Janamejaya in revenge for his father's death. It contains much that is not to be found in the *Mahâbhârata* and *Bhâgavata* versions, and also much that is obviously based on the same foundations as the classical story.]

[The style is excessively uncouth, but the value of the tale is enhanced by the fact that the social isolation of the class that sing and retain it renders them peculiarly free from those Brahmanical influences with which the orthodox version of the Sanskṛit classics is so overcharged.]

TEXT.

Râg Rânî Niwal Daî Beṭî Râjâ Bâsak kî.

Awalâṅ, Debî parbat mâṅ basnî,
Tere sher daṛûke bâṅke bhawan meṅ!

Bâsak Râjâ soe thâ Dhartmaṇḍal meṅ:

TRANSLATION.

*The Song of Princess Niwal Daî, the Daughter of Râjâ Bâsak.**

First (I worship thee), O Goddess dwelling in the mountains.†
The lions roar at thy splendid temple!

Râjâ Bâsak was sleeping in Dhartmaṇḍal.‡

---

* Bâsak is Vâsuki, but I have not been able to ascertain who Niwal Daî represents, except it be Jaratkârû of the *Mahâbhârata* Legend.

† Pârvâtî, the spouse of Śiva.

‡ Explained to be Pâtâla, the fabled nether dwelling of the Nâgas or Serpents, but it is really I think some portion of the Southern Panjâb: (?) the Multân Province

Padmâ Daî Rânî pankhâ jholî.
Sote Râjâ ko supnâ bhâyâ:
Jâte kahîṅ gayâ mirg shikâr.
Râjâ chamakke uṭhâ.
Padmâ Daî Rânî kare jawâb:
"Kyâ merî sewâ meṅ bhûl hûî?
Mujhe sach batâ de, Râjâ."
"Nâ terê sewâ meṅ bhûl hûî:
Mujhe sote ko supnâ bhâyâ.
Janoṅ maiṅ to gayâ khelan shikâr:
Mârâ sohan mirg."
Pâjî kâ beṭâ bulâyâ.
"Pâjî, merê 'araz suno:
Merâ haṅslâ sâ ghoṛâ pîṛke lâ."
Pâjî ḍaurâ ḍaurâ âve;
Haṅslâ ghoṛâ chit sangârâ;

Rânî Padmâ Daî* was fanning him.
Sleeping the Râjâ had a dream,
That he went somewhere a-hunting the deer.
The Râjâ awoke with a start.
Spake Rânî Padmâ Daî:
"What mistake have I made in my care (for thee)?
Tell me truly Râjâ."
"There hath been no mistake in thy service:
A dream came to me in my sleep.
I thought I went a-hunting.
And slew a black-buck."
He called his minion.
"Minion, hear me:
Saddle me my fine horse."
The minion ran off
And decked out the fine horse

---

* Apparently Padmapriyâ or Padmâvatî=the goddess Mânasâ, the sister of the Nâga Râjâ. There is probably a confusion of mythology here. *Here* she is the wife of Vâsuki and mother of Niwal Daî.

Râjâ Bâsak ke pâs lâyâ.
Bâwâṅ sum nachkârke pauṛe pair dharâve;
Sukh âsan âve.
Dhartmaṇḍal se ghoṛâ ḍapṭâyâ,
Chheṛke bîhâ-dûnî jangâl jâṛ meṅ âyâ.
Âkar Râjâ Bâsak ne mirg uṭhâyâ:
Mirgâṅ ke ḍâr ko lalkarâ machâyâ.
Jab mirg bhâgkar chale
Râjâ Bâsak ne gherâ pâyâ.
Jis waqt tarkash meṅ se kannî nikâlî,
Jî par ṭakâî:
Joṛke mirg ke sir meṅ lagâî:
Uchalke mirg zamîn par âe:
Paṛde paṛde kî jân hawwâ ho gâî.
Râjâ ghoṛe se nîche âve:
Khîse meṅ hâth pâeke châqû nikâlâ;

And brought it to Râjâ Bâsak.
Bending his left leg he put his foot in the stirrup,*
And sat at ease.
Galloping the horse from Dhartmaṇḍal,
And spurring it he came into thick and boundless forest.
There Râjâ Bâsak put up some deer,
And shouted at the herd of deer.
When the deer ran off
Râjâ Bâsak brought them to bay.
Drawing an arrow from his quiver
He took aim.
Taking aim he struck a deer on the head;
And bounding up the deer fell upon the ground:
And its life went out as it fell.
The Râjâ came down from his horse.
Putting his hand into his pocket he drew out a knife,

* It is lucky to mount with the left foot.

Peṭ châk karke kâljâ nikâlâ.
Phir khîse meṅ hâth dûsre Râjâ Bâsak ne pâyâ:
Hâth pâeke dusrî patharî nikâlî:
Us patharî nikâlke sokhta lagâyâ.
Chugke lakṛî gînṭhâ* lagâyâ:
Gînṭhe meṅ kâljâ tikâyâ.
Gînṭhe meṅ se dhundhkâr uṭhâ.
Râjâ Pârag apne mahil ke ûpar charhâ:
Apne shikârgâh meṅ dhundhkâr dekhâ.
"Kaun jâne koî Râjâ utarâ?
Kaun jâne koî Jogîjî?"
Pîṛke ghoṛâ chal paṛâ,
Bîhâ-dûnî jangal ujâṛ meṅ âyâ.
Râjâ Pârag ko dekhkar Râjâ Bâsak bhâg chalâ, jî.

And ripping up the (deer's) belly he took out the heart (liver).
Then Râjâ Bâsak put his other hand into his pocket:
Putting in his other hand he drew out a flint:
Taking out the flint he applied it to fuel.
Collecting sticks he made a fire,
And on the fire he placed the (deer's) heart.
A smoke arose from the fire.
Râjâ Pârag† was on his palace roof,
And saw the smoke in his hunting-ground.
"Who knows (said he) if it be some Râjâ that has come (there)?
Who knows if it be some *jogî*?"
Saddling his horse he went off,
And came into the boundless deserted forest.
Râjâ Bâsak seeing Râjâ Pârag ran off.‡

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* For *angîṭhâ*.

† Parikshit.

‡ From this point nearly every line ends with "*jî*, sir," which is addressed to the audience. I have for reasons of convenience omitted this in the translation.

Pârag Râjâ ne dîâ thâ lalkârâ, jî:
"Bhâge ko jân nahîñ dûngâ, jî;
Mâr ganwâñ dûñ kisî ṭhaur, jî."
Mârke ghoṛâ gherâ pâ dîâ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag samjhâve Râjâ Bâsak ko, jî:
"Ik bât merî sun lîjo, jî:
Bahot roz se mere shikârgâh meñ shîkâr khelte phire hai, jî;
Ab maiñ terî jân chhoṛne kâ nahîñ, jî."
"Râjâ Pârag, ab ke merî jân chhoṛ de, phir kabhî nahîñ âûñgâ, jî."
Râjâ Pârag kahe, "mujh ko terâ 'aitbâr nahîn, jî.
Mujh ko putrî kâ ḍolâ de, terî jân chho,ûñ, jî."
Râjâ Bâsak kahe, "mere mahil meñ putrî nahîñ, jî."
Râjâ Pârag kahe, "tû baṛâ be-îmân hai, jî.
Putrî tere mahil meñ paidâ hûî hai, jî.
Putrî denî hai, to de de: nahîñ, terî jân mâr dûngâ, jî."

Râjâ Pârag taunted him:
"I let not runaways escape alive;
Somewhere or other I kill them."
Flogging his horse he brought him to bay.
Said Râjâ Pârag to Râjâ Bâsak:
"Hear a word of mine:
Many days hast thou been hunting in my hunting-grounds;
Now will I let not thee escape with thy life."
"Râjâ Pârag, spare my life now and I will never come again."
Said Râjâ Pârag, "I have no faith in thee.
Give me thy daughter in marriage and I will spare thy life."
Spake Râjâ Bâsak, "I have no daughter in my palace."
Spake Râjâ Pârag, "Thou art a great hypocrite:
A daughter has been born in thy palace.
Thou must give me thy daughter, so give her, or I will destroy thy life."

Hâth joṛke 'araz kare, "maiṅ ḍolâ tujh ko de chukâ, jî."
Râjâ Pârag kahe, "mujh ko tere 'aitbâr nahîṅ, jî.
Tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke mujh ko likhkar de, jâo, jî."
Râjâ ne korâ kâghaz, qalam, da'wât jeb se nikâlî, jî.
Apne tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke likhkar Râjâ Pârag ko dîe, jî.
Apnî jî ko paṛhkar santokh khâyâ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag ne kahâ, ke "ab putrî kâ ḍolâ mujh ko dîâ, jî."
Lek-salek* karke Râjâ Bâsak Manḍal ko âyâ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag Shahr Safîdoṅ ko âyâ, jî.
Ake pâjî kâ beṭâ bulwâyâ, jî.
Pâji ne âke jhukkar kîâ salâm, jî:
"Kaho, Râjâ Pârag, kyâ farmâo, jî?"
Râjâ Pârag ne farmâyâ, "Begû Nâî ko bulâo, jî."

With joined hands he (Râjâ Bâsak) spake, "I have already given her thee in marriage."
Spake Râjâ Pârag, "I have no faith in thee.
Write me down an oath three times (in the name) of God and go."†
The Râjâ (Bâsak) took pen, ink and paper from his pocket
And wrote down the oath (in the name) of God three times and gave it Râjâ Pârag.
Reading them himself he was satisfied.
Said Râjâ Pârag, "Now he has given me his daughter in marriage."
Saluting him Râjâ Bâsak went on to (Dhart) Manḍal.
Râjâ Pârag went to Safîdoṅ City.
Arriving (there) he called his minion.
The minion came and saluted respectfully:
"Râjâ Pârag, tell me; what is thy command?"
Spake Râjâ Pârag, "call Begû, the Barber."

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* For *as-salâm 'alaikum.*

† This expression, *lit.*, "three words of God" is very common in the poem. It means a strong oath.

Begû Nâî ne âkar salâm kîâ, jî :
"Ai Râjâ, mujh ko kyâ khidmat farmâo, jî."
"Srinagal meṅ jâo, bhâîchârâ ko bulâo, jî."
Srinagal meṅ jâkar bulâwâ dîâ, jî :
Juṛke bhâîchârâ Kachahrî meṅ âe, jî.
Âke bhâîchârâ ne 'Râm, Râm' dhâe, jî.
"Kaho, Râjâ Pârag, bhâîchârâ kimrat bulâyâ, jî ?"
Râjâ Pârag kahe, "Bhâîyo, Bâsak roz khelne âve shikârgâh, jî.
Âj maiṅ Râjâ Bâsak pakaṛ lîâ, jî.
Maiṅ us ko pakaṛke mârne lagâ thâ, jî :
Is ne mujh ko putrî kâ nâtâ dîâ, jî.
Tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke likhkar de dîe, jî.
Râjâ Bâsak se bair thâ : ab nâtâ ho gayâ, jî."

Jab Râjâ Bâsak apne mahil ko âyâ, jî,
Ghoṛâ tavelâ meṅ bândh dîâ, jî.

Begû, the Barber, came and saluted :
"Râjâ, what service dost thou command of me ?"
"Go to Srinagal* and call my kinsfolk."
Going to Srinagal he fetched them :
And the kinsfolk came and sat together in the Court.
Coming the kinsfolk gave him salutation :
"Say, Râjâ Pârag, why hast called thy kinsfolk ?"
Spake Râjâ Pârag, "My brethren, Bâsak came daily hunting in my hunting-grounds :
To-day I caught Râjâ Bâsak.
Seizing him I would have slain him :
(But) he gave me his daughter in marriage.
He wrote me an oath three times (in the name) of God.
Râjâ Bâsak was my enemy : now is he my relative."

When Râjâ Bâsak reached his palace
He fastened his horse in the stable.

---

* Near Safidoṅ.

Chalke mahīl meṅ Rânî ke pâs âyâ, jî.
Jab Rânî ne kahâ, "ai Râjâ, tum ne der kahâṅ lâgâî, jî?"
Râjâ kahe, "roz roz maiṅ shîkâr khelan jâûṅ thâ, jî:
Âj mujh ko Râjâ Pârag ne apne shikârgâh meṅ pakaṛ lîâ, jî:
Mere se us ne putrî kâ nâtâ lenâ kîâ, jî.
Tîn bachan mere se le lîâ, jî.
Tîn bachan maiṅ deke mahiloṅ ko â gayâ, jî.
Ab, Rânî, tere ikhtiyâr hai, jî."
Rânî kahne lagî, "ai Râjâ, tum ne tîn bachan dîe, jî:
Ab putrî kâ biyâh de do, jî."
Râjâ kahe, "hamârâ us kâ qadîm se bair hai, jî:
Maiṅ putrî kâ ḍolâ nahîṅ dûṅgâ, jî."
Rânî kahe, "tîn bachan tûṅ dîe us kî hatyâ lagegî, jî."
Râjâ kahe, "ai Rânî, ab maiṅ kyâ karûṅ, jî?
Man mukh se kahke sunâo, rî, jî!"

Going into the palace he came to the Rânî.
Then spake the Rânî, "Where didst delay so long Râjâ?"
Spake the Râjâ, "Daily I went a-hunting,
And Râjâ Pârag (at last) caught me himself in his hunting-ground.
He made me give him my daughter in marriage.
Thrice he took an oath from me.
Giving him an oath thrice I am come to my palace.
What wilt do now, Rânî?"
Said the Rânî, "Thou hast given thy oath thrice:
So marry thy daughter to him now."
Spake the Râjâ, "He and I are old enemies,
I will not give him my daughter in marriage."
Spake the Rânî, "Thou hast given thy oath thrice, its vengeance will fall on thee."
Spake the Râjâ, "Rânî, what shall I do?
Tell me thy advice with thy lips."

Rânî kahe, "bhâîchârâ ko bulâo, jî."
Râjâ Bâsak ne pâjî kâ beṭâ bulâyâ, jî.
Pâjî ne âke jhukkar salâm kîâ, jî.
Râjâ ne ḥukm lagâyâ, "bhâîchârâ ko bulâo, jî.
Kâlî Singh, Bhûrî Singh ko bulâo, jî:
Jîwan Singh Nâg ko bulâo, jî:
Sankhchûṛ Nâg ko bulâo, jî:
Sûtak Pâtak ko bulâo, jî."
Pâjî kâ beṭâ chalke Srinagal meṅ âve, jî:
Asṭ kul, nau Nâg ko bulâwâ dekar lâve, jî.
Âkar Kachahrî meṅ bhâîchârâ ne 'Râm Râm' dhiyâe, jî.
"Ai bhâîyo," hâth joṛke 'araz lagâve,
"Merî 'araz suno, jî:

Spake the Rânî, "Call the kinsfolk."
Râjâ Bâsak called his minion.
The minion came and saluted respectfully.
The Râjâ ordered him to call the kinsfolk:
"Call Kâlî Singh and Bhûrî Singh:
Call Jîwan Singh, the Nâg.
Call Sankchûṛ, the Nâg.
Call Sûtak and Pâtak."*
The minion went to Srinagal†
And gave the invitation to the eight families and the nine Nâgs.‡
Coming into Court the kinsfolk made salutation.
"O my brethren," spake (the Râjâ) with joined hands,
"Hear my prayer.

---

* Popularly Jîwan Singh is the brother, Sankchûṛ is the father, and Sûtak and Pâtak are the sons of Râjâ Bâsak. Kâlî Singh and Bhûrî Singh are worshipped as godlings along with Gurû Guggâ, and are in some way connected with him in the popular imagination. Sankchûṛ is probably meant to be Śankha, one of the chief Nâgas, but Vâsuki's father is usually Kaśyapa. There are long lists of the kinsfolk of the Nâgas in the *Mahâbhârata*, but I cannot trace these names among them.

† It is very observable that this is the same place as that mentioned as being the home of Parikshit's kinsfolk.

‡ These numbers are purely conventional

Maiṅ khelan gayâ shikâr, jî:
Âke mujh ko Râjâ Pârag ne pakaṛ lîâ, jî;
Terî mârke gaṅwâ dûṅ jân, jî.'
Râjâ mujhe na mâriye, jî.'
Maiṅ ne kahâ, 'putrî kâ ḍolâ dûṅgâ, jî.'
Us Râjâ ne merî kuchh bât na mânî, jî:
Mere se tîn bachan leke chhoṛâ, jî.
Âke Dhartmaṇḍal meṅ ghoṛâ bâṅdhâ ghuṛsâl meṅ mahiloṅ meṅ âyâ, jî.
Rânî ne âkar 'araz lagâî, jî:
'Ai Râjâ, itnî der kahâṅ lagâî, jî?'
Maiṅ ne kahâ, 'Rânî, mujh ko Râjâ Pârag ne pakaṛ lîâ, jî:
Putrî kâ ḍolâ dekar âyâ, jî.'
Maiṅ Rânî se kahâ, 'ai Rânî, maiṅ putrî kâ ḍolâ dûṅgâ nahîṅ.'
Bole Rânî, 'Râjâ, tîn bachan Ṭhâkur kê haṭyâ lagegî.'"

I went a-hunting:
Râjâ Pârag came and seized me:
(And said), 'I will destroy thy life.'
(Said I), 'Râjâ, slay me not.'
And I said, 'I will give thee my daughter in marriage.'
The Râjâ would not take my word;
He took from me an oath thrice and released me.
Coming to Dhartmaṇḍal I fastened my horse in the stable and came into the palace.
The Rânî came to me and said:
'Where didst thou delay, Râjâ?'
Spake I, 'Rânî, Râjâ Pârag seized me:
Giving away my daughter in marriage I am come.'
And I said to the Rânî, 'Rânî, I will not give my daughter in marriage.'
Said the Rânî, 'Râjâ the vengeance of the thrice-repeated oath (in the name) of God will be on thee.'"

Hâth jo;ke 'araz lagave ;
"Maiṅ jo karke âyâ so batâ dîâ, jî."
Bole bhâîchârâ, "putrî kâ nâtâ de de, jî :
Nahîṅ tîn bachan kî tujh ko haṭiyâ lagegî, jî."
Râjâ Bâsak kahnâ harban* mâne nahîṅ :
"Maiṅ to nâtâ Râjâ ko nahîṅ detâ, jî."
Boltâ bhâîchârâ, "hamârî 'araz suno :
Jaisî ham kaheṅ : is la;kê ko bhauṅrî meṅ ḍâl do, jî.
Dâî chungâî us ke sâth de do, jî.
Bârâh baras kâ khânâ dânâ deke bhauṅrî meṅ dâkhil karo, jî :
Sawâ sau man ke is par sil ḍâl do, jî."
Jab sawâ sau man kî sil us par ḍâl dîe, jî,
Tab Râjâ jotishî paṇḍit ko bulâve :
Paṇḍit âukar kalyân dîâ, jî.
Râjâ ne bolâ, "Dâdâ, pair lagûṅ, jî."

With joined hands he besought them :
"I have told you all I have done."
Said the kinsfolk, "give him thy daughter in marriage.
Or the vengeance of the thrice-repeated oath will be on thee."
Râjâ Bâsak would pay them no attention at all :
"I will never give the Râjâ my daughter in marriage"
Said the kinsfolk, "Hear us,
As we speak : put thy child into a pit.
Give her nurses and attendants.
Put twelve years' supply of grain and food into the pit :
And put a stone (weighing) 125 *mans*† on its mouth."
So when he had placed the stone weighing 125 *mans* (on the pit's mouth)
Râjâ (Bâsak) called the priests and astrologers.
The priest came and gave his blessing.
Said the Râjâ, "Father, I fall at thy feet."

---

* For *hargiz*. † *I.e.*, about 5 tons.

"Sukhî raho, jujmân; terâ nîchal ṭîkâ, jug jug lâj sawâyâ, jî!"
"Pushtak bâñcho, Bed sunâo, jî:
Tîn bachan kî haṭyâ kaisî utare?
Tîn bachan maiñ ne dîe, jî.
Pushtak bâñcho, Bed sunâo, jî.
Tîn bachan ke lamb kâ bachan batâo, jî."
Pushtak bânche, Bed sunâve, jape Kishn kâ nâm, jî.
"Sach kahûñ tû dîje ghoṛâ: jhûṭhe ko gardan dîje mâr, jî.
Je Râjâ durlamb utâre jag leo sarodh, jî.
Sawâ ser dûdh surâñ gawwâñ kâ le âo, jag meñ pâo, jî:
Jab lekhâ lag jâve, jî."

"Be at peace my client;* may thy son succeed thee and thy honour increase through the ages!"
"Read thy books, expound the *Vedas*:
How shall I escape the vengeance of an oath thrice-repeated?
Thrice I gave my oath.
Read thy book, and expound the *Vedas*.
Tell me the antidote to a thrice-repeated oath."
He read the books, he expounded the *Vedas*, he repeated the name of Kṛishṇa.
"If I tell thee sooth, give me a horse: if I tell thee a lie, strike at my neck.
If the Râjâ would escape vengeance he should divine† by sacrifice.
Procure a *ser* and a quarter‡ of yak's§ milk and throw it on the sacrifice.
Then will fate be propitious, Râjâ."

---

* As far as this the expressions are stereotyped and are interesting as showing the usual salutation between priest and client.

† *sarodh* or *sarodhâ* is a species of divination by breathing through the nose.

‡ 2¼ *lbs.*

§ So in the text, but I think that merely a sacred cow is meant.

Bhâîchârâ baiṭhâ; hâth joṛke Bâshak ne 'araz lagâî, jî:
"Bhâî, jag sarodh ho Sîjî Paṇḍit se; surâ gaû kâ dûdh lâo, jî."
Sab bhâîchârâ apne apne kâm par khaṛâ ho gayâ, jî.
Sûtak Pâtag leke loṭâ Sîjî Paṇḍit ke âe, jî.
Âe Sîjî Paṇḍit, ke "Dâdâ, pâûṅ lageṅ, jî."
"Sukhî raho, jujmân; kimrat âwan hûâ, jî?"
Bolâ Sûtak Pâtag, "Ham ko surâ gaû kâ dûdh de de, jî:
Ham ne jag sarodh kîâ hai: jag meṅ dûdh pânâ, jî."
Bole Sîjâ Paṇḍit, "merî 'araz suno:
Kanyâṅ haiṅ dûdhâdâran: an nahîṅ khaveṅ; pânî nahîṅ pîveṅ.
'Pâṅchoṅ kanyâṅ, pâṅchoṅ gawwâṅ'; woh kahe, jî.
Pâṅchoṅ apnâ apnâ dûdh kâḍhke pîven, jî.

The kinsfolk sat (in Court): Râjâ Bâsak besought them with joined hands.
"My brethren, Sîjî the Priest* will divine by the sacrifice: bring me yak's milk."
All the kinsfolk took up their duties (at the sacrifice).
Sûtak and Pûtak bringing a pot came to Sîjî, the Priest.
Coming to Sîjî, the Priest, (they said), "Father, we fall at thy feet."
"Be at peace, my clients: why have you come?"
Spake Sûtak and Pâtak, "We bring thee yak's milk.
We would divine by the sacrifice: put the milk in the sacrifice."
Said Sîjî the Priest, "Hear me:
I have maidens who live on (that) milk: that eat not corn: that drink not water.
'Five girls and five cows (yaks)', say they.
Each of the five will draw her milk and drink it.

---

* Usually called Sanjâ, the family priest of Vâsuki. The name however probable recalls Sanjaya, the messenger to the Pâṇḍavas before the war broke out. See *Mahâbhârata, Âdi Parva.*

Maiṅ kaunsî gaû kâ dûdh de dûṅ, jî ?
Jis kâ dûdh maiṅ dûngâ us kî hatyâ lage, jî ! "
Paṇḍit ne dîâ jawâb :
Ghusse hokar mahiloṅ ko â gae, jî.
Bole Bâsak, " merî 'araz suno :
Sîjî kî bâtâṅ mujh ko batlâ do, jî."
" Sîjî Paṇḍit ne dîâ jawâb ! "
Bâsak Râjâ ghussâ khâyâ, jî.
Bis kî gâṇḍal khâke kâyâ palṭ lî
Bhârî Nâg ho gayâ, jî !
Jangal ko chal paṛâ, jî .
Nâg banke jangal ko chal paṛâ, jî ;
Surâ gawwâṅ ko ḍhuṇḍtâ phire, jî :
Thalîyâṅ kî baṭîk meṅ gawwâṅ mil gaî, jî :
Sâmâ pâlî soe thâ ; gawwâṅ chug rahî thî :

Which cow's (yak's) milk shall I give to the sacrifice ?
That (girl's) milk that I give will have vengeance on me ! "
The Priest refused them altogether.
In anger they went to the palace.
Said Râjâ Bâsak, " Hear me :
Tell me what Sîjî said."
" Sîjî, the Priest, refused us."
Râjâ Bâsak was wrath.
Taking a quantity of poison he changed his body,*
And became a mighty Nâg.
He went into the wilds :
Becoming a Nâg he went into the wilds,
And searched for the yaks.
He met the yaks in a hollow in the wilds.
Sàmâ, the neatherd, was sleeping : the yaks were grazing.

---

* This is a universal attribute of the Nâgas.

Râjâ Bâsak ne dekhkar mârâ phunkâr, jî:
Dang lagâyâ, jî!
Surâ gawwâṅ us ne ḍasî haṭî, jî.
Jab Râjâ Bâsak muṛe, jî.
[Gaû kâ pair sir par Nâg ke lagâ, jî:
Nâg kâ sir chauṛâ ho gayâ, jî.]
Gawwâṅ ko ḍaske Râjâ Bâsak mahil ko chal paṛâ, jî.
Mahil meṅ âke apnâ rûp sidhârâ, jî.
Sâmâ pâlî sotâ uṭhâ, jî:
Dekhkar gawwâṅ ro paṛâ, jî.
Sir se pagṛî utârke rotâ âve, jî.
Sâmâ pâlî mahiloṅ meṅ jaisâ âyâ, jî.
Sîjâ Paṇḍit samjhâkar pûchhe, jî:
"Kyâ? kis ne mandâ bolâ? kyâ? kis ne gâlî dî, jî?"
"Karmân ne mandâ bolâ! Lekhâ ne gâlî dî, jî!"

Râjâ Bâsak saw them and hissed
And bit with his fangs.
He bit the yaks with his fangs.
Then Râjâ Bâsak returned.
[The yak's foot came upon the Nâg's head.
And the Nâg's head was flattened.*]
Having bitten the yaks, Râjâ Bâsak went home to his palace.
In the palace he put on his own form.
Sâmâ, the neatherd, got up from his sleep.
Seeing the cows (dead) he wept.
Taking his turban off his head† he wept.
Sâmâ, the neatherd, came thus to the palace.
Sîjî, the Priest, spake and asked him:
"What? hath any one spoken evil? What? hath any one abused thee?"
"Fate hath spoken evil! Destiny hath abused me!"

---

* Probably thrown in as a well-known saying. It has no connection with the passage.
† Sign of humility and sorrow.

Gawwâṅ je Nâgâṅ ne dasî, khabar pânchoṅ kanîyân pai pahunchî, jî.
Âî kanîyâṅ jin kî dûdh pîveṅ; Nâgân ne ḍasî, jî!
Pânchoṅ kanîyâṅ kesh khanḍâveṅ, kapṛe phâreṅ, jî.
Ronâ-pîṭnâ mahiloṅ meṅ rachâveṅ, jî.
Donoṅ hâth joṛke Ṭhâkur ko ardâs lagâveṅ:
"Jaisî hamârî gawwâṅ ḍaseṅ us kî kâyâ ko bedan lage, jî.
An nâ khâeṅ, pânî nâ pîveṅ, pânchoṅ kanîyâṅ dûdhâ-dhâran, jî.
Sat Jug, sachâ pahirâ baṛhte: Tere bachan nâ hâran, jî!"

Bâsak soe thâ mahil meṅ: Padmâ Daî Rânî pankhâ phere:
Pânchoṅ kanîyâṅ lagî ardâs, kanchan sî kâyâ kâ bedan lag gayâ, jî!
Râjâ Bâsak soe thâ: sote ke Nâg kî kumbal muṛ gaî, jî!
Dekhke Padmâ Dâî Rânî zâr-zâr roî, jî:

The Nâgs slew the yaks and the news reached the five girls.
The girls that drank their milk came, (but) the Nâgs had bitten them!
The five girls tore their hair and rent their clothes.
Weeping and wailing they came into the palace
Joining their hands they prayed to God:
"As he slew our yaks may leprosy attack his body.
We eat not corn, we drink not water, we five maids take but milk.
It is the Golden Age, it is the true time of prosperity:
Thou canst not go back on Thy word!"

Râjâ Bâsak slept in his palace: Rânî Padmâ Dai fanned him.
The five maidens' prayer was heard and leprosy attacked his golden-hued body.
Râjâ Bâsak slept: the sleeping Nâg's nose fell in.
Seeing this Rânî Padmâ Daî wept bitterly.

Rânî kâ ânsû Râjâ kî chhâtî par paṛâ, jî.
Bûnd paṛe Râjâ ke âṅkh khul gae, jî.
Bole Bâsak Mahârâjâ, Padmâ Daî se kare jawâb:
"Indar nâ garjî, gaṅîr nâ ghorî: merî chhâtî par bûnd kaise pâṛe, jî?"
Boli Padmâ Daî Rânî, "Râja, apnî kâyâ ko dekho, jî:
Terî kanchan kî kâyâ ko kushṭ lag gayâ, jî.
Taiṅ pâñchoṅ kaniyâṅ kî gawwâṅ ḍasî, jî: tujh ko sarâp lag gayâ, jî."
Dekhkar Râjâ Bâsak apnî kâyâ ko royâ, jî.
Srî Ṭhâkur pai donoṅ hâth joṛke 'araz lagâî, jî:
"He Ṭhâkur, kaun karî bât, jî?
Mere kanchan sî kâyâ ko kushṭ lagâyâ, jî.
Rânî, mere Bhâg kî likhî hai mere bag gaî, jî."
"Râjâ, ṭûṭâ manjâ bichâ lo; chaukhaṇḍî meṅ baiṭho, jî:
Kache bhâṇḍe mangâo; us meṅ rasoî jîmo, jî."
Bâsak Râjâ kahne se chaukhaṇḍî meṅ âve, jî.

The Rânî's tears fell on the Râjâ's breast.
As the drops fell the Râjâ opened his eyes.
Said Bâsak, the Mahârâjâ, to Rânî Padmâ Daî.
"The heavens spake not: the clouds have not thundered: how then fell drops on my breast?"
Said Râni Padmâ Dai, "Râjâ, see thy own body.
Leprosy has attacked thy golden-hued body.
Thou didst bite the yaks of the five maidens, and they have cursed thee."
When Râjâ Bâsak saw his own body he wept.
With joined hands he prayed to the Holy God:
"O God, what hast thou done?
Leprosy has attacked my golden-hued body.
Rânî, the decree of my Fate hath been passed upon me."
"Râjâ, take a broken bedstead, go to a separate cell: *
Send for unbaked pots, and eat from them."
Râjâ Bâsak, as he was bidden, went to a cell.

* The *chaukhaṇḍî* is the mound marking a village boundary. Here the translation gives the obvious sense.

Chaukhaṇḍî meṅ ânke ṭûṭâ manjâ bichâve, jî.
Bâsak zâr-zâr roe, "Ai Srî Ṭhâkurjî, kaun kare, jî ?"
Rote pitâ kî âwâz sunke Rânî Niwal Daî dâî ko samjhâve, jî :
"Dâî, hamâre mahil meṅ kaun âyâ ?
Jo mil—mil roe, jî ?
Kaun jâne yeh ghoṛa marâ thâ ? kaun jâne koî hâthî hamârâ marâ ?
Kaun jâne yeh ṭîkâ hamârâ ḍhalâ thâ, mahiloṅ meṅ roveṅ, jî ?"
"Nahîṅ hamârâ koî ghoṛâ marâ: nahîṅ koî hâthî marâ thâ :
Bolî terî Sandal Dâî : ṭîkâ koî na ḍhalâ, jî.
Bâsak Râjâ dard ke mâre apne rove, jî :
Sawarran si kâyâ ke kushṭ ho gayâ, jî ?"
Rote pitâ kâ mamtâ sunke kahe, jî :
"Dâî, mujhe bhauṅre se nikâlo, jî :

Coming to the cell he took a broken bedstead.
Râjâ Bâsak wept bitterly, "O Holy God, what hast thou done?"
Princess Niwal Daî heard the sound of her father weeping and spake to her nurse :
"Nurse, who has come into the palace ?
That weeps so bitterly ?
Who knows if it be a horse that is dead ? Who knows if some elephant be dead ?
Who knows if the heir be laid low, that they weep in the palace ?"
"No horse of ours is dead : no elephant is dead.
Saith Sandal, thy nurse ; no heir is laid low.
It is Râjâ Bâsak that weeps in his pain.
His golden-hued body is attacked with leprosy."
Hearing the cries of her weeping father she said :
"Taking me out of the pit, my nurse :

Maiṅ apne bâbal kâ mukhṛâ dekhûṅ, jî!"
"Bole Sandal terî dâî, merî 'araz suno, rî:
Sil sawâ sau man ke bhauṅre par dhare haiṅ, jî:
Chandar tû nahîṅ dekhâ; sûrij tû nahîṅ dekhâ; kis bidh
bhauṅre se nikâlûṅ, jî, ?"
Donoṅ hâth joṛe Niwal Daî: "silâ hojâ dûr, jî!"
Gall mâṅ pallû pâve Niwal Daî; "merî silâ ko dûr
karo, jî!"
Chichalî ungal silâ ke lagâve bhauṅre se bagal haṭâve, jî!
Nikalke bhauṅre se bâhir âve, mâtâ ke mahiloṅ meṅ
âve, jî.
Mâtâ ke galle se mil-milke rove, jî.
Bhâî bhatîjâṅ nûṅ mile, jî:
Haryal Paryal nûṅ mile, jî.
Mâtâ ke milne ko âve, jî.
"Mâtâ, mere pitâ sarwan ko milâ de, jî!"

I would see my father's face."
"Saith Sandal, thy nurse: hear me:
There are stones (weighing) 125 *mans* placed on the pit.
The moon thou hast not seen: the sun thou hast not
seen: how shall I take thee out of the pit?"
Joining her two hands, (prayed) Niwal Daî: "May the
stone be removed!"
Placing her garments round her neck* (prayed) Niwal
Daî: "May my stone be removed!"
Putting her little finger to the stone she pushed it aside
from the pit!
She came out of the pit and went into her mother's
palace.
On her mother's neck she wept bitterly.
She met her brothers and nephews:
Haryal and Paryal† she met.
She went to meet her mother.

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* As a sign of earnest supplication.
† Brothers to Niwal Daî.

Chaukhaṇḍî meṅ paṛâ thâ Bâsak Râjâ; us kî kanchan sî
kâyâ ko bedan lag gayâ, jî.
"Mar jâeṅ tere bhâî bhatîje, terâ sab parwâr, jî!
Achhe, Mâtâ, râj kâre, yeh achhe ḥukm barte the, jî!
Bhîṛ paṛî meṅ dîâ jawâb, jî!"
Pitâ milne ko âve chaukhaṇḍî meṅ Niwal Daî, jî:
Bhujjâṅ pasârke milne lagî, jî.
Bole Râjâ Bâsak, "Beṭî, mujh se mat nâ milîye: mere
kanchan sî kâyâ ko bedan lag gayâ, jî.
Beṭî, mere sûkh ke sâthî sab koî the: mere dukh kâ
sâthî koî nahîṅ."
Itnî kahke zâr-zâr roe, jî.
Sunke chîr utârke pitâ kâ mukhṛâ poṅche.
"Bâbal, tû matî nâ roe: tere karmâṅ kî likhî tere mâṅ
nûṅ* gâî.

(Spake she) "Mother, let me meet my noble father!"
Râjâ Bâsak was lying in his cell: leprosy covered his
golden-hued body.
"(Mother), may thy brethren and nephews die and all
thy house!
Mother, in comfort dost thou reign, in comfort dost
thou rule!
In his pain hast thou foresworn him!"
Niwal Daî went to meet her father in the cell:
She put out her arms to meet him.
Spake Râjâ Bâsak, "Daughter, come not to me: leprosy
hath attacked my golden-hued body,
Daughter, in my joy all were friends: in my trouble
I have no friend."
Saying this he wept bitterly.
Hearing this she took off her kerchief and wiped his
face.
"Father, weep not: thy fate hath come upon thee.

---

* *For tere bich meṅ.*

Paṇḍit jotishî ko bulâ le:
Apne dard ke dârû pûchhe, jî."
Pâjî ke beṭe nûṅ bulwâve.
Pâjî dauṛâ âve jhuk-jhuk kare salâm.
Bole pâjî, "kyâ khidmat farmâo, jî?"
Bole Bâsak, "mere jotishî paṇḍit ko bulâo, jî."
Pâjî dauṛâ jotishî paṇḍit pe âve:
"Dâdâ, pair lagûṅ." "Terî sukhî raho jujmâṅ, jî.
Kimrat âyâ? Is kâ bhed batâ, jî."
"Râjâ Bâsak ne bulâyâ, jî."
Us waqt sunke tasrî kî dhotî pahinâî, jî;
Aur unchî pagṛî bândhî, jî.
Khâsâ kâ jâmâ pherâ, jî.
Muṇḍe dopattâ pâke, pairoṅ pawwe pâke, hâth men brahmchharî leke, chaukhaṇḍî meṅ âe, jî.
Â chaukhâṇḍî meṅ kalyân kahâ, jî.
Râjâ Bâsak bole, "Dâdâ, pâûṅ lagûṅ, jî."

Call the priests and astrologers:
Ask for medicine for thy pain."
He called his minion.
The minion came running and saluted respectfully.
Said the minion, "What is thy command?"
Said Râjâ Bâsak, "Call my priests and astrologers."
The minion ran to the priests and astrologers:
"Father, I fall at thy feet." "Be at peace my client.
Why hast thou come? Tell me the reason."
"Râjâ Bâsak calls thee."
As soon as he heard this he put on a silken loin-cloth,
And bound on a lofty turban.
He put on a cotton coat,
And throwing a kerchief over his shoulder, putting wooden shoes on his feet, and taking his priest's staff in his hand, he came to the cell.
Coming to the cell he gave his blessing.
Said Râjâ Bâsak, "Father, I fall at thy feet."

" Sukhî raho, jujmân, jî."
Sandal chaukî bichhâî, jî:
Kharar par paṭû bichhâe, jî.
Haryal Paryal bhâî bhatîje sab haṭâe bulâe, jî.
Hâth joṛ 'araz lagâve, " He Paṇḍitjî,
Pushtak bâncho, Bed sunâo, mere dardâṅ ke dârû batâo, jî."
Pushtak bânche, Bed sunâve, jape Kishn kâ nâm, jî:
" Sach kahûṅ, tû dîje inâm, jhûṭhe ko deo mâr, jî.
Shahr Safîdoṅ kâ kheṛâ, us meṅ sawarran kûâṅ Pâṇḍoṅ kâ, jî:
Us kâ jal mangâo, jî.
Bârâh baras kî kanîyâṅ khaṛâve, jî:
Sawarran kûâṅ se jal bharke lâve, jî.
Râjâ, us meṅ âshnân karo, jî:
Jab haṭke terî sawarran kâyâ bane, jî."

" Be at peace my client."
They placed him a chair of sandal-wood:
They spread mats upon the carpets.
Haryal and Paryal, and all the brothers and nephews were sent for.
With joined hands prayed (the Râjâ), " Sir Priest,
Read thy books, expound the *Vedas*, tell me the cure for my pains."
He read the books, he expounded the *Vedas*, he repeated the name of Kṛishṇa:
" If I tell thee sooth, give me reward, but slay the liar.
In the suburbs of the City of Safîdoṅ is a golden well of the Pâṇḍavas:
Send for its water.
Send a maiden of twelve years,
That she may bring the water of the golden well.
Râjâ, bathe in it,
And then once again will thy body become golden-hued."

Râjâ Bâsak bhâîchârâ se 'araz lagâve, jî:
"Kisî sûrat se mujhe sawarran kûeṅ kâ jal mangwâ do, jî.
Us meṅ âshnân karûṅgâ, jî."
Bhâîchârâ bole, "tû baṛâ be-îmân, jî!
Tû putrî kâ nâtâ Pârag ko denâ karke mukar gayâ, jî:
Jo koî jâegâ, us ko woh jân se mâr degâ, jî."
Sab bhâîchârâ ne jawâb de dîâ, jî.
"Râjâ Bâsak, hamârâ wahâṅ koî nahîṅ jâe, jî!"
Kachahrî meṅ Râjâ Bâsak kî beṭî Niwal Daî baithî, jî:
Bolî pitâ se, "Sawarran kûeṅ kâ jal *maiṅ* lâûṅ, jî."
Râjâ bolâ, "Tû to, Beṭî, mat nâ jâe, jî:
Mere bairî dushman kâ mulk hai, jî:
Pârag Râjâ na âwan de, jî.
Jo jîne so marnâ bhalâ, jî!
Mere sattar kulî ko dâgh lagegâ, jî!"

Spake Râjâ Bâsak to the kinsfolk:
"By some means procure me the water of the golden well,
And I will bathe in it."
Said the kinsfolk, "Thou art very faithless!
Thou hast gone back on thy promise to give thy daughter in marriage to Râjâ Pârag:
If any one go (to the well the Râjâ) will slay him."
All the kinsfolk refused (to go):
"Râjâ Bâsak, none of us will go there."
In the Court sat Niwal Daî, the daughter of Râjâ Bâsak.
Said she to her father, "*I* will bring the water from the golden well."
Said the Râjâ, "Daughter, go thou not:
It is in my enemy's land:
Râjâ Pârag will not let thee return.
Death were better than this life (to me then, as)
A stain will be cast on my seventy* families."

---

* Really a vague number.

Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, " Bâbal, merî 'araz suno, jî :
Aise aise Nâgân kî main beṭî potî, jî :
Aisâ main to rûp sidhâron, jî,
Bhârî sî Nâgin ban jâûngî, jî.
Dharke phunkârâ aisâ mârûn, jî,
Ban banâsatî ko phûnk dûngî, jî,
Sâthî Râjâ Pârag ko phûnk dûngî, jî ! "
Bole Râjâ Bâsak, " Beṭî, woh to Dhanhantar Baid kâ chelâ, jî :
Tere ṭukrâ banâke, gaḍḍon men lâdke, mahilon men dâkhil kare, jî."
Sunke bât pitâ kî Niwal Daî ghussâ karâ, jî :
" Main sâr kî sûî banke rete men ghus jâûn, jî ! "
Bole Râjâ, " Beṭî, mat na jâe, jî !

Said Princess Niwal Daî, " Father, hear me :
I am the daughter of such Nâgs (as thou) :
I will so change my form,
That I will become a huge Nâgin*
So will I hiss,
That I will burn up the leafy forest ! †
I will burn up Râjâ Pârag and his host ! "
Said Râjâ Bâsak, " Daughter, he is a disciple of Dhanwantar, the Leech : ‡
He will cut thee in pieces and load thee on carts and take thee to his palace."
Hearing her father's words Niwal Daî became wrath :
" I will become as a fine needle and mix with the sand ! "
Said Râjâ Bâsak, " Daughter, go thou not !

---

* Female Nâg or Serpent.

† It is a common belief that a serpent's breath can set fire to any thing.—See Adventures of Râjâ Rasâlû, *ante*.

‡ Dhanhantar, Dhântar, Dhanantar, Dhanthar Baid, is the classical Dhanwantara, the conventional all-curing physician of the Hindûs, as Luqmân Hakim is of the Musalmâns.

Woh rete kî chhalanî meṅ chhanwâke sûî kamar meṅ lagâe, jî."
Rânî Niwal Daî kahe, "maiṅ kahnâ nahîṅ mânûṅ, jî."
Bâsak kahe beṭî ko, goh paṛ gayâ, jî.
Râj goh, tiryâ goh, bâlak goh, paṛ gayâ, jî.
Rânî Niwal Ḍaî kahe "Sawarran kâ ghaṛâ mangwâo, jî:
Rûpe kâ ḍol banwâ de, jî:
Ratan-jatan kî iṇḍvî, resham ke lajjû baṭwâ de, jî:
Nike nike ghungrû, anbaṭ, bichhwe, do pawâ, jî:
Hâr, hamel, ṭâṭ, bichhe, bandî mâthe kî, banwâ de, jî.
Pauṇṭe, pâzeb, jhânjan, banwâ de, jî:
Jhumke, bâlî, nâth, maiṅ nuṅ karwâ de, jî:
Hâthoṅ ko sachâ chûṛâ banwâ, de jî:
Paunchî, ârsî, banwâ de jî:
Hîre, motî, sache maiṅ nûṅ mangwâ de, jî:

He will sift the sand and place the needle in his waist."
Spake Princess Niwal Daî, "I will not listen to thy words."
Râjâ Bâsak's persistence failed with his daughter,
The Râjâ's persistence, the women's persistence, the children's persistence (all) failed*
Spake Princess Niwal Dai, "Send for a golden pitcher:
Make me a silver bucket:
Make me a jewelled pad,† spin me a silken rope:
Make me little ornaments for my toes, and two sandals.
Make me necklaces and ornaments for my forehead:
Make me ornaments for my ankles and feet:
Make me earrings and necklaces and nose-rings:
Make me real wristlets for my wrists:
Make me bracelets and rings:
Get me real diamonds and pearls:

---

* Allusion to a proverb: the obstinacy of a king, a woman, and a child cannot be overcome.

† A roll of cloth for placing under weights when carried on the head.

Battî âbhran, solâh singâr mangwâ do, jî:
Nau lâkh kî chûnṛî mangwâ do, jî."
Ṛâjâ Bâsak ne sab kuchh paidâ kîâ, jî,
Aur sab Niwal Daî ko dîâ, jî.
Ṭhaṇḍâ jal garam kare, jî:
Chandan chaukî mangâve, jî:
Dahî phulel Rânî mangâe, jî:
Ang male, tan nhâve jî:
Nhâve dhove Karte Pûrakh ko shîsh niwâve, jî.
Solâh singâr, battî âbhran lâve, jî:
Bâl bâl motî, tâl tâl hîrâ parove, jî:
Hâr, hamelî, ṭâṭ, bichhlî, anbaṭ, bichhave, jî:
Pauṇṭe, pâzeb, jhânjan, pahine, jî:
Mâthâ bandî sindhûr kâ, nain siyâhî lâve, jî:
Sir par sâlû Dakhanî le lîâ, jî:

Get me the 32 jewels and the 16 ornaments: *
Get me a kerchief worth nine *lâkhs*† (of rupees)."
Râjâ Bâsak procured all (she asked for),
And gave them all to Niwal Daî.
Cold water was warmed,
A sandal-wood chair was placed,
And the Princess sent for curds and perfumes,
And she anointed her body and bathed her person.
Bathing and washing she bowed her head to the Creator.
They brought her the 16 ornaments and the 32 jewels.
She put the pearls into her hair and the diamonds into her locks:
She put on the necklace and the forehead ornaments, the anklets and the toe-rings:
She put on the anklets and the foot ornaments.
She put the vermilion (spot) on her forehead and the lampblack to her eyes:
She put the Dakhanî‡ kerchief on her head:

---

* The full gala dress of a girl in a villager's ideas.
† Rupees 900,000.
‡ Southern Indian: a very vague term in the Panjâb.

Sir par iṇḍvî ṭikàe, jî:
Iṇḍvî par gharâ ṭikâyâ, jî:
Ghaṛe ke ûpar ḍol ṭikâve, jî:
Mondhe par lajjû gere, jî.
Dhartmaṇḍal se pagwân uṭhâe, jî:
Pagwân uṭhâke sawarran kûeṅ ko dhyân lagâyâ, jî.
Jab Rânî ne pagwân uṭhâyâ, jî,
Sab zewar kâ jhinkâr paṛâ, jî.
Jhinkâr kî âwâz Râjâ Indar ne sune, ji:
Sunke Indargaṛh chhoṛke Rânî Niwal Daî ko gherâ pâyâ, jî.
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, "main nûṅ kyûn gherâ pâyâ, ji?"
"Rânî, tere darshan ke piâse, jî:
Mujh ko darshan de, ji."
Rânî kahe, "maiṅ Râjâ Bâsak kî beṭî, jî:

Put the pad on her head,
And the pitcher on the pad,
And the bucket on the pitcher.
She threw the rope round her shoulders,
And started from Dhartmaṇḍal.
Walking she made for the golden well.
As the Princess lifted her feet
All her jewels tinkled.
Râjâ Indar* heard the noise of the tinkling:
Hearing it he left Indargaṛh† and encompassed Princess Niwal Daî.
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "Why hast thou encompassed me?"
"Princess, I thirsted for a sight of thee:
Let me look on thee."
Spake the Princess, "I am Râjâ Bâsak's daughter:

---

* Indra, the God of the Heavens.

† Apparently meant for Amarâvati, the capital of Indra's heaven. If it be a memory of the name Indraprastha, the city of the Pâṇḍavas, i.e., Dehlî, its presence here is very interesting.

Tû to, Râjâ Indar, merâ lage dharm kâ pitâ, jî.
Putrî kâ paṛdâ fâḥish na karîyo, jî !"
Râjâ Indar resham tewar dekar muṛ paṛâ, jî :
Ghoṛ-ghaṛak Râjâ Indar muṛâ, jî.
Chhoṭî chhoṭî badalî wahâṅ hûî, jî :
Nikî nikî bûndeṅ paṛî, jî.
Bhij gaî chûndri Niwal Daî kî tan se lagî, jî.
Wahâṅ se pagwâṅ uṭhâke sawarran kûeṅ ko chal paṛî, jî.
Chand aur Sûrij ne âke Niwal Daî ko gherâ pâyâ, jî.
Chând Sûrij bole, "Rânî, tere darshan ke piâse, ji,
Ham chalke dûr se âe, jî."
Rânî Niwal Daî bolî, "maiṅ Râjâ Bâsak kî beṭî ; tum
Râjâ Kaśab ke beṭe, jî :
Bahin kâ paṛdâ hargiz fâḥish na karîyo, jî.
Maiṅ to lagûṅ dharm kî bahin, jî :

Thou, Râjâ Indar, art as my sworn father.
Seek not to shame thy daughter."
Râjâ Indar gave her a silken petticoat and went back :
With thunders Râjâ Indar went back.
Small clouds gathered there,
And light drops (of rain) fell.
Niwal Daî's garment was wetted and clung to her body.
Moving onwards thence she went on to the golden well.
The Sun and Moon came and encompassed Niwal Daî.
Said the Sun and Moon, "Princess, thirsting for a
sight of thee,
We have come from afar."
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "I am Râjâ Bâsak's daughter;
ye are Râjâ Kasab's* sons :
Ye should never shame your sister.†
I am your sworn sister,

---

* Kaśyapa: the Puranic legends are doubtfully reproduced in this passage.

† As the daughter of Vâsuki she would be, according to the usual legend, grand-daughter of Kasyapa (but see line 115), and thus be niece to Surya, the Sun, and doubtfully so to Chandra, the Moon.

Bahin bhâî kâ birwâ paṛâ, jî."
Resham tewar dekar muṛe, jî ;
Hâth joṛke kaheṅ, "hamarâ gunâh mu'âf karo, jî."
Hath joṛke singhâsan ko muṛe, jî.
Wahâṅ se Rânî Niwal Daî pag uṭhâke chalî, jî. :
Raste meṅ sohan mirg mil gayâ, jî.
Bole sohan mirg, "tere darshan ke ham piâse, jî,
Jangal chhoṛke âe, jî."
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, "Mirgâ, mere nain zahar se
bhare, jî :
Mere nainâṅ kâ mârâ tû mar jâegâ, jî!"
Purwâ pachhwâ pawan chalî, jî :
Mukh se paṛdâ dûr hûâ, jî.
Nain kâ bijlâ jhhamkâ aisâ lagâ, jî,
Jaise bâdal se kaṛke, jî.
Jis waqt Rânî kî nazarâṅ mirg kî lagî, jî,
Khâke pichhâṛ mirg gir paṛâ, jî.

And there is (near) kinship between brother and sister."*
Giving her a silken petticoat they went back,
Saying with joined hands, "forgive our fault."
With joined hands they returned to their seats (in the
heavens).
Princess Niwal Daî went onwards thence.
On the road she met a black-buck.
Said the black-buck, "I thirst for a sight of thee,
And have left the forests and am come (to thee)."
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "Thou deer, my eyes are full
of poison:
Stricken by my eyes thou wilt die."
The winds blew east and west,
And lifted the veil from her face.
The flash of her eyes fell (on him),
As the lightning's flash from the clouds.
The moment the Princess's gaze fell on the deer,
He started back and fell down.

---

* *i.e.*, they are within the naturally forbidden degrees.

Rânî utârke ghaṛâ rone lagî, jî:
"Ṭhâkur, merî haṭiyâ ko utâro: main to biptâ kî mârî,
jî!"
Chîr men se tâgâ nikâle apne chichî unglî kî bândhâ, jî.
Dûb se chichî unglî ko chîr lî, jî.
Chîrke lahû nikâlâ, jî.
"Srî Ṭhâkur, us haṭiyâ ko ṭâlo, jî!"
Jatî-satî kî âwâz neṛe sune thâ, jî.
Mirg ke mûnh men 'araq pâ, woh bhâg gayâ, jî.
Jab sîngân se pakṛâ, jî,
Ulṭâ baṭwâ dîâ, jî.
Jab mirg bhâgke jangal ko chalâ, jî,
Niwal Daî ghaṛâ uṭhâke sawarran kûen pe âî, jî.

The Princess took down her pitcher (from her head) and began to weep.
"O God, take away my trouble; I am stricken with grief!"
Drawing a thread from her kerchief she tied it to her little finger.
And cut her little finger with (a blade of) *dûb** grass.
Blood flowed from the cut.
"O Holy God, remove my trouble!" (said she).
The prayer of the righteous was heard.
She poured the blood into the deer's mouth† and it (got up and) ran away.
She seized it by the horns,
And twisted them backwards.‡
When the deer ran off to the forests,
Niwal Daî took up the pitcher and went to the golden well.

---

* *Cynodon dactylon.*
† Apparently she dripped it in by the thread.
‡ The story goes that the twisted horns of the black-buck (and also the back-curved horns of the antelope) thus took their present shape. These two lines have apparently been dragged into the text merely as a reference to the legend.

Sawarran kûeṅ chhipâ thâ, jî:
Us par sawâ sau man kî sil dharî thî, jî.
Us ko dekhke Niwal Daî ghabarâî, jî.
"Srî Ṭhâkur, yeh kaun karî, jî?"
Niwal Daî hâth joṛke bandagî lagâve, jî:
"Maiṅ biptâ ke mâre sawarran kûeṅ par âî, jî.
Chandar maiṅ nahîṅ dekhâ: Sûrij maiṅ nahîṅ dekhâ, jî.
Jis din maiṅ mahiloṅ meṅ jamî mujhe bhauṅrî meṅ ger
diâ, jî.
Pitâ mere ko kushṭ lagâ, jî:
Bhâîchârâ ne jawâb de dîâ, jî.
Mere Ṭhâkur, mujhe biptâ paṛî, jî!
Ṭhâkur mere, is biptâ ko kâṭo, jî!
Kûeṅ ke ûpar se silâ ko thâ* do, jî.
Sawarran kûeṅ se jal bhar lûṅ, jî."
Sawarran kûeṅ pe pair ke gûṇṭhe se silâ ko ṭhâve.†
Jhukke jal ko na dekhe, jî:

The golden well was hidden:
On it was placed a stone of 125 *mans*.
On seeing it Niwal Daî was perplexed.
"O Holy God, what hast thou done?"
Niwal Daî prayed with joined hands:
"I came to the golden well in my sorrow.
I have seen not the Moon: I have seen not the Sun.
The day I was born in the palace they put me into the
pit.
Leprosy has attacked my father,
And the kinsfolk have refused (to help him).
Trouble has fallen on me, my God!
My God, take away my trouble!
Lift up the stone from the well.
I would draw water from the golden well."
She pushed away the stone with her great toe.
She did not look at the water out of modesty,

---

* For *uṭhâ*. † For *uṭhâve*.

Jal utar gayâ thâ patâl meṅ.
Ḥazrat Khwâjâ le âe manâve, jî.
Ḍol ko kûeṅ meṅ phirâṅ,
Ḍol chhoṛ dîâ, jî.
Pânî par ḍol nahîṅ pahunche, jî.
Rânî zâr-bazâr roî, jî :
"Srî Ṭhâkur, yeh kauṅ karî, jî ?
Bâbal, terâ paṭwâ, jî, mar jâîyo, jî :
Yeh chhoṭî lajjû bânwâ de, jî !
Tere Haryal Paryal mar jâîyo ! chhoṭî lajjû banwâ de, jî !
Terâ sab mar jâe parwâr, jî !"
Sir se chunḍrî târî Niwal Daî :
Us lajjû kî bândhî, jî.
Khwâjâ ne, darshan Rânî ke lîye, jî,
Pânî umagke chaṛhâ, jî.
Sikrâ baithâ thâ rakhwâlî, jî ;

And the water went down into the bottom (of the well).
She prayed to the holy Khwâjâ (Khizar),*
And swung the bucket over the well :
She let down the bucket :
But the bucket did not reach the water.
The Princess wept violently.
"Holy God, what hast thou done ?
Father, may thy rope-maker die,
That made the rope (too) short !
May thy Haryal and Paryal die ! He made the rope (too) short !
May all thy family die !"
Niwal Daî took the kerchief from her head
And fastened it on to the rope.
Khwâjâ (Khizar), to get a sight of the Princess,
Sent the water up bubbling.
A falcon was sitting as watchman (of the well),

---

* The god of the waters : see Legend of Safîdon.

Râjâ Pârag pe khabarâṅ sunâî, jî:
"Jis Rânî ke kâran mujhe biṭhlâyâ, woh sawarran kûeṅ pe jal bharne âî, jî."
Râjâ ghoṛe par pâkhaṛ pâve:
Bâwâṅ sum nichkâre sukh âsan âve:
Chheṛke ghoṛe ko chalâ thâ.
Pahilâ ḍol Niwal Daî nikâle Khwâjâ Pîr ko manâve.
Dûjâ ḍol nikâle chiṛî jânwar ko jamâe, jî.
Mâram mâram ghoṛe ko Râjâ Pârag âve:
Ghoṛe kâ pauṛ bajtâ sunâ thâ, jî!
Bâvîṅ dâhine dekhan lagî, jî.
Battîs abhran Rânî ne utâre, jî.
Pâke ghaṛe meṅ kûeṅ par mûndhâ mâr diâ, jî.
Dharke kâyâ palaṭ lî, jî.
Chhoṭî sî Nâgin banke baiṭh rahî, jî.
Kûeṅ kî man meṅ baiṭh gaî, jî.

And brought the news to Râjâ Pârag:
"The Princess for whom you set me (over the well), has come to draw water from the golden well."
The Râjâ saddled his horse:
Mounting with his left foot he sat at ease (on it): and
Spurring his horse he went on.
The first bucketful Niwal Daî offered to the Saint Khwâjâ (Khizar).
The second bucketful she gave to the beasts and birds.
Râjâ Pârag came on flogging his horse:
The horse's hoofs were heard!
She began to look right and left.
The Princess took off her thirty-two jewels.
Putting them into the pitcher she put it face downwards on the well platform.
She changed her form.
Becoming a little Nâgin she remained (quiet).
She remained (quietly) in the platform of the well.

Pârag ghorâ mârke â gayâ, jî.
Pârag Râjâ phir-ghirke to dekhâ thâ.
Îndvî wa gharâ man pe dharâ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag pair kî jûtî ko dekhê.
Man meṅ soch kare, jî.
Lâve dhore phir-phirke jangal meṅ dekhe.
Nahîṅ pâtî phir khûeṅ pe chal-chalke âve jî.
Ghore se nîche utarke jawâb kare, jî:
"Rânî, tû jo bhalâ châhe, bahir â jâ, jî:
Nahîṅ to bichhû kâ rûp sidhârûṅ, jî!
Ṭoh-ṭohke tujh ko bâhir nikâlûṅ, jî.
Tû to sahaṅsar Nâgâṅ kî beṭî poti:
Taiṅ ne aisâ rûp sidhârâ, jî,
Kûeṅ meṅ baṛke tu baiṭh gaî, jî.
Maiṅ to Dhanthar Baid kâ chelâ, jî:

Flogging his horse Râjâ Pârag came up.
Râjâ Pârag searched hither and thither.
Saw the pad and the pitcher placed on the platform.
Râjâ Pârag saw the sandals of her feet.
He pondered in his mind.
He searched in the forest hither and thither and round about.
Not finding her he came again and again to the well.
He came down off his horse and spake (to her).
"Princess, if thou seek thy good, come out (of the well):
Or else I will put on a scorpion's form! *
By degrees I will bring thee out.
Thou art the daughter of a thousand Nâgs.
Thou hast put on such a form,
That thou canst enter into the well.
I am a follower of Dhanwantar, the Leech:

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* Scorpions are supposed to kill snakes. See Adventures of Râjâ Rasâlû.

Aisâ rûp bichhû kâ sidhârûṅ, jî:
Ṭoh-ṭohke tujh ko bâhir lâûṅ, jî."
Jab Râjâ Pârag ne itnâ kahâ, jî,
Woh ghabarâ gaî, jî.
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, jî:
"Merî 'araz suno, jaisî maiṅ kahûṅ, jî:
Râjâ Pârag, pardâ se ho jâ, jî;
Maiṅ to bâhir âûṅ, jî."
Itnî sunke Râjâ samjhâve, jî:
"Niwal Daî, merî 'araz suno, jaisî maiṅ kahûṅ, jî:
Machh kâ rûp sidhâro, jî."
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, "Râjâ Pârag, jî,
Tû to pardâ se ho jâ, maiṅ bastar pahinûṅ, jî."
Râjâ Pârag pardâ se hogâyâ, jî.
Niwal Daî bâhir âkar kâyâ palṭî, jî.
Nâgin se Rânî banî, jî:
Battî abhran lagâve, solâh singâr, jî.

So I will put on a scorpion's form,
That I may draw thee out by degrees."
When Râjâ Pârag had said this,
She became frightened.
Said Princess Niwal Daî:
"Hear me, what I say:
Râjâ Pârag, turn thy face from me
And I will come out."
Hearing this spake the Râjâ:
"Hear me, Niwal Daî, what I say:
Put on the human form."
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "Râjâ Pârag,
Turn thy face from me, that I may put on my clothes."
Râjâ Pârag turned aside.
Niwal Daî came out and changed her form.
From a Nâgin she turned into a Princess,
And put on her thirty-two jewels and her sixteen ornaments.

Kûen kî man meṅ Rânîjî baiṭhî, jî.
Bole Pârag, "Rânî Niwal Daî, merî 'araz suno, jî:
Bahot dinâṅ se chhal chhal jâe the, jî.
Rânî, tum to mahiloṅ ko chalo, jî.
Dhartmaṇḍal meṅ nâ jâne dûṅ, jî."
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, "maiṅ Râjâ Bâsak kî beṭî, jî:
Merî 'araz suno, jaisî maiṅ kahûṅ, jî.
Râjâ, maiṅ to biptâ kî mârî, jî.
Mere bâbal kî kanchan sî kâyâ nûṅ kushṭ lagâ, jî.
Sawarran kûeṅ kâ jal bhar le jâûṅ, jî:
Apne bâbal ko karwâûṅ ashnân, jî:
Sawarran kâyâ us kî ban jâe, jî."
Bole Râjâ, "tujhe jal nâ bharne dûṅ, jî."
Bole Pârag Râjâ, "tere pitâ ne bachan kare the:
Woh to bachanoṅ se phir gayâ, jî.
Mujhe thâre qaum kâ 'aitbâr nahîṅ, jî."
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, "mujh se tîn bachan le le, jî."

The Princess sat down on the platform of the well.
Said Râjâ Pârag, "Princess Niwal Daî, hear me:
I have been deceived for many a day.
Princess, come thou to my palace.
I will not let thee go to Dhartmaṇḍal."
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "I am Râjâ Bâsak's daughter;
Hear me, what I say.
Râjâ, I am stricken with sorrow.
Leprosy hath attacked my father's golden-hued body.
I would take water drawn from the golden well,
And bathe my father in it:
And his body will become (again) golden-hued."
Said the Râjâ, "I will not let thee draw the water."
Said Râjâ Pârag, "Thy father swore to me,
And he went back upon on his oath.
I have no faith in thy race."
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "Take my oath thrice repeated."

Bole Râjâ Pârag, "Niwal Daî, jî,
Mujhe tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke sache de do, jî."
Tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke Niwal Daî ne dîe, jî,
Bole Pârag, "tû ne tîn bachan to dîe, jî:
Ab tû phir kis taraḥ se âve, jî?
Mujhe in kâ bhed batâ de, jî."
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, "Râjâ Pârag, jî,
Ik ghaṛâ maiṅ bharke le jâûṅ, jî:
Apne Bâbal kâ karâkar ashnân, jî,
Chalke tere mahiloṅ âp âûṅ, jî."
Râni Niwal Daî ghaṛâ jaisî bharî thî:
Hâth joṛke 'araz lagâve, jî:
"Râjâ, mujhe to lakhâ do, jî"
Sir par îṇḍvî Rânî ne ṭakâî, jî:
Îṇḍvî par ghaṛâ ṭakâyâ, jî.
Ghaṛe par ḍoî ṭakâyâ, jî.
Ḍol ṭakâke Dhartmaṇḍal ko chalî, jî.

Said Râjâ Pârag, "Niwal Daî,
Give me thy solemn oath three times (in the name) of God."
Thrice Niwal Daî gave him her oath (in the name) of God.
Said Râjâ Pârag, "Thou hast given me thy oath thrice,
But how wilt thou come back again?
Tell me thy plan for this."
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "Râjâ Pârag,
I will take one pitcher (of water),
And I will bathe my father with it;
And then I will come to thy palace."
So Princess Niwal Daî filled her pitcher.
With joined hands she besought him:
"Râjâ, do thou escort me (to thy boundary)."
The Princess put the pad on her head,
And on the pad she put her pitcher:
On the pitcher she put the bucket.
Putting on the bucket she went on to Dhartmaṇḍal.

Agge agge Rânî chalî, pichhe pichhe Râjâ chale, jî:
Jangal se bîhâ-dhûnî lakhâ dî, jî.
Murke Râjâ Pârag to chalâ mahil ko, jî.
Râjâ Pârag ko lag gayâ farâq, jî.
Rastâ rastâ par chaukîân Râjâ ne bithâve, jî.
Râjâ Pârag un ko samjhâve;
"Yehân ko âvegî Niwal Daî, jî.
Mujhe usî waqt batlâîyo, jî."
Chaukî ke sipâhî rastâ pe baiṭhe, jî:
Pahirâ to lagâ diâ jâve, jî.

Rânî Niwal Daî Dhartmaṇḍal ko âve:
Chaukhaṇḍî meṅ Rânî ghaṛâ utâre.
Chandan chaukî Rânî mangwâve: sawarran kâ garwâ mangwâve, jî.
Chandan chaukî, jî, bichhwâve.
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, "Bâbal, merî 'araz suno, jî:

The Princess went on in front and the Râjâ followed behind.
He escorted her through the boundless forests,
And then Râjâ Pârag returned to his palace.
The separation fell (heavily) on Râjâ Pârag.
Along the road the Râjâ set guards:
And Râjâ Pârag conjured them:
"Niwal Daî will come here;
Tell me of it at once."
The watchmen remained at the guard,
And sentries were posted.

Princess Niwal Daî came to Dhartmaṇḍal.
The Princess put down the pitcher in the cell.
The Princess called for a sandal-wood chair: she called for a golden ewer.
She set the sandal-wood chair.
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "Father, hear me:

Chandan chaukî par baiṭho, jî."
Bâsak Râjâ chaukî par baiṭhâ, jî.
Bhar bhar gaṛwe jal ke gere, jî.
Pair ke gûṇṭhe se gûṇṭhâ dabâve, jî.
Sârî kâyâ sawarran bargî ho gaî, jî:
Pair kâ gûṇṭhâ kushṭî rahâ thâ, jî.
Bolî Niwal Daî, "merî 'araz suno, jî:
Ik loṭâ jal kâ bhar lâûṅ, jî."
Bole Râjâ, "Betî, ab nâ jâîyo, jî:
Us par khabar ho jâegî, jî.
Betî, mere dushman ke mulk se, jî,
Woh tujhe âne na degâ, jî."
Bâbal kâ kahnâ nahîṅ mânî Niwal Daî, jî.
Gaṛwâ leke sawarran kûeṅ pe chal paṛî, jî.
Garwâ leke sawarran kûeṅ pe âve, jî:
Lambî lambî âve Niwal Daî, jî.
Shahr Safîdoṅ ko râste hûî, jî.
Chaukîdâroṅ ko khabar hûî, jî:

Sit thee on the sandal-wood chair."
Râjâ Bâsak sat him on the chair.
Filling the ewer she threw the water over him.
With her great toe she covered his great toe.
All his body become golden-hued,
But his great toe remained leprous.
Said Niwal Daî, "Hear me:
I will bring thee a pot of (the) water."
Said the Râjâ, "Daughter, go thou not:
He (Pârag) will get news of it.
Daughter from my enemy's land
He will not let thee return."
Niwal Daî would not listen to her father's words.
Taking the ewer she went off to the golden well.
Taking the ewer she came to the golden well.
With long strides Niwal Daî walked,
Along the road to Safîdoṅ City.
The watchmen knew of it:

Jis waqt chaukîdaroṅ ne dekhî, jî,
Râjâ Pârag ke mahil ko chale, jî.
Khabarâṅ Râjâ Pârag ko karte, jî:
"Rânî Niwal Daî âî, jî!"
Râjâ Pârag sunat sâr ghoṛe ko pîṛe, jî;
Bâwâṅ bâwâṅ sum nichkâre.
Chheṛke ghoṛe ko chalâ thâ, jî;
Rânî ke pâs â gayâ, jî.
Dekhke khushîâṅ Rânî ko kare thâ.
Bole Pâragjî Mahârâjâ, jî:
"Tum chalo mahil ke bîch, jî."
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, Râjâ Bâsak kî beṭî, jî;
"Maiṅ nahîṅ jâûṅgâ mahil ke bîch, jî.
Kisî Brâhman ko bulâve, jî:
Phere le le biyâh karwâ le, jî.
Ai Mahârâjâ, phere leke ḍolâ mangwâ le, jî.
Dekhe, to kyâ Pandit âve, jî!"

When the watchmen saw her,
They went to Râjâ Pârag's palace.
They gave news to Râjâ Pârag:
"Princess Niwal Daî has come."
As soon as Râjâ Pârag heard it he saddled his horse,
And mounted with his left foot.
Spurring his horse he came on,
And came to the Princess.
Seeing the Princess he was delighted.
Said Pârag, the Mahârâjâ:
"Come thou into my palace."
Said Princess Niwal Daî, the daughter of Râjâ Bâsak:
"I will not go into thy palace.
Send for a Brâhman;
Making the circuit (round the fire) marry me.
O Mahârâjâ, making the circuit send for the palanquin.
Look, what Priest is this that comes!"

Brâhman ko Râjâ ne bulâyâ, jî.
" Dâdâ, pâûṅ lagûṅ."
" Sukhî raho jujmân, jî."
Boltâ Pârag, " Dâdâ, tum sâkhâ paṛho, jî."
Brâhman Kishn ko manâve, jî:
Sâkhâ paṛhne lagâ, jî.
Khîse meṅ hâth Râjâ Pârag pâve thâ, jî.
Us meṅ se patharî nikâlî, jî:
Sokhtâ meṅ lagâî, jî.
Sokhtâ meṅ âg lagâke jhâṛ ko lagâî, jî.
Jhâṛ phûṅke phere lîe, jî.
Sone kâ takâ Brâhman ko dîâ thâ, jî.
Pârag ne ḥukm dîâ thâ, jî.
Châr kahâr ḍolâ mahil se mangâve, jî.
Leke ḍolâ jangal meṅ âe baiṭhe, jî.
Niwal Daî to ḍolâ meṅ baiṭhî thî, jî:

The Râjâ called the Brâhman:
" Father, I fall at thy feet."
" Be at peace, my client."
Said Râjâ Pârag, " Father, perform the marriage."
The Brâhman called on Kṛishṇa,
And began to perform the marriage.
Râjâ Pârag put his hand in his pocket,
And took out of it a flint.
He applied it to the tinder.
Striking fire into the tinder he lighted a bush.
Lighting the bush he performed the circuit (round the fire).*
He gave golden coins to the Brâhman.
Râjâ Pârag gave orders,
And sent for four (palanquin) bearers from the palace.
They came with the palanquin into the wilds.
Niwal Daî sat in the palanquin,

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* The crowning ceremony of an orthodox marriage.

Baiṭhke ḍole meṅ mahiloṅ Râjâ Pârag ke âî, jî.
Turî-nuqârâ mahiloṅ meṅ bânjeṅ, jî:
Tere lâgî logoṅ âe, jî:
"Râjâ Pârag, tû ne biyâh to karwâyâ, jî!"
Ḍolâ mahiloṅ lâyâ, jî.
Gawwâṅ Brâhman ko dân-pun karke dî, jî.
Ḍomoṅ ko ghoṛe Râjâ ne dîe jî; ûpar ko dushâlâ dîe, jî.
Châṅdî sone ke dân dîe the, jî.
Brâhman Râjâ ne jamâe, jî.
Khilwat mahiloṅ meṅ gayâ, jî!

Dhartmanḍal ko Bâsak pe âe Brâhman, jî;
Kachahrî meṅ pagṛî utârke mârî, jî.
"Sahansar Nâgâṅ kî beṭî potî, jî,
Râjâ Pârag mahiloṅ meṅ le baṛâ, jî.
Jhâṛ phûke phere terî beṭî se lîe the, jî."
Sir mâre aur mûnde dhunne thâ, jî

And sitting in the palanquin, she came to Râjâ Pârag's palace.
Drums were beaten in the palace,
And the hangers-on came,
(Saying), "Râjâ Pârag, thou hast married (her)."
They brought the palanquin to the palace.
They gave cows as alms to the Brâhmans.
The Râjâ gave horses to the bards, and placed shawls on them.
Silver and gold were given as alms.
The Râjâ collected Brâhmans (there):
And went into the private palace.

The Brâhman came to Râjâ Bâsak at Dhartmanḍal;
And threw down his turban in the Court:
"The daughter of a thousand Nâgs
Hath entered into Râjâ Pârag's palace.
Lighting a bush he made the circuit with thy daughter."
He beat his head and dashed his skull.

Bole Bâsakjî Mahârâjâ, jî:
"Taiṅ kaun kare, Srî Bhagwân, jî?
Jâdo Vakîl Nâg ko bulâve, jî.
Jâdo Vakîl Nâg âyâ, jî.
Beṭî meri Pârag ne biyâh le, jî!"
Nangî nangî teghâṅ dhare the, jî.
Pânâṅ ke bîṛe dhare the, jî.
"Hai koî aisâ nangî tegh ko miyân kare, jî?
Bîṛe ko uṭhâke Râjâ Pârag pe chaṛhâî kare, jî?
Pârag Râjâ ko mârke âve, jî?"
Jâdo Vakîl ko samjhâio, jî.
Jâdo Vakîl ne ḥukm dîâ, jî:
"Chhîmbe Nâg bulâo, jî."
"Shahr Safîdoṅ nûṅ jâo, jî:

Said Bâsak, the Mahârâjâ:
"O Holy God, what hast thou done?"
He sent for the Nâg, Jâdo* the ambassador.
The Nâg Jâdo the ambassador, came.
(Said Râjâ Bâsak), "Râjâ Pârag has married my daughter!"
Naked swords were placed (in the Court):
Betel leaves were placed (there):†
"Is there any one (said the Râjâ) who will put the naked swords into their scabbards?
Any one who will take up the betel leaves and attack Râjâ Pârag?
And come back after slaying Râjâ Pârag?"
He explained to Jâdo the ambassador, and
Jâdo the ambassador gave an order:
"Call Chhîmbâ the Nâg"; (and the Râjâ said to him)
"Go to Safîdoṅ City,

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* The modern name Jâdo represents the Sanskṛit Yâdava, but its presence here is not to be directly accounted for.

† As a challenge: see Adventures of Râjâ Râsâlû. *ante*.

Pârag Râjâ ko mârke âve, jî.
Sattar kulîâṅ ko merî Pârag ne dâgh lagâyâ, jî.
Jo Râjâ Pârag nûṅ mâregâ, jî:
Us ko bahot inâm-karâm dûṅgâ, jî.
Beṭî kâ badlâ maiṅ nûṅ le do, jî."
Chhîmbe Nâg ne teghâṅ ko miyân meṅ karâ, jî:
Bîṛâ pân kâ uṭhâyâ, jî.
Pân kâ biṛâ uṭhâkar mukh meṅ ḍâlâ, jî.
Dahine jhukkar kîâ salâm, jî.
Shahr Safîdoṅ ko chalâ, jî.
Shahr ke dohre âke ḍerâ lagâyâ, jî.

Khilwat khâne meṅ bâtâṅ donoṅ kareṅ the.
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, "merî araz suno, jî:
Sobhâ terî sifat meṅ suno thî, jî:
Mirgâṅ kâ shikâr khele thâ, jî:
Binâ shikâr rasoî nahîṅ jîme thâ, jî.

Slay Râjâ Pârag and return.
Râjâ Pârag has disgraced our seventy families.
Who slays Râjâ Pârag,
I will give him a great reward.
I will have vengeance for my daughter."
Chhîmbâ the Nâg put the sword into the scabbard.
And took up the betel leaves.
Taking up the betel leaves he put them into his mouth.
He saluted respectfully with the right hand,
And went to Safîdoṅ city.
He took up his abode in the suburbs of the city.

They were talking together in the private chamber.
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "Hear me:
I have heard the praise of thy glory;
How thou didst go a-hunting the deer,
And didst never eat food but after hunting!

Jab se main mahil men âî, kabhî shikâr khelte dekhâ, jî."
Sej pe ta'na lagâyâ, jî.
Bole Pârag Mahârâjâ, "merî 'araz suno, jî:
Bhalke hone de sawerâ, jî;
Merâ Pârag nâm; tujhe khilâ dûn shikâr, jî."

Jangal kî mirgânî ko supnâ bhâyâ, jî;
Mirgânî Hîre mirg ko samjhâve, jî:
"Jânî, ren kâ supnâ aisâ chandrâ parâ, jî;
Jânî, kisî herî ne mârâ, jî;
Ghar ghar men bhâjî battî parî, jî.
Jo merâ kahnâ mâne is thaire ko chhoro, jî."
Hîrâ mirg kahe hai, "thalîân mere pitâ kî wa dâde kî hain, jî:
Je main aur thalî men marûngâ merî sattar kulî Nark men jâven, jî:

Since I came into the palace, I have never seen thee hunting."
Thus she blamed him (lying) on the bed.
Said Pârag the Mahârâjâ, "Hear me:
But let it be day-break to-morrow,
As Pârag is my name I will show thee some hunting."

A dream came to the doe in the wilds,
And the doe said to Hîrâ, the buck:*
"My beloved, I had a very bad dream in the night;
My beloved, some hunter slew (thee),
And the game (thy flesh) was distributed to the (huntsmen's) houses.
If thou mind my words thou wilt leave this place."
Spake Hîrâ the buck, "These wilds were my father's and grandfather's;
If I die in any other wilds my seventy families will go to Hell:

* *Hírá mirg* is like *sohan mirg* used for the black-buck or antelope, usually *kálá mirg*. Here I think *Hírá* is a proper name. See Adventures of Râjâ Rasâlû.

Je apnî thalî meṅ marûṅgû, merî sattar kulîâṅ Sarg meṅ jâveṅ, jî."
Hîrû mirg wa hirnî donoṅ bâtâṅ kareṅ, jî.

Râjâ Pârag pâjî ko bulâve, jî.
Pâjî jhukke kare salâm, jî:
"Terâ jîwan hove, jî:
Kaho, Râjâ Pârag, kyâ khidmat farmâo, jî?"
"Begû Nâî ko bulâo, jî."
Begû Nâî bulâyâ, jhukke kîâ salâm.
Bole Râjâ Pârag, "chandan chaukî, Gangâ nîr mangâîyo, jî."
Dahî phulel Râjâ Pârag hâr mangâve, jî.
Sawarran garwâ jal kâ bharke ang mal-mal nhâve, jî.
Nhâyâ dhoyâ mâthâ tilak lagâyâ, jî.
Karte Purakh ko shîsh niwâve, jî.
"Pâñchoṅ lâo, Pâjî, mere kapṛe; pâñchoṅ lâo hathiyâr, jî."

If I die in my own wilds my seventy families will go to Heaven."
Hîrâ the buck and the doe talked together.

Râjâ Pârag sent for the minion.
The minion saluted with respect:
"May thy life last:
Tell me, Râjâ Pârag, what service dost thou command?"
"Send for Begû the Barber."
Begû the Barber being called saluted with respect.
Said Râjâ Pârag, "Get my sandal-wood chair and the Ganges water."
Râjâ Pârag sent for curds and perfumes and his necklace.
Filling his golden pot he anointed and bathed his body.
Bathing and washing he put the (sacred) spot on his forehead,
And bowed his head to the Creator.
"Minion, bring my five robes and bring my five arms."

"Kahâṅ dhare, Râjâ, tere kapṛe? kahâṅ dhare hathiyâr, jî?"
"Piṭâre dhare kapṛe : khûṇṭî dhare hathiyâr, jî."
Piṭâre se lâyâ kapṛe ; khûṇṭî se lâyâ hathiyâr, jî.
Pânchoṅ lâve kapṛe : pânchoṅ lâve hathiyâr, jî.
"Pâjî, haṅslâ ghorâ čhet singâro, jî.
Lâo ḍeoṛhî ke bâr, jî."
Pâjî kâ beṭâ dauṛâ âve, jî :
Haṅslâ ghoṛâ lâve ḍeoṛhî ke bâr, jî.
Râjâ Pârag bâwâṅ sum ghoṛe ko nichkâr, jî.
Jab pauṛî pair dharâ charṭî kâ ṭûṭ gayâ tang, jî.
Sukh âsan nahîṅ âtâ, jî.
Rânî Niwal Daî chaukat pakṛî khaṛî, jî.
"Ai, Râjâ Pârag, matî nâ jâîyo shikâr, jî!
Mande ho gae sâwan, jî!"
Râjâ Pârag kahnâ nahîṅ mântâ, jî.
Ghoṛâ ḍabtâyâ bîhâ-dûnî jangal-jhâṛ, jî:

"Where are thy robes placed, Râjâ? where thy five arms?"
"The clothes are in the box, the arms are on the pegs."
He brought the clothes from the box and the arms from the pegs.
Five robes he brought : five arms he brought.
"Minion, array quickly my fine horse,
And bring him to the door."
The minion ran off,
And brought the fine horse to the door.
Râjâ Pârag lifted up his left foot to the horse,
When he put his foot in the stirrup the leather broke.
He could not get his seat properly.
Princess Niwal Daî stood with her hand on the doorway :
"O Râjâ Pârag, go not thou a-hunting!
An evil omen has befallen (thee)!"
Râjâ Pârag would not listen to her words.
He gallopped his horse into the boundless forest wilds.

Nîche kî gardâ ûpar ko chaṛh gaî, jî.
Mirgânî mirg dekhe koî shikârî âve, jî.
Mirgânî mirg se kahî, "woh neṛe â gae, jî!"
Mirg kahe, "ab ke tû jîûṛâ bachâ le jî:
Age ko samajhke chalûṅgâ, jî."
Bolî pushtâ mirgânî ne, jî:
"Dehî ko, mirgâ, apnî tolo, jî!
Khurîâṅ ko apnî mâpo, jî!"
Jab mirgâ dehî ko tolâ, jî,
Khurîâṅ ko mâpe, jî.
Zâr-zâr mirgânî ke pâs roe, jî:
"Ai, Srî Bhagwân, kaun kare, jî?"
Râjâ Pûrâg ne mirgâṅ ko dekhkar lalkârû dîâ, jî.
Sohan mirg hirnî ke âge ho gayâ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag ne kahâ, "jâne nahîṅ dûṅgâ, jî:
Ik kiârî, dusrî, tisrî meṅ mârûṅgâ, jî."

The dust beneath him arose.
The doe and buck saw a huntsman coming.
Spake the doe to the buck, "There he comes towards us!"
Spake the buck, "Now save thou my life:
In future I will act carefully."
Said his beloved doe:
"Buck, use thy feet (body)!
Bound off with thy hoofs!"
Then the buck used his feet (body),
And bounded off with his hoofs.
Weeping bitterly to his doe, (said he):
"O Holy God, what hast thou done?"
Râjâ Pârag seeing the deer shouted at them.
The black-buck came in front of the doe.*
Spake Râjâ Pârag, "I will not let thee go.
In thy first, second or third bound I will slay thee."

---

* i.e., as a protection.

Jab sunke mirg bhâgkar chale, jî:
Râjâ Pârag ne ghoṛâ ḍabtâke gherâ pâyâ, jî.
Sat Jug sache pahire barteṅ, jî:
Tin-min kareṅ jawâb, jî!
Sohan mirgânî Râjâ Pârag ko samjhâve jî:
"Râjâ Pârag, tû bhûkhâ âyâ shikâr kâ, jî:
Tîn sau sâth mirgânî se mâr lo do châr, jî."
Bole Râjâ Pârag, "Suno, mirgânî, jî:
Jis din kâ khelan lagâ shikâr, jî,
Mirgânî pe kabhî choṭ nahîṅ kare; mâre hîre mirg, jî."
Mirgânî phir kare jawâb, jî:
"Tîn sau sâth mirgânî kâ yeh ik sardâr, jî,
Je yeh mar gayâ, tîn sau sâth mirgânî râṇḍ hojâû, jî."
Tarkash meṅ se kanî Râjâ nikâlî, jî:
Dharke jî par mirg ko sar par ṭikâve, jî.
Uchhalke mirg zamîn par âve, jî:

When he heard this the buck bounded off,
And Râjâ Pârag galloped his horse and brought him to bay.
It was the virtuous time of the Golden Age:
All things could speak their mind!
Said the black-doe to Râjâ Pârag:
"Râjâ Pârag, hungry hast thou come to the hunt;
Out of 360 does slay three or four."
Said Râjâ Pârag, "Hear, thou doe:
From the day I began to hunt
I have never (even) wounded a doe: I have slain the black-buck."*
Again spake the doe:
"This is the lord of 360 does;
If this one die 360 does will be widowed."
The Râjâ took an arrow from his quiver:
Aiming it he struck the buck on the head.
Bounding up the buck fell on the ground:

---

* This sense of *hîrâ mirg* comes out clearly here.

Paṛde paṛde kî sâṅs alag ho gaî, jî.
Tîn sau sâṭh mirgânî Hîre mirg ko gherâ pâveṅ, jî.
Gherâ pâke tîn sau sâṭh mirgânî zâr-zâr roveṅ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag ghoṛe se utarke kumân se ṭhâve, jî.
Sab mirgânî Râjâ se kaheṅ, jî:
"Jaisî râṇḍâṅ ham kareṅ hojâ terî Niwal Daî, jî!"
Uṭhâke mirg ko ghoṛe kî kunch se lagâve, jî.
Chheṛke ghoṛâ mahil ko dhyân lagâyâ, jî.
Jab Râjâ Pârag ko piyâs lagî tab khâkâ-baṛ ko âve, jî.
Râjâ Pârag ghoṛe se nîche âke mirg ko nîche ger de, jî.
Zîn-posh bichhâke Râjâ baiṭhâ, jî.
Ghoṛe ko darakht se bândh dîâ, jî;
Ṭhâkur se 'araz lagâve, jî:
"Jaisî dhûp meṅ sâyâ dî, waisî gharz jal de, jî!"
Nikâlke kaṭordân jhole meṅ se nîche rakhe, jî:

And as he lay his breath went out of him.
The 360 does surrounded Hîrâ, the buck.
Surrounding him the 360 does wept bitterly.
Râjâ Pârag came off his horse and frightened them off with his bow.
All the does spake unto the Râjâ:
"As thou hast widowed us so may thy Niwal Daî be widowed!"
Taking up the buck he put him on the horse's saddle.
Spurring his horse he made for his palace.
Râjâ Pârag became a-thirst and came to a fig tree.*
Râjâ Pârag came down from his horse and threw down the deer.
Spreading his saddle-cloth the Râjâ sat down.
He tied his horse to the tree;
And prayed to God:
"As thou gavest shade from the sun, so give me water for my necessity."
Taking his cup from the saddle-bag he put it down:

---

* ? *Ficus caricoides*, but see line 787 *post*.

"Jaisî sâyâ de, waisî jal de, jî!"
Chhoṭî chhoṭî badalî nikî nikî paṛî bhawâr, jî.
Râjâ Pârag ko nînd âve, jî.
Sikre jânwar ko kahe, "tû khabardâr, jî!"
Râjâ Pârag ko nînd âve, jî:
Râjâ Pârag paṛke so rahâ, jî.
Chhîmbâ Nâg darakht se nîche utare, jî:
Kaṭordân ke pâs âve, jî.
Goral bhawâr joṛke kaṭordân ko bhare, jî:
Chhîmbâ Nâg ûpar ko chaṛh gayâ, jî.
Sikrâ jânwar man meṅ soche, jî:
"Ai Srî Thâkur, yeh kyâ kare, jî?
Râjâ Pârag kâ maiṅ ne nimak pânî khâyâ, jî:
Râjâ yeh pânî zahar pîkar mar jâegâ, jî."
Jab Râjâ Pârag sotâ uṭhâ, jî:
Râjâ Pârag kaṭordân ke pâs âve, jî.
Kaṭorâ uṭhâke hâth meṅ rakh lîâ, jî.

(Saying,) "As thou gavest shade give me water!"
Small clouds came, light drops of rain fell.
Râjâ Pârag feeling sleepy
Said to his falcon, "Do thou watch."
Râjâ Pârag felt sleepy,
And the Râjâ lay fast asleep.
Chhîmbâ the Nâg came down from the tree,
And came up to the cup.
Gathering up a drop of poison he filled the cup,
And Chhîmbâ the Nâg went up again.
Thought the falcon in his mind:
"O Holy God, what hast thou done?
I have eaten of Râjâ Pârag's salt,
And if the Râjâ drinks this poisoned water he will die."
Râjâ Pârag got up from his sleep,
And Râjâ Pârag came up to the cup.
Lifting up the cup he took it in his hand.

Râjâ Pârag rûmâl nikâlke mûñh par phere, jî.
Sikrâ man meñ soche, jî:
"Râjâ pî jâvegâ mujhe haṭıyâ lagegî, jî."
Sikre ne mârhe jhapṭâ kaṭorâ nîche girâ dîâ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag man meñ soch kare, jî:
"Sikrâ merâ kisî waqt kâ bairî, jî.
Mujh ko Parmeshar ne jal dîâ thâ, jî;
Sikrâ merâ janam kâ bairî, jî."
Râjpût ko ghussâ âyâ, pakaṛke zamîn par mârâ, jî:
Sikre kî jân hawwâ ho gaî, jî.
Baṛh ke ûpar bole tîn gaṭârân, jî;
Râjâ Pârag joṛke nazar lagâve, jî.
Darakht par baiṭhâ Nâg, jî.
Tarkash kanî nikâlke Nâg ko mâre, jî.
Nâg nîche âve, jî.
Chhoṭe chhote ṭukre banâve, jî.

Râjâ Pârag took his kerchief and wiped his face.
Thought the falcon in his mind:
"If the Râjâ drinks the curse (of it) will be on me."
The falcon struck out (with his claw) and threw down the cup.
Thought Râjâ Pârag in his mind:
"The falcon must have been my enemy for some time;
God gave me the water;
The falcon is an enemy to my life."
The son of kings was angered, seizing it he threw it on the ground:
The falcon's life departed.
Above in the fig tree were three *mainâs** chattering,
And Râjâ Pârag cast his eyes upwards.
In the tree was the Nâg.
Taking an arrow from his quiver he slew the Nâg;
The Nâg fell down.
He chopped it into small pieces.

---

* the *gaṭâr* is the common forest *mainâ*, *acridetheres tristis*.

Sir kâ ṭukrâ uṛke jûtî meṅ paṛâ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag jûtî ko jab pahine, jî,
Sir ke ṭukre ne gûṇṭhe meṅ ḍang mârâ, jî.
Uchhalke Râjâ Pârag zamîn pe girâ thâ, jî;
Parde paṛde kî jân alag ho gaî, jî!
Sâmâ Pâlî gawwâṅ ko wahâṅ lâve, jî.
Sâmâ Pâlî phir-ghirke dekhe thâ, jî:
Jaisâ ghoṛâ Râjâ Pârag kâ khaṛâ, jî.
Ghoṛe ke pâs mirg paṛâ, jî.
Dekhe aur sikrâ marâ paṛâ, jî:
Sikre ke pâs Nâg ke ṭukre paṛe, jî.
Âgâṛî dekhe Pârag marâ paṛâ, jî.
Rotâ hûâ mahil meṅ chalâ, jî.
Basanti Râuî Mâtâ Pârag pe gayâ, jî.
Pârag kî Mâtâ ke pâs khaṛâ hokar rove, jî.
Pârag kî Mâtâ Sâmâ Pâlî se pûchhî, jî:

The head flew up and fell into his shoe.
When Râjâ Pârag put on his shoe,
The head bit his great toe.
Leaping up Râjâ Pârag fell on the ground,
And as he lay his life left him.
Sâmâ the neat-herd brought his cows there.
Sâmâ the neat-herd looked about him,
And saw a horse like Râjâ Pârag's standing there.
Near the horse lay the deer.
And again he saw the falcon lying dead,
And near the falcon the pieces of the Nâg were lying.
Further on he saw Râjâ Pârag lying dead.
Weeping he went to the palace.
He went to Rânî Basantî,* Râjâ Pârag's mother.
Standing before Râjâ Pârag's mother he wept.
Râjâ Pârag's mother asked Sâmâ the neat-herd:

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* According to the Classics her name was Uttarâ, and she was daughter of the Râjâ of Virâṭa (Bairaṭ near Jaypûr). Ought not the name in the text to be Biraṇṭî?

"Kyâ, kisî ne gâlî dî, jî ? kisî ne mandâ kahâ, jî ?"
Sâmâ Pâlî hâth joṛke kahe, jî:
"Karmâ ne mandâ bolâ, Lekh ne gâlî dî, jî !
Beṭâ terâ Pârag Nâgâñ se khâyâ, jî."
Sunke Basantî zâr-zâr roî, jî:
Kesh khaṇḍâve, kapṛe phâṛe, jî.
"Jis din ke mahiloñ meñ Niwal Daî âî, jî,
Nâg hamâre bairî ho gae, jî !"
Bolî dâ ta'nâ Niwal Daî ko chubhâ thâ, jî.
Phoṛe donoñ hâthoñ chûṛî, jî:
"Ṭhâkur mujhe dukhṛâ lâyâ, jî !
Ta'nâ sarîṛ ko lageñ, jî !"
Char kahârâñ nûñ mangwâve, jî.
Ḍolâ meñ baiṭhkar nîb lekar chale, jî.
Akhai-baṛ par âkar ḍolâ utarwâ, jî.
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, "Kahâro, tum paṛde se, jî,

"What! hath any one abused thee? hath any one spoken thee evil?"
With joined hands spake Sâmâ the neat-herd.
"Fate hath spoken me evil: Destiny hath abused me!
Thy son Râjâ Pârag hath been bitten by snakes."
Hearing this Rânî Basantî wept sorely.
She tore her hair and rent her clothes.
"From the day Niwal Daî entered the palace,
Hath the Nâg been our enemy!"
Niwal Daî felt the sting of the reproach.
She broke the bracelets on both her wrists.
(Saying) "God hath brought trouble on me!
The reproach hath pierced my heart (body)!'
She sent for four (palanquin) bearers.
Sitting in the palanquin she went off with *nîm* leaves.*
Coming to the fig tree† she had the palanquin set down.
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "Bearers, away from me,

---

* As a charm against snakes.

† See line 717 *ante*. But here the name is for the date palm apparently: *phœnix silvestris* or *târî*.

Bâhir baiṭho, main ḍole ke bâhir âûṅ, jî."
Dole se bâhir chalke âve, jî.
Phir-ghirke bâhir dekhe, jî.
Châr loth paṛe, jî:
Dekhke Bhagwân kâ khauf khâyu, jî.
Sawâ pahir kî pûjâ Rânî karî thî, jî.
Hath joṛke pallâ pâke, jî:
"Srî Ṭhâkur, chârоṅ meṅ jî pâve, jî!"
Pahile Rânî mirg ke pâs âve, jî.
Shîsh goḍe par mirg kâ dharâ, jî:
Unglî chîrke 'araq mûṅh meṅ pâyâ, jî.
Mirg bhâgkar jangal ko chalâ, jî.
Uṭhke Rânî sikre ke pâs âve, jî.
Prabhû us meṅ jân pâve, jî.
Jatî-satî kî âwâzâṅ neṛe sune thâ, jî
Sikre meṅ jân paṛ gaî, jî.

Sit apart, I am coming out of the palanquin."
She came out of the palanquin,
And looked outside hither and thither.
Four corpses were lying there.
Seeing them the fear of God came upon her;
For four hours* the Princess worshipped (God).
With joined hands and kerchief round (her neck, she prayed:)
"O Holy God, give them all four life!"
First the Princess came to the buck and
Put the buck's head in her lap.
Cutting her finger she put the blood into its mouth.
The buck ran off into the wilds.
Getting up the Princess came to the falcon.
God gave it life also.
The prayers of the virtuous were heard,
And life came to the falcon.

---

* A watch and a quarter.

Tîsrî pahirî Rânî chalî thî, jî:
Nâg ke ṭukre kaṭṭhe karke milâve, jî.
Ṭhâkur pe hâth joṛtî thî, jî:
Jân us Nâg meṅ paṛî thî, jî.
Nâg uṭhke bhâg chalâ, jî;
Nâg ko Rânî ne pakaṛ lîâ, jî:
"Bhâge ko jâne nahîṅ dûṅgî, jî,
Ai Chhîmbe Nâg, jî;
Qasm khâ jâ, jî, 'Shahr Safîdoṅ ko, jî
Phir kabhî nahîṅ âûṅgâ, jî!'"
Tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke dîe, jî.
Jo sâṅs Râjâ ke pîe the, jî,
Woh chhoṛ dîe, jî!
Pârag Râjâ pe Niwal Daî chal âve, jî.
Suchchâ to nîb lîâ thâ, jî:
Apne Râjâ pe 'araz lagâve jî.

The Princess went on to the third place,
And putting the pieces of the Nâg together she joined them.
She joined her hands (in prayer) to God,
And life came to the Nâg.
The Nâg got up to go away,
But the Princess seized the Nâg, (saying):
"I will not let thee go,
O Chhîmbâ, thou Nâg:
Take an oath that to Safîdoṅ City
Thou wilt never come again!"
He swore to her thrice (in the name) of God.
Him, who had taken the Râjâ's life,
She released!
Niwal Daî came to Râjâ Pârag.
She had brought the fresh *nîm* leaves,*
And spake a charm over her Râjâ.

---

* *nîm* leaves to be efficacious as a charm against snakes must be fresh.

60

Mantar.

Donoṅ Rânî roli-bholî, jî!
Tere sir meṅ khâk ramânî, jî!
Mârûṅ bis, banâ dûṅ pânî, jî!
Jahân tahâṅ se lâûṅ bâl, jî!
Kelûṅ tere hoṭ, dânt, kapâl, jî!
Sankchûṛ kâ phoṛî, gal motîoṅ ke hâr, jî!
Padmâ Daî pânî Nâgin nîsrî, jî!
Lankâ meṅ kîâ jawâhir, jî!
Bis kâṭûṅ, bis harûṅ, jî!
Bis kî rîdhûṅ khîr, jî!
Jhol jamâ dûṅ gâṛarû, jî!
Seûṅ Bâsak parwâr, jî!
Jâg jâg Bisiyar Deotâ, jî!
Tujhe Râm Chandar kî dohâî, jî!
Râm Chandarjî jagâne âe jî!

Charm.

Both Queens are simple-minded!*
Put ashes on thy head!
I will destroy the poison, I will turn it into the water!
Wherever it be I will boil it!
I will charm thy lips and mouth and skull!
The staff of Sankchûṛ, the pearl necklace of his neck!
Padmâ Daî the Nâgin spurts out water.
She made her obeisance in Lankâ.†
I will destroy the poison, I will charm the poison.
I will make (a pottage of) rice and milk out of the poison.
I will fill the wahets of the sorcerers (with food).
I will worship the family of Bâsak!
Awake, O demon of the poison!
I claim the protection of Râma Chandra against thee!
Râma Chandra hath come to awaken thee!

---

* This charm occurs again at line 966ff. It is, as usual, difficult to make common sense out of it.

† Ceylon.

Jhâṛ jhapaṭke baiṭhâ kar liâ, jî.
Bole Râjâ Pârag, "Rânî; ham to bahot soe, jî!"
Nazar uṭhâke dekhe baṛh ke nîche baiṭhâ, jî.
"Ai Rânî Niwal Daî, tû kaisî jangal meṅ âî, jî?"
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, "Râjâ, tujhe samjhâ rahî, jî,
Mahil se matî jâo, jî!
Mande sûûṅ hûe the, merâ kahnâ na mânâ, jî.
Jo tû sair shikâr ko âyâ, tujhe Nâg ne ḍasâ jî.
Tû to, Râjâ, marâ paṛâ thâ, tujhe jhâṛke uṭhae, jî.
Terî Mâtâ ne ta'nâ lagâke mahil se kâḍhnâ sharû' kîâ, jî.
Jo tû na jîtâ terî mâtâ mahil men mujhe nâ baṛne de, jî."
Rânî Niwal Daî Râjâ Pârag chalke mahil meṅ âe, jî.
Râjâ kî mâtâ mahil meṅ zâr-zâr roî, jî.
Râjâ ke gale se lipaṭkar roî, jî:
"Jab se Rânî âî Nâg hamâre dushman ho gae, jî.

Having exorcised and charmed she sat him up.
Said Râjâ Pârag, "Rânî, I have had a heavy sleep!"
Lifting up his eyes he saw that he was sitting under the fig tree:
"O Princess Niwal Daî, how camest thou into the forest?"
Said Princess Niwal Daî, "Râjâ, I told thee often, (to) Go not from the palace!
The omen was evil, and thou didst not hear my words.
And when thou wentest a-hunting, the Nâg bit thee.
(I found) thee, Râjâ, lying dead, and awoke thee by a charm:
Thy mother reproaching me would have turned me out of the palace.
Hadst thou not lived thy mother would not have let me enter the palace."
Rânî Niwal Daî and Râjâ went into the palace.
The Râja's mother was weeping bitterly in the palace.
Falling on the Râjâ's neck she wept: (saying),
"From the day the Princess came the Nâgs have been our enemies.

Sahansar Nâg kî beṭî potî, jî;
Tujhe Râjâ Bâsakjî nâ jîne deve, jî!
Tujhe samjhâ rahî, merâ kahnâ ne mânâ, jî."
Râjâ Pârag khilwat khânâ meṅ gae, jî.

Dhartmaṇḍal meṅ Chhîmbâ Nàg jâke dohâî lagâî, jî.
Lek-salek karke chaukhaṇḍî meṅ baiṭh gayâ, jî;
Râjâ se 'araz karî, jî:
Râjâ Bâsak pûchhe, "Chhîmbâ Nâg, tû kis taraḥ âyâ, jî?"
"Râjâ Pârag khelan gayâ thâ shikâr, jî:
Maiṅ akhai-baṛ par baiṭhâ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag ne jaṛh se ghoṛa bândh dîâ, jî.
Zîn-posh utârke nîche bichhâ dîâ, jî.
Thailî meṅ se kaṭordân nikâlke rakhâ thâ, jî.
Sikrâ rakhwâlî biṭhlâ dîâ, jî.
Maiṅ ne ûpar se utarke, jî,
Kaṭordân ko pur dîâ, jî.

She is the daughter of a thousand Nâgs:
Râjâ Basâk will not let thee live!
I told thee and thou wouldst not heed my words."
Râjâ Pârag went into his private apartments.

Chhîmbâ the Nâg went to Dhartmaṇḍal and demanded protection.
Saluting he sat down in the cell,
And spake to the Râjâ.
Râja Bâsak asked him, "Chhîmbâ, thou Nâg, how hast thou come?"
(He answered) "Râjâ Pârag went a-hunting.
I sat in the fig tree.
Râjâ Pârag tied up his horse to the roots.
Taking off the saddle-cloth he spread it on the ground.
Taking his cup out of the (saddle-)bag he put it down.
He set the falcon to watch for him.
I came down from above,
And filled the cup (with poison).

Katordân purke ûpar charh gayâ, jî.
Ûpar boleṅ gaṭârâṅ, jî.
Râjâ baiṭhâ ho gayâ, jî.
Râjâ ke nazar kaṭordân par lagî, jî.
Kaṭordân jal se bharâ, jî:
Piâse ke man chal dîâ, jî;
Hâth kaṭorâ par pâyâ, jî.
Sikrâ man meṅ soche, jî;
Râjâ ne yeh zahar pîâ, jî,
Pîte mar jâegâ, jî.
Râjâ ne mukh se kaṭorâ lagâyâ, jî.
Sikre ne mârke nîche girâyâ, jî.
Râjâ ko jab ghussâ âyâ, jî,
Sikre ko mârke zamîn par girâyâ, jî.
Nazar uṭhâke darakht par mujh ko dekhâ, jî;
Tarkash kanî nikâlke mere tan meṅ mârî, jî.
Mârke mujhe zamîn par gerâ, jî.
Lekar khaṇḍâ mere chhoṭe chhoṭe pîṇḍ banâe, jî.

Filling the cup I went up again.
Above *mainâs* were chattering.
The Râjâ sat up.
The Râjâ's glance fell on the cup.
(He thought that) the cup was full of water.
The greed of thirst came upon him,
And he put his hand to the cup.
Thought the falcon in his mind,
That the Râjâ would drink the poison:
And that if he drank he would die.
The Râjâ put the cup to his lips.
The falcon struck it and threw it down.
Then the Râjâ was wrathful,
And slaying the falcon threw it on the ground.
Lifting up his eyes he saw me in the tree.
Taking an arrow from his quiver he struck my body.
Striking he brought me to the ground.
Taking his knife he chopped me into little bits.

Sir kâ ṭukrâ uṛke jûtî meṅ paṛâ, jî.
Jab Râjâ ne jûtî pahine maiṅ ne mârke Râjâ Pârag ko
ger dîâ, jî.
Âî terî beṭî, mujh ko paidâ kîâ, jî.
Tîn bachan lekar Dhartmaṇḍal ko bhij dîâ, jî:
'Phir yehâṅ âyâ, to jîtâ na chhoṛûṅ, jî.'"
Râjâ Bâsak itnî sunke gabharâ gayâ, jî.
Dastânâ bajâ, Râjâ Jâdo Vakîl ko bulâve, jî.
Râjâ ke pâs Jâdo Vakîl âyâ, jî.
Râjâ Bâsak zâr-zâr roe, jî:
"Dhar dastânâ aisâ bajâo, jî,
Ast kulîâṅ ko bulâo, jî."
Sârâ bhâîchârâ bulâke Kachahrî lagâî, jî.
Nâṅgî tegh, pân kâ bîṛâ Kachahrî meṅ rakhâ, jî:
Bhâîoṅ se araz lagâve, jî:
"Bhâî, sahaṅsar Nâgâṅ kî beṭî, jî,

My head flew up and fell into his shoe.
When the Râjâ put on his shoe I bit Râjâ Pârag and
threw him down.
Thy daughter came, and brought me to life.
Taking an oath of me thrice (in the name) of God she
sent me to Dhartmaṇḍal.
(Saying) 'Come here again and I will not let thee go
alive.'"
Hearing this Râjâ Bâsak was astonished.
The Râjâ clapped his hands and called Jâdo the Ambassador.
Jâdo the Ambassador came to the Râjâ.
Râjâ Bâsak wept bitterly: (saying),
"So (loudly) clap thy hands,
That thou call the eight families."
Calling all the kinsfolk he held his Court.
He placed the naked sword and the betel leaves in the
Court,
And he besought his kinsfolk:
"Brethren, the daughter of a thousand Nâgs,

Râjâ Pârag biyâhke le gayâ, jî!
Merî sattar kulî ko dâgh lagâyâ, jî.
Hai koî aisâ sûrmâ, jî,
Nangî tegh ko miyân kare, jî?
Pân kâ bîṛâ uṭhâve, jî?
Shahr Safîdoṅ ko chaṛh jâe, jî,
Râjâ Pârag ko mârke âve, jî?
Khaṛâ Râj maiṅ us ko dûṅ, jî!
Bhaiṭhâ Râj maiṅ karûṅ, jî!"
Sûtak Pâtak sunke ûṭhe, jî:
Nangî teghâṅ ko miyân kareṅ, jî.
Pân kâ bîṛâ uṭhâkar mukh meṅ pâveṅ, jî.
Sabhâ Kachahrî ko salâm karke Shahr Safîdon ko âveṅ, jî.
Shahr Safîdoṅ kî galî kûnchâ kî sair karî, jî.
Nâkâ morî mahil meṅ barne kî dekheṅ, jî.

Hath Râjâ Pârag married and carried off!
Shame is on my seventy families.
Is there any hero (here)
To sheath the naked sword?
To take up the betel leaves?
And going to Safîdoṅ City,
To slay Râjâ Pârag and return?
I will give him real authority!
I will make his rule easy!"
Hearing him Sûtak and Pâtak stood up.
They sheathed the naked sword.
They took up the betel leaves and put it into their mouths.
Saluting the Assembly and Court they went to Safîdoṅ City.
They wandered about the streets and lanes of Safîdoṅ City.
They looked for some entrance or hole in the palace.

Shâm paṛî, din ḍhal gayâ, dhan kâ lagâ bahîr, jî.
Baiṭh gae gore donoṅ bhâî, jî: rûp Nâg kâ sidhâreṅ, jî.
Chaleṅ mahil ke bîch, jî.
Mahiloṅ meṅ chhipke baiṭh rahe, jî.
Rânî Niwal Daî kahî Râjâ se, jî:
"Mujhe Nâgâṅ kî khûshbo âve, jî."
Râjâ Pârag kahe, "tû to Nâgâṅ kî beṭî, jî,
Tujhe roz roz khûshbo âve, jî."
Râjâ Rânî sejoṅ pe gae, jî.
Rânî bolî, "mera kahnâ mân le, jî:
Mere mahil meṅ Nâg âj â gae, jî.
Pahilâ pahirâ, Pârag, maiṅ dûṅgî, jî:
Dûjâ pahirâ tum do, jî."
Niwal Daî pahire par baiṭhî, jî:
Âdhî râtî Râjâ jagâ dîâ, jî.
Ghaṛî sâ'at Râjâ jâgâ, jî:

The evening fell, the day grew dim, the (evening) crowd of cattle (returning from pasture) commenced.
Both the brothers sat down in the neighbourhood (of the palace) and put on the form of Nâgs.
They went into the palace.
In secret they sat in the palace.
Said Princess Niwal Daî to the Râjâ.
"I smell the smell of Nâgs."
Spake Râjâ Pârag, "Thou art a daughter of the Nâgs,
The smell of the Nâgs is always on thee."
The Râjâ and the Princess lay on their bed.
Said the Princess, "Hearken to my words:
The Nâgs have (surely) come into my palace to-day.
The first watch, Râjâ Pârag, I will keep:
Do thou keep the second watch."
Niwal Daî kept her watch, and
At midnight she awoke the Râjâ.
The Râjâ remained awake for an hour.*

---

* A *ghaṛî*=24 minutes.

Gharî sâ'at Râjâ baiṭhâ, jî :
Phir sejâ pe ghâfil paṛ rahâ, jî.
Rânî ke chañwar palang se laṭke, jî.
Chañwar se Sûtak Pâtak ûpar chaṛh gae, jî :
Pîke Râjâ Pârag ke sâñs mahil se gae, jî.
Bâhir âke apnâ rûp sidhârâ, jî :
Dhartmaṇḍal ke râste hûe, jî.
Râste meñ kûeñ ke mûñh baiṭh gae, jî :
Salâḥ kareñ rasoî banâeñ, jî.

Rânî sotî chamak paṛî, jî :
Râjâ Pârag ko ṭohke jagâve, jî.
Râjâ ke sâñs sâmpoñ ne pî lîe, jî.
Râjâ ko dekhke jaldî se bâhir nikalî, jî.
Jis râstâ ki Sûtak Pâtak gae the, jî,
Us râste ko gâî, jî.

For an hour the Râjâ sat,
And then lay on the bed in forgetfulness.
The Princess' fan* hung from the bed.
Sûtak and Pâtak climbed up by the fan,
And drinking up Râjâ Pârag's life went out of the palace.
Coming out they changed their form,
And took the road to Dhartmaṇḍal.
On the road they sat down at the mouth of a well,
And arranged to take their food.

The Princess started in her sleep,
And shook Râjâ Pârag to awake him.
The snakes (Nâgs) had drunk up the Râjâ's life.
Seeing the Râjâ's (state) she went out quickly.
The road that Sûtak and Pâtak had taken,
The same road she took.

---

* *Chañwar*, the tail of the yak and a sign of royalty, used as a flapper to drive off flies.

Chalke kûeṅ pe âve, jî.
Nazar uṭhâke donoṅ bhâîyoṅ ko dekhe, jî:
"Srî Ṭhâkur, ye to jîmeṅ rasoî, jî.
Jab donoṅ bhâî rasoî jîm leṅge, jî,
Tab donoṅ ko pakaṛûṅgî, jî."
Rasoî donoṅ ne jîmî, jî:
Donoṅ ke chôṭe pakâṛ lîe, jî:
Chôṭe pakaṛke mahiloṅ ko le chalî, jî:
Jâ mahil meṅ choṭe bândhke laṭkâ dîe, jî.
"Mujh ko râṇḍ karke chale, jî:
Yâ to Râjâ Pârag kî jân pâo, nahîṅ, jân se mârûṅ, jî."
Rânî man men bichârî, jî;
"Râjâ Pârag mere bhâîyoṅ ko na mâre, jî:
Pahile in ko chhoṛ dûṅ, jî."
Chalke bhâîyoṅ ke pâs âve, jî,
Bhâî ko samjhâve, jî:
"Qasm tum ko mâî bâp ke, jî!

She came on to the well.
Lifting up her eyes she saw both the brothers.
"O Holy God, they are at their food.
When both the brothers begin to eat
I will seize the pair (of them)."
They both began their food.
She seized them both by their hair,
And dragged them by the hair to the palace.
And going to the palace she hung them up by the hair.
"You made me a widow and left me:
Either you bring Râjâ Pârag to life or I slay you."
(Then) the Princess thought in her heart,
"It is not right that Râjâ Pârag slay my brethren.
(So) I will first release them."
So she went to her brothers,
And spake unto them:
"I swear you on your father and mother

Jo phir yehâṅ chalke âo, ji!"
Sûtak Pâtak ko nikâlke shahr panâh lakhâve, jî.
Sûtak Pâtak Dhartmaṇḍal ko âveṅ, jî.

Rânî Niwal Daî Râjâ pe âve, jî.

Mantar paṛhe Rânî.

"Donon Rânî rolî-bolî tere sir meṅ khâk ramâî!
Mârûṅ bis! banâ dûṅ pânî!
Jahâṅ tahâṅ se lâûṅ bâl!
Nâgân kîlûṅ, hoṭ, dânt, palât!
Sankchûṛ kî poṛî, gal motîṅ ke hâr!
Padmâṅ ke pânî nîsre, Lankâ kî johâr!
Bis kâṭûṅ, bis meṅ baṛûṅ!
Bis ke rîdhûṅ khîr, jhol jamâ dûṅ!
Gâraṛû seûṅ Bâshak parwâr!
Jâg jâg, Bisiyar Deotâ! Tujhe Râm Chandar kî dohâî!"

Not to come here again!"
Turning Sûtak and Pâtak out she saw them from the city
Sûtak and Pâtak went to Dhartmaṇḍal.

Princess Niwal Daî went up to the Râjâ.

*The Princess charmed him.**

"Both the foolish Queens rubbed ashes on their head!
I will destroy the poison! I will turn it into water!
Wherever it be I will burn it!
I will charm the Nâgs, lips, teeth, and skull!
The ulcer of Sankchûṛ, the pearl necklace on his neck!
Padmâ's poison spurted in rain at Lankâ!
I will destroy the poison, I will charm the poison!
I will make (a pottage of) rice and milk of the poison,
and fill (the sorcerer's) wallet!
I will work the sorcerer's and Bâsak's family!
Awake, awake, O demon of poison; the protection of
Râma Chandra against thee!"

---

* This is the same charm as that sung above.

Jagâwan âe.

Jhâṛâ jamaṭke baiṭhâ ho gayâ, Râjâ, jî.

Sûtak Pâtak ne dohâî lagâî, jî.
Râjâ Bâsak ne Jâdo Vakîl ko bulâyâ, jî.
Bole Râjâ Bâsak "merî 'araz suno, jî:
Shahr Sapîdâṅ ko faujâṅ lekar chaṛh jâo, jî,
Shahr ko âîyo ujâṛ, jî."
Jâdo Vakîl angustânâ bajâtâ,
Sâre Nâg kaṭṭhe kar lîe, jî,
Nâgâṅ ke Nâg ghoṛe sawâr ho gae, jî.
Chalke Râjâ Pârag ke Shahr Sapîdâṅ ko âe, jî.
Rât kî samâ meṅ Shahr Sâpîdâṅ meṅ baṛ gae, jî.
Galî dar galî phireṅ, jî.
Galî kûṅche meṅ Nâg phireṅ, jî.
Muṛ-muṛke Jâdo Vakîl pe âveṅ, jî.
Sârâ Shahr ra'îyat soe the.

She awakened (Râjâ Pâraq.)

The Râjâ sat up by the charm.

Sûtak and Pâtak demanded protection.
Râjâ Bâsak called Jâdo the Ambassador.
Said Râjâ Bâsak "Hear me:
Take thy army and advance on Safîdoṅ city.
Make the city desolate."
Jâdo the Ambassador clapped his hands,
And all the Nâg's collected together.
The Nâgs rode on Nâgs' horses,
And went to Râjâ Pârag's city of Safîdoṅ.
In the night time they entered Safîdon city.
Street by street they wandered (through it).
The Nâgs wandered in the streets and lanes.
Coming back they went to Jâdo the Ambassador.
All the people of the city were sleeping.

Bole bole Nâg, "Jai Mahârâjâ!"
Bole Jâdo Vakîl, jî:
"Ra'îyat ke khân meṅ sukh nahîṅ, jî.
Mâro Râjâ Pârag ko, jî.
Dere thâre yehâṅ lage, jî."
Baṛî fajar hûî, jî:
Ra'îyat ko fauj nazar paṛî, jî.
Jâke ra'îyat ne Râjâ ko kahâ, jî:
"Nâgoṅ kî fauj chaṛhke âe, jî:
Koî bachne kâ 'ilâj karo, jî.
Kis bidh se shahr base, jî?"
Pârag man meṅ apne soche, jî.
"Jaise maiṅ kahûṅ, jî!",
Bhâîyoṅ se 'araz kare, jî.
Mâlî Mahite ko bulâve, jî:
Khâṅ Subhân Wazîr ko bulâve, jî:

Spake the Nâgs, "Victory Mahârâjâ!"
Said Jâdo the Ambassador:
"It is not well to slay the people;
Slay ye Râjâ Pârag (only).
This is your goal."
It was early morning,
And the people saw the army.
And the people went and told the Râjâ.
"The army of the Nâgs hath come;
Make some plan to save (us).
How shall the city be saved?"
Thought Râjâ Pârag in his mind.
"(Do) as I tell you!",
Besought he of the Brethren.
He sent for Mâlî, the Minister.
He sent for Subhân Khâṅ, the Minister.*

* Names evidently in mistake for some mythological ones. Observe the Muhammadan form *Subhân Khâṅ Wazîr*.

Daṇḍiâ chobdâroṅ ko bulâve, jî :
Parde meṅ Rânî Niwal Daî ko bulâve, jî :
Joṛke Kachahrî Râjâ Pârag baiṭhe, jî.
Joṛke Kachahrî Pârag baiṭhe, jî :
Sab se 'araz guzâre, jî :
" Nâgâṅ kî faujâṅ chiṛhî, jî.
Tîr talwâr in par nâ chale, jî ! "
Sârî Kachahrî bolî, jî :
" Râjâ Pârag 'araz suno, jaise ham kaheṅ, jî :
Apne 'aqal se kâm karo, jî."
Parde meṅ bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, jî :
" Merî 'araz suno, jaisî maiṅ kahûṅ, jî :
Pitâ merâ hankârî tujhe jîwan nâ de, jî.
Maiṅ to bahot tujhe samjhâ rahî, jî :
Merâ kahnâ na mânâ, jî.
Jo merâ kahnâ mâne, tujhe jîne kî bidh batâûṅ, jî.
Shîshe ke mahil banwâ le, jî :

He sent for criers and messengers.
He called Princess Niwal Daî to (sit behind) the screen.
Râjâ Pârag sat in his assembled Court.
Râjâ Pârag sat in the assembled Court,
And spake unto all :
" The army of the Nâgs has advanced (on us).
Arrows and swords harm them not "
Said all the Assembly :
" Râjâ Pârag hear us ; what we speak.
Make some plan of thy wisdom."
Said Princess Niwal Daî from (behind) the screen :
" Hear me ; what I say.
My warrior father will not thee live.
Often have I conjured thee,
And thou didst not heed my words.
If thou wilt (now) heed my words I will show thee a plan for thy life.
Build a palace of glass :

Kumbhar khâî khudwâ le, jî:
Sûî kâ sanjâr lagâ-de, jî:
Pânî chiṛhwâke nûn girwâ de jî."
Kahâ Pârag ne Niwal Daî kâ manzûr kîâ, jî.
Mahil banâne ko ḥukm kar dîâ, jî.
Kumbhar khâî khudwâne shurû' ke , jî.
Sûî kâ sanjâr lagne shurû' hûâ, jî.
Shîshe kâ mahil banke ṭayyâr hua, jî;
Apne mahil meṅ Râjâ Rânî raheṅ, jî.
Jâdo Vakîl ne faujâṅ ko ḥukm dîâ, jî:
"Râjâ Pârag ne bandobast kîâ, jî:
Kisî sûrat se us ko mâro, jî."
Jâdo Vakîl kî faujâṅ chiṛhî, jî:
Mahil meṅ jâne kâ rastâ dekheṅ, jî.
Kahîṅ dâû nahiṅ lage, jî.
Sab Nâg Jâdo Vakîl pe âveṅ, jî.
"Râjâ Pârag baṛâ hoshiâr, jî.

Dig (round it) a wide ditch:
Make a wall of needles (round it):
Sprinkle water and salt (over it)."
Râjâ Pârag approved of Princess Niwal Daî's words.
He gave an order for the building of the palace (of glass).
He began digging the wide ditch.
He began making the wall of needles.
The glass palace was made ready,
And the Râjâ and the Princess dwelt in it.
Jâdo the Ambassador gave an order to the army:
"Râjâ Pârag has made his arrangements; (but)
By some means do ye slay him."
Jâdo the Ambassador's army advanced,
And looked for a way into the palace.
No chance came to them.
All the Nâgs came to Jâdo the Ambassador:
(And said), "Râjâ Pârag is very clever.

Shîshe ke mahil banwâe, jî:
Kumbhâr khâî khudwâî, jî
Sûi kâ sanjâr lagâyâ, jî.
Wahâṅ Nâgâṅ kâ dâû nahîṅ lage, jî."
Itnî sunke Jâdo Vakîl gabharâyâ, jî.
Dil meṅ soche bichâre, jî:
Jîwan Nâg ko samjhâve, jî:
"Bhâî, merî 'izzat rakh le, jî!"
Jîwan Nâg ghussâ khâke Naulakkhe Bâgh meṅ âve, jî:
Dharke kâyâ palṭî, jî:
Berî ke darakht meṅ phal banke lage, jî.
Mâlî bâgh meṅ phire, jî.
Phal, lîmû, anâr ṭorke ḍâlî lagâve, jî.
Ḍâlî Râjâ ke nazar kare, jî.
Ber ko Râjâ hâth meṅ uṭhâke dekhe, jî:

He has built a palace of glass.
He has dug a wide ditch.
He has made a wall of needles.
There is no chance for the Nâgs there."
Hearing this Jâdo the Ambassador was puzzled.
He thought and pondered in his mind,
And spake unto Jîwan the Nâg:
"Brother, save my honour."
Jîwan the Nâg in his wrath went into the Naulakkhâ Garden*
He changed his form,
And became a fruit of the plum-tree.†
The gardener wandered in the garden.
Plucking fruit, and limes and pommegranates he put them into a basket.
He presented the basket to the Râjâ.
The Râjâ took the plum into his hand to look at it,

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* The Nine-*lâkh* Garden: meaning by that the garden worth 900,000 rupees, *i.e.*, the splendid garden.
† *Zizyphus jujuba.*

Us se nâk se lagâkar sûṅge, jî.
Bisiyar ne ḍang lagâyâ, jî.
Râjâ behosh ho gayâ, jî.
Nâg rûp badalke chalâ gayâ, jî.
Jâdo Vakîl pe jâ khabar lagâî, jî:
"Maiṅ to Pârag mâr gaṅwâyâ, jî."
Bole, "Jâdo Vakîl, jî;
Râjâ Pârag ko phûṅkke chaleṅ, jî."

Jab Râjâ Pârag girâ, jî,
Ronâ pîṭnâ mahiloṅ meṅ paṛâ, jî.
Mâtâ us kî zâr-zâr roî, jî:
"Yeh kaun kare, Srî Bhagwân, jî?"
Ra'îyat ri'âyâ sab roe thâ, jî.
Niwal Daî khabârâṅ sab ho gaî, jî.
Bolî, "jhanjâ ḍolî karke yehâṅ lâo, jî."
Dauṛe khushâmadî anek, jî.

And put it to his nose to smell it.
The (poisonous) serpent (Nâg) bit him.
The Râjâ became senseless.
The Nâg changing his form went away.
Going to Jâdo the Ambassador he told him:
"I have slain Râjâ Pârag."
Said he "Jâdo, thou Ambassador,
They are taking Râjâ Pârag to the burning."

When Râjâ Pârag fell,
There was weeping and wailing in the palace.
His mother wept bitterly:
"O Holy God, what hast thou done?"
All the people wept.
Niwal Daî heard all about it.
Said she "Get ready the palanquin and bring it here."*
Running they saluted her.

* "And take me to the corpse." A line evidently omitted here.

Uthâke Rânî Niwal Daî pe lâe, jî.
Nîm mangâkar jhâṛâ de, jî.
Jitne mantar the sab chalâe, jî.
Jîwan Nâg ke kâṭe ko ik mantar nahîṅ chalâ, jî.
Tin roz meṅ Râjâ kî kâyâ sûj gaî, jî.
Rânî to lâchâr hûî, jî.
Likhke chiṭṭhî sânanî sawâr ko dî, jî.
"Mere bhâî, jî, Dhanthar Baid pe le jâ, jî."
Chiṭṭhî Dhanthar pe gaî, jî:
"Yehâṅ Râjâ kî kâyâ bahine lagî, jî."

Râgnî.

Kapṛâ uṭhâke dekhe Niwal Daî.
Kâyâ se pânî bahî, jî.
Phoṛ donoṅ hâth kî chûṛî:
"Râjâ merâ sâmp ne khâyâ!"

Taking it up they brought it to Princess Niwal Daî.
Calling for *nîm** leaves she made a charm.
She applied all the charms (she had).
No charm prevailed against the bite of Jîwan the Nâg.
In three days the Râjâ's body began to swell.
The Princess became undone.
Writing a letter she gave it to a camel-rider, (saying),
"Take it, my friend, to Dhanwantar, the Leech."
The letter went to Dhanwantar.
"The Râjâ's corpse here has begun to ooze," (said the letter).

Song.

Lifting the cerements Niwal Dâî saw
Water oozing from the body.
She tore off the bracelets from both her wrists, (saying,)
"A snake (Nâg) hath bitten my Râjâ!"

---

* See line 786.

Galle meṅ kesh to lapṭe:
Nâk kî nath besar ṭûṭî: râṇḍâpâ ho gayâ bhârî!

"Suno, halkâro,* merî bât:
Is Râjâ kâ bamân banâke phûṅk do, jî."
Halkâroṅ ne, jî,
Bamân banâ dîâ, jî.
Bamân meṅ Râjâ ko ṭakâve, jî.
Leke gore le âe, jî.
Pârag Râjâ ko chitâ meṅ ṭakâveṅ, jî.
Lâmbâ âg kâ lagâveṅ, jî.
Kâyâ Râjâ Pârag kî jalî thî, jî:
Nâg sâre khushîâṅ kareṅ the, jî.
Râjâ ko phûṅkke mahiloṅ meṅ âe, jî.
Dhanthar Baid bhî ân pahunchâ, jî.
Dhanthar Baid ko khabar hûî, "Râjâ ko phûṅk dîâ jî."
Dhanthar Baid Râjâ kî chitâ pe âve, jî.

She let fall her locks over her neck.
She broke her nose-ring and became a very widow!

"Hear, ye servants, my words.
Make the Râjâ's bier and burn him."
The servants
Made the bier.
They put the Râjâ on the bier.
They took him to the outskirts (of the City).
They put Râjâ Pârag on the pyre.
They applied the burning torch.
The body of Râjâ Pârag was burnt:
And all the Nâgs rejoiced.
Burning the Râjâ (the people) returned to the palace.
Dhanwantar the Leech also arrived.
Dhanwantar the Leech heard that the Râjâ had been burnt.
Dhanwantar the Leech came to the Râjâ's pyre.

---

* For *ahilkâro*.

Ânke sejûn bûṭî lagâî, jî:
Râjâ Pârag ko jiwâ diâ, jî.
Pârag uṭhke Gur ko sijdâ niwâve, jî.
Dhanthar Baid Pârag ko thâpî lâve, jî.
"Jâo, Bachâ, mahil ko jâo, jî."
Niwal Daî dekhkar bahot khush hûî:
Râjâ Rânî mahil meṅ rahine lage, jî.
Jâdo Vakîl pe khabar hûî, jî.
Jâdo Vakîl kahe, "yehâṅ hamârâ dâû nahîṅ lage, jî
Pârag Dhanthar Baid kâ chelâ, jî.
Yehâṅ se ḍerâ cheṛho, jî.
Dhartmaṇḍal ko chalo, jî."
Dhanthar Baid bhî chal paṛâ, jî.
Dhartmaṇḍal ko chaleṅ faujâṅ, jî.
Râjâ Bâsak pe â gaê, jî.
Bole Nâg, "Mahârâjâ, 'araz suno, jî:
Jis waqt ham Shahr Safîdoṅ meṅ gae, jî,

Coming he applied the life-giving herb,*
And restored Râjâ Pârag to life.
Râjâ Pârag sitting up adored the Guru.
Dhanwantar the Leech gently touched Râjâ Pârag.
(Saying) "Go, my son, to thy palace."
When Niwal Daî saw him she was very pleased:
The Râjâ and the Princess dwelt in the palace.
Jâdo the Ambassador heard of this.
Spake Jâdo the Ambassador, "Here I have no chance
Râjâ Pârag is the disciple of Dhanwantar the Leech.
Let us depart hence,
And go to Dhartmaṇḍal."
Dhanwantar the Leech also went away.
The army went to Dhartmaṇḍal,
And came to Râjâ Bâsak.
Said (Jâdo) the Nâg, "Mahârâjâ, hear me:
When I went to Safîdoṅ City

---

* *Sejûn* = *sîj* = *nâgphanî* = Skr. *sihunda*, the *euphorbia antiquorum* or milk hedge. It is used as an antidote to snake poison.

Rânî ne khauf khâyâ, jî.
Shîshe kâ mahil banwâyâ, jî:
Sûî kâ sanjâr lagâyâ, jî:
Kumbhar khûî khudwâî, jî.
Ham ne Nâgoṅ ko ḥukm dîâ, jî:
'Phir-ghirke rastâ dekho, jî!'
Hameṅ rastâ nahîṅ mile thâ, jî.
Jîwan Nâg Naulakkhe Bâgh meṅ gae, jî.
Wahâṅ jâke rûp sidhârâ, jî:
Darakht meṅ ber bane, jî.
'Phal mâlî ne toṛe, jî:
Mâlî ber ko Râjâ pe le jâve, jî.
Jab Râjâ ne ber hâth meṅ lîâ, jî:
Uṭhâke jab ber sûṅghe, jî.
Maiṅ ne nâk meṅ ḍang mârâ, jî:
Râjâ Pârag mar gayâ, jî.
Nîm ḍeg maiṅ ne sab kîl dîe, jî.

The Princess was frightened.
She built a palace of glass.
She made a wall of needles.
She dug a deep ditch.
I ordered the Nâgs
To look hither and thither for a way (into the palace).
We found no road.
Jiwan the Nâg went into the Naulakkhâ Garden.
There he changed his form,
And became a plum on a tree.
'The gardener plucked the fruit,
And the gardener took the fruit to the Râjâ.
When the Râjâ took the plum in his hand,
He took it up and smelt the plum.
(The Nâg) bit him on the nose,
And Râjâ Pârag died.
I charmed all the *nîm* leaves,

Gararû bhî sab kîl dîe, jî.
Kisî kâ jhârâ Pârag pe nahîṅ chalâ, jî.
Jab Râjâ Pârag phûṅk dîâ, jî:
Dhânthar Baid Pârag kâ gurû âyâ, jî.
Râkh katthê karke Pârag ko paidâ kar lîâ, jî.
Pârag chalke mahil ko gayâ, jî.'
Râjâ Bâsak, ham chalke tere pâs âe, jî.
Dhartmandal kî lâj gaî, jî!"
Sunke Râjâ Bâsak roe; jî:
"Merî asht kulî ko dâgh lagâ, jî!"
Bhâîchârâ bole, jî:
"Apne bhânje Tatîg Nâg ko bulâ de, jî."
Bâsak Râjâ bole, jî:
"Bare bare Nâg se na sar hûâ, jî."
Bhâîchârâ bolâ, jî:

And I charmed all the sorcerers.
No one's charm prevailed for Râjâ Pârag.
Then they burnt Râjâ Pârag.
Râjâ Pârag's Gurû, Dhanwantar the Leech came.
He collected the ashes and brought Râjâ Pârag to life.
And Râjâ Pârag went (back) to his palace.'
Râjâ Bâsak, I came (back) to thee.
Dhartmandal's honour is gone!"
Hearing this Râjâ Bâsak wept:
"My eight families are disgraced!"
Said the kinsfolk:
"Call thy nephew* Tatîg, the Nâg†"
Said Râjâ Bâsak:
"But all great Nâgs have failed!"
Said the kinsfolk:

---

* Sister's son.

† Tatîg is for Âstîka. He was the son of Jaratkâru by the *sister* of Vâsuki, *i.e.*, (?) by Padmâvatî or Mânasâ. He plays an important part in the *Mahâbhârata* Legend. He appears in Gurû Guggâ's legend *ante*

"Woh Nâg bâwan rûpâ hai: yeh kâm us se sarbe, jî."
Bâsak pûchhe, "woh kahâṅ mile, ji?"
"Bhâîchârâ boleṅ Gokal nagarî; 'ilm Qurânâ pothî paṛheṅ Gokal meṅ, jî."
Sunke Râjâ ne Jâdo Vakîl ko ḥukm dîâ, jî:
"Dharke dastânâ aisâ bajâ do, jî,
Sun pâve Bisiyar Nâg, jî."
Dastânâ kî âwâz bajî, jî.
Sunke Tatîg Nâg chal paṛâ, jî.
'Ilm Qurânî pothîâṅ paṛh rahâ thâ, jî.
Laṛkoṅ meṅ baiṭhâ, baiṭhâ khaṛâ hojâ, jî.
Dharke kâyâ ko sidhârî, jî:
Chhoṭâ sâ Nâg ban gayâ, jî.
Dharke to lâve thâ uḍârî, jî:
Dhartmaṇḍal ko chalâ âve, jî.

"He is a Nâg of fifty-two forms: this business will be accomplished by him."
Râjâ Bâsak asked, "Where will he be found?"
Said the kinsfolk, "In Gokal City:* he is reading the books of the wisdom of the Qurân† in Gokal."
Hearing this the Râjâ ordered Jâdo the Ambassador
To clap his hands so
That the poisonous Nâg (Tatîg) should hear.
(Jâdo) clapped his hands.
Tatîg the Nâg heard it and came.
He was reading the books of the knowledge of the Qurân.
Sitting among the boys he stood up.
He changed his form
And became a little Nâg.
He put on wings
And came to Dhartmaṇḍal.

---

* Gokula, in the neighbourhood of Mathurâ, is the scene of Kṛishṇa's boyhood: it is probably introduced merely as being a place famous in mythological history.

† The scavenger caste in India generally mix up *all* the religions current around them in their beliefs.

Thorê dûr ânke baiṭh gayâ, jî.
Dharke rûp sidhârâ, jî:
Bâlak kâ rûp ban gayâ, jî;
Chhoṭe chhoṭe hâth pair bane, jî:
Sir par ṭopî ṭikâî, jî:
Hâth meṅ sone kî khûṇḍî leke, pairoṅ pawwe pâe, jî.
Chal Kachahrî meṅ âve, jî:
Loe dhore phirke, jî,
Mâmâ Bâsak kî gode dhore baiṭhe, jî.
"Ik salâm, Mâmâ, mere; do salâm, jî,
Bande ke sât salâm, jî!"
"Tere salâm tum ko arjânî; terî 'umar drâz, jî."
Bole bole Tatîg mâmâ se, jî:
"Nangî teghâṅ kyûṅ dharî, jî?
Pân ke bîṛe kyûṅ dhare, jî?
Kis Râjâ pe chaṛhâî, jî?
Us kâ nâm batâo, jî.

Coming a short distance he sat down.
He changed his form
And became a small child,
With little hands and feet.
On his head he had a cap,
Golden bracelets on his wrists, wooden shoes on his feet.
He came into the Court,
And wandered up and down.
He went and sat in his uncle Râjâ Bâsak's lap.
"Uncle, one salute: two salutes:
Seven lowly salutes (to thee)!"
"I return thy salutes (nephew): be thy life long."
Chattered Tatîg to his uncle:
"Why are the naked swords placed (here)?
Why the betel leaves?
What Râjâ is to be attacked?
Tell me his name!

Nangî teghâṅ ko miyân karûṅ, jî!
Pân kâ bîṛâ uṭhâûṅ, jî!"
"Shahr Safîdoṅ meṅ Râjâ Pârag ko mâre, jî.
Jo koî Nâg us se mâre hai,
Dhanthar Gurû us ko jiwâ le, jî.
Shîsh ke mahil us ne banwâ le jî.
Kumbhar khâî, sûî kâ sanjâr banwâyâ, jî.
Nâgoṅ kâ sârâ bandobast kîâ, jî.
Nâgûṅ kâ dâû nahîṅ lage, jî."
Sunke nangî nangî teghâṅ miyân kare, jî.
Pân kâ bîṛâ mukh meṅ pâke Sabhâ Kachahrî ko salâm
kare, jî.
Dharke kâyâ palṭî chhoṭâ sâ Nâg banâ, jî.
Sadâ-Sibjî ko manâve, jî:
Machhandar Nâth ko dhyâve, jî:

I will sheath the naked swords:
I will take up the betel leaves!"
(Spake the Râjâ) "Slay Râjâ Pârag in Safîdoṅ City.
If any Nâg slays him
Dhanwantar the Leech restores him to life.
He hath built a palace of glass.
He hath made a deep ditch and a wall of needles.
He hath made all (possible) arrangements against the
Nâgs.
There is no chance for the Nâgs (now)."
Hearing this (Tatîg) sheathed the naked swords.
Putting the betel leaves into his mouth he saluted the
Assembly and the Court?
Changing his form he became a small Nâg.
He adored the Eternal Siva,
He remembered Machhandar Nâth.*

---

* Popularly the *Gurû* of Dhanwantar Baid. Really he was one of the early opponents of the Bhagats and flourished in the 15th Century A.D. He preceded the more famous Gorakh Nâth and is often coupled with him as here.

Gurû Gorakh ko manâve, jî.
Dharke uḍârî lâve, jî;
Shahr Safîdoṅ meṅ Râjâ Pârag ke âve, jî.
Naulakkhe Bâgh meṅ âve, jî.
Bâghân ke sailâ to kare thâ, jî:
Nagar meṅ âve, jî:
Chalke mahiloṅ ko âve, jî.
Jaga kahîṅ baṛne ko nahîṅ miltî, jî!
Hâth joṛke Srî Ṭhâkur pe 'araz lagâve, jî:
"Ṭhâkur, barkhâ karo, jî! merâ lajjâ râkho, jî!"
Jatî-satî kî âwâzâṅ sunte thâ;
Sat Jug pahiṛâ bartâ, jî.
Indar Râjâ ko ḥukm karâ, jî:
Mîṅh barsan lagâ, jî.
Dharke rûp sidhârâ, jî:
Machhlî kâ rûp, jî.
Jaise paṛnâlâ gireṅ the, jî;
Machhlî kâ rûp sidhârke ûpar chaṛh gayâ, jî.

He adored Gurû Gorakh Nâth.
He put on wings
And came to Râjâ Pârag's City of Safîdoṅ.
He came into the Naulakkhâ Garden.
He wandered in the garden.
He came to the City,
And went on to the palace.
He could find no place to enter in!
With joined hands he prayed to the Holy God:
"Bring rain, oh God! Preserve my honor!"
The prayer of the virtuous was heard, (for)
The Golden Age prevailed.
(God) gave the order to Râjâ Indar,
And the clouds began to rain.
He changed his form,
And became a fish.
When the (roof) spout began to pour (down water),
In his fish's form he went up it.

Upar mahil ke chaṛhke jhaṛoke meṅ baṛâ, jî.
Chhipke mahil meṅ baiṭh gayâ, jî.
Âdhî ren kâ pahrâ, jî:
Bisiyar kâlâ phir-phirke dekhe thâ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag soe thâ, jî.
Uchhalke palang par ḍâng lagâ diâ, jî.
Ḍâng lagâke zamîn pe âve, jî.
Jis râste ko âyâ thâ, jî,
Usî râste mahiloṅ se bâhir âyâ, jî.
Dharke kâyâ bâhir mahiloṅ se sidhârî, jî.
Brâhman kâ rûp us ne sidhârâ, jî:
Tilak, dhotî banâî, jî:
Pairoṅ meṅ pawwe, hâth meṅ brahmchhaṛî le lî, jî
Unchî pagṛî, nîchâ jâmâ pahinke, raste pe baiṭhe, jî.
Kuchh mahiloṅ kî sâr leke do tîn roz meṅ chale gaeṅ, jî.

Going up into the palace he sat in the window.
Silently he sat in the palace
At the mid watch of the night
The black venomous (Nâg) looked about him.
Râjâ Pârag was asleep.
Leaping up to the bed he bit him
Biting him he came down again.
By the way he came
He left the palace.
Outside the palace he put on his (human) body.
He put on the form of a Brâhman.
He put on the sacred forehead marks and a loin cloth:
Wooden shoes he had on his feet and priest's staff in his hand.
A lofty turban he put on and a long robe, and sat down by the road.
Leaving the palace he went away after two or three days.

Niwal Daî sotî uṭhe, jî.
Apne Râjâ ko jagâve, jî.
Râjâ marâ paṛâ, ji !
Niwal Daî Ṭhâkur se 'araz lagâve, jî :
"Jâne, kaunse Nâg ne khâ lîâ, jî ?"
Dharke jantar chalâve, jî.
Rânî se jantar nâ chale, jî.
Zâr-zâr roe, jî, Niwal Daî :
"Yeh kaun kare, Srî Bhagwân, jî ?"
Sattar kulîyâṅ ko jagâve, jî.
Bidiyâ koî nahîṅ chalî, jî.
Chiṭṭhî Rânî ne likhî, jî :
"Dhânthar Baiḍ, terâ chelâ Nâgâṅ ne khâ lîâ, jî."
Daṇḍiâ chiṭṭhî leke chalâ, jî.
Nâg Brâhman raste meṅ baiṭhâ, jî.
Brâhman daṇḍiâ se pûchhe, jî :
"Jahâṅ se musâfir sach batâ de, jî."

Niwal Daî awoke from her sleep,
And awakened her Râjâ.
The Râjâ lay dead.
Niwal Daî prayed to God :
"Who knows what Nâg hath slain him ?"
And she at once commenced her charms.
The Princess's charms prevailed not.
Niwal Daî wept bitterly :
"What has thou done, O Holy God ?"
She awakened the seventy families.
No one's sorcery prevailed.
The Princess wrote a letter :
"O Dhanwantar, thou Leech, thy disciple hath been slain by the Nâgs."
She gave the letter to the messenger.
The Nâg (in the form of a) Brâhman sat by the way.
Asked the (Nâg) Brâhman of the messenger,
"Tell me truly whence thou comest ?"

Bole ḍanḍiâ, "Pârag Râjâ hamârâ, jî,
Us ko Nâgâṅ ne khâ lîâ, jî.
Rânî us kî hai beṭî Bâsak kî, jî:
Us ne lâkhoṅ jhâṛe dîe, jî.
Koî jhâṛâ nahîṅ lage, jî.
Pârag Dhânthar Baid kâ chelâ, jî:
Rânî ne mujhe dîâ chiṭṭhî, jî.
Jis din se Rânî âî mahiloṅ meṅ rahe nit-brit sog, jî."
Brâhman pûchhan lagâ, jî:
"Dhânthar Baid kahâṅ rahe, jî."
Bole ḍanḍiâ, "woh to rahe Âbû ban meṅ, jî."
Âbû ban ko ḍanḍiâ chalâ, jî.
Kâle bisiyar ne rûp sidhârâ, jî:
Brâhman se Nâg ban gayâ, jî:
Dharke uḍârî lagâve, jî.
Jâke ḍanḍiâ ne chiṭṭhî dî, jî.

Said the messenger, "Our Râjâ, Pârag,
Hath been slain by the Nâgs.
His Queen is the daughter of Râjâ Bâsak.
She tried thousands of charms on him.
No charm prevailed.
Râjâ Pârag is the disciple of Dhanwantar the Leech.
The Princess (Niwal Daî) gave me this letter.
From the day the Princess came to the palace have the
Nâgs been ever at enmity (with us)."
The (Nâg) Brâhman asked:
"Where dwelleth Dhanwantar the Leech?"
Said the messenger, "He lives in Âbû forest."*
The messenger went to Âbû forest.
The black venomous (Nâg) changed his form,
And from a Brâhman became a Nâg (again),
And put on wings.
The messenger gave the letter.

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* Mount Âbû in Rajpûtânâ, the ancient Arbuda, probably here confounded with the classical serpent (Nâg) of that name.

Chiṭṭhî paṛhke chal paṛe, jî:
Shahr Sapîdâṅ chal paṛâ, jî.
Dhânthar Baid ko dekhke, jî,
Bisiyar ne Brâhman kâ rûp banâyâ, jî.
Brâhman pûchhe, "Mahârâj, kahâṅ ko chale, jî?
Man kâ bhed batâ do, jî."
Bole Dhânthar Baid, "Shahr Sapîdâṅ ko, jî,
Râjâ Pârag pe jâûṅ, jî.
Râjâ Pârag Bâsak ke sâmpoṅ ne khâyâ, jî.
Râjâ Bâsak kî beṭî Pârag kî Rânî: us ke sâmp bair paṛ gae, jî.
Maiṅ Pârag ko jiwâne ko jâûṅ, jî."
Yeh kahke Dhânthar Baid chal paṛe, jî:
Pîchhe se ik chelâ Dhânthar Baid kâ âve, jî.
Bisiyar ne rûp sidhârâ, jî:
Sone kî lâthî ban gayâ, jî.
Raste meṅ paṛ gayâ, jî.

Reading the letter (the Leech) started off,
And made for Safîdoṅ City.
Seeing Dhanwantar the Leech
The venomous (Nâg) put on a Brâhman's form.
Asked the Brâhman, "Mahârâj, whither goest?
Tell me the secret of thy heart."
Said Dhanwantar the Leech, "to Safîdoṅ City;
I go to Râjâ Pârag.
Râjâ Bâsak's serpents (Nâgs) have slain Râjâ Pârag.
Râjâ Bâsak's daughter is Râjâ Pârag's Queen: on her account is the enmity of the Nâgs.
I go to bring Râjâ Pârag to life."
Saying this Dhanwantar the Leech went on.
Behind him came a disciple of Dhanwantar the Leech.
The venomous (Nâg) changed his form.
He became a golden staff,
Lying in the way.

Chele ne lâṭhî ko dekhkar uṭhâî, jî:
"Apne Gurû ko dûngâ, jî."
Lâke Dhânthar Baid ko dîe, jî:
"Gurû, raste meṅ mujhe milî, jî."
Gurû, hâth meṅ le le, jî:
Baṛe khûsh hûe, jî.
Dhânthar Baid lâṭhî ko badan meṅ phere, jî.
Jab gardan pe lagâve, jî:
Bisiyar ne kâyâ palaṭke ḍâng mârâ, jî.
Ḍâng lagâke rete meṅ gir paṛâ, jî.
Ghâs-phûs hoke âge ko chal dîâ, jî.
Brâhman kâ rûp dhârke darakht nîche baiṭh rahâ, jî.
Bole Dhânthar Baid, "mere chelo, jî,
Sumer Parbat pe jâo, jî:
Darakht ke nîche chirâgh jale, jî:
Us ke nîche sajûn rakhî, woh le âo, jî."
Chele chale sajûn ko, jî;

The disciple saw the staff and picked it up: (saying),
"I will give it to my Gurû."
He took it to Dhanwantar the Leech (saying),
"Gurû, I found it in the road."
The Gurû took it in his hand;
And was very pleased with it.
Dhanwantar the Leech rubbed the stick on his body.
When he put it on his neck,
The venomous (Nâg) changed his body and bit him.
Biting him he fell into the sand,
And becoming as (a blade of) grass went away.
(Then) putting on a Brahman's form he sat under a tree.
Said Dhanwantar the Leech, "O my disciples,
Go ye to Mount Meru.
Beneath a tree is a lamp burning.
Beneath it is the life-giving herb.*
The disciples went for the life-giving herb.

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* See line 1103 *supra*.

Bisiyar ne rûp sidhârâ, jî.
Un se pahile Sumer Parbat ko chalâ, jî:
Jâke peṛ ke nîche hazâroṅ chirâgh jalâ dîe, jî.
Jo chele âke dekheṅ hazâroṅ chirâgh jal rahe, jî.
Muṛke Gurû se kaheṅ, jî:
"Wahâṅ to hazâroṅ chirâgh jaleṅ, jî!
Tû to ik batâve thâ, jî.
Ham ko wahâṅ bûṭî nahîṅ milî, jî."
Bole Dhânthar Baid, jî:
"Chelo, ab maiṅ nahîṅ bachne kâ, jî.
Ik to Râjâ Pârag mar gayâ, jî:
Ab to merî jân chalî, jî.
Mujhe sab pakâke khâ lenâ, jî;
Merâ mâs sab kâṭ lo, jî.
Tum sab Dhânthar Baid ho jâo, jî."
Sârî bâtâṅ Bisiyar Nâg sune, jî.
Gâoṅ meṅ se logoṅ ko bulâve, jî:

The venomous (Nâg) changed his form.
He reached Mount Meru before them.
Beneath the tree he lighted thousands of lamps.
When the disciples came they saw thousands of lamps burning.
Coming back said the Gurû:
"There are thousands of lamps burning there.
Thou didst tell of one (only).
The herb we could not find there."
Said Dhanwantar the Leech:
"Disciples, now I shall not be saved.
First Râjâ Pârag has died
And now my life will go.
Do you all cook and eat me.
Cut up all my flesh,
And you will all become as Dhanwantar the Leech."
The venomous Nâg heard all his words.
He called the people from the village, (and said):

"Dekho yeh gâoṅ meṅ dâk utare, jî.
Logoṅ kâ mâs kâṭkar khâveṅ, jî."
Tatîg Nâg kê sâth zamîndâr hûe, jî.
Un se rukhsat hoke Râjâ Bâsak pe gayâ, jî.
Bâsak bahot khûsh hûâ, jî.
Chhurî châqû leke chele mâs kûṭeṅ, jî.
Apnî apnî hâṇḍî meṅ charâveṅ, jî.
Zamîndâroṅ ne cheloṅ ko pathar mârâ, jî:
Cheloṅ meṅ bhag paṛe, jî.
Kawwe chil mâs le gae, jî:
Gîd baṛhân mâs le gae, jî.
Ḍaṇḍiâ jâke Niwal Daî pe khabar kare, jî.
Bole Rânî se ḍaṇḍiâ, jî:
"Jis baid pe mujhe bhejâ, jî,
Us ko raste meṅ Nâg ne khâyâ, jî:
Cheloṅ ne kâṭ kâṭ kar hâṇḍî meṅ pâyâ, jî.
Nâg ne chhal kîâ, jî:

"See, into this village have robbers come,
Cutting up the people's flesh and eating it."
The farmers went with Tatîg the Nâg.
He left them and went to Râjâ Bâsak,
And Râjâ Bâsak was very pleased.
With knife and steel the disciples cut up the flesh,
And put it each into his cooking-pot.
The farmers stoned the disciples,
And the disciples ran away.
Crows and kites carried off the flesh:
Vultures and eagles carried off the flesh.
The messenger went and told Niwal Daî.
Said the messenger to Niwal Daî:
"The leech to whom thou didst send me,
A Nâg bit him on the way.
His disciples cut up his flesh and put it into their cooking pots.
The Nâg practised a deceit,

Zamîndâroṅ ko bulâyâ, jî.
Zamîndâroṅ ne pathar mârkar bhagâyâ, jî."
Rânî sunke zâr-zâr roî, jî:
"Ai Prabhû, mere lekhâṅ kî likhî, jî?
Srî Bhagwân, kaun kare, jî?
Mere mâṅ mîṅ gaî! mere pâh mîṅ gae!"
Rânî ro-roke bolî, jî:
"Râjâ ko chitâ meṅ phûṅk do, jî."
Sab bhâîchâra ne Râjâ ko phûṅk diâ, jî.

Rânî Niwal Daî ko châr mâh kâ ḥamal thâ, jî:
Chhah mahîne ba'd laṛkâ paidâ hûâ, jî.
Dhauṅsâ nuqârâ baje, jî.
Ghar ghar khushîâṇ ho rahî, jî:
Mîrâsan bulâke mangalchâr gawâyâ, jî.
Brâhman jotishî bulâyâ, jî:
"Dâdâ pâûṅ lagûṅ, jî."

And called the farmers.
The farmers stoned and dispersed them."
When the Princess heard this she wept bitterly:
"O Lord, what hast thou written in my fate?
O Holy God, what hast thou done?
Grief is in me: grief hath come to me!"
Said the Princess weeping:
"Burn the Râjâ on the pyre."
All the kinsfolk burnt the Râjâ.

Princess Niwal Daî was four months pregnant.
After six months a boy was born.
Drums and gongs were beaten.
There was rejoicing in every house.
They called for dancing-girls and sang songs of rejoicing.
They called priests and astrologers, (saying),
"Father, I fall at thy feet."

"Sukhî raho, jujmân, jî."
"Pushtak bâncho, Bed sunâo, jî·
Larke ke lekh nasîb sunâo, jî.
Kaisî mahûrat larkâ jamâ, jî?
Kaise lâyâ bhâg, jî?"
Pushtak bânche, Bed sunâve, jape Kishn kâ nâm, jî.
"Achhî mahûrat larkâ jamâ, achhe lâyâ bhâg, jî:
Is kâ nâm Janmejî."
Dân, jahez, sarwân gawwan Brahman ko dilâe.
Dom, Bhât bulâe, Turkî Tâzî kâ dân karâe, jî.
Sab lâgî log bulâke chândî sone kâ dân karâyâ, jî.
Ik din kâ larkâ do din kâ ho gayâ, jî:
Pânch, sât, das roz kâ ho gayâ, jî:
Ik mahîne, do mahîne kâ ho gayâ, jî:
Baras, do baras kâ ho gayâ, jî:

"Be at peace, my client."
"Read the books, expound the *Vedas*.
Tell us the fate and fortune of the boy.
In what kind of moment was the boy born?
What fate is his?"
He read the books, he expounded the *Vedas*, he repeated the name of Krishna.
"The boy was born in a lucky moment; fortunate is his fate.
His name is Janmejî."
Gifts and alms and splendid cows were given to the Brâhmans.
Calling bards and genealogists they gave them Turkish and Arab horses as alms.
Calling all the hangers-on they gave them silver and gold in charity.
The boy grew from one day to two:
To five, seven, ten days:
To one month and two months:
To one year and two years:

Tîn baras kâ ho gayâ, jî :
Châr baras, pânch kâ ho gayâ, jî.
Sir par bâl rakh dîâ, jî.
Bâhir laṛkoṅ meṅ khele, jî :
Laṛkoṅ meṅ kheltâ phire, jî.
Shahr ke laṛkoṅ ko mârtâ phire, jî.
Mâr-kûṭke kisî laṛke ko, jî,
Mahil ko âve, jî.
Jab bârah baras kâ ho gayâ, jî,
Jotishî paṇḍit ko bulâve, jî.
Joṛ Kachahrî baiṭhe, jî :
Pâṇḍit ne âkar kalyân dîâ, jî.
"Dâdâ, pâûṅ lagûṅ, jî!"
"Sukhî raho jujmân, jî."
Chandan chaukî, jâzam paṭṭû bichhâve, jî.
Ḥâl bichhâ de, jî.
"Pushtak bancho, Bed sunâo, jî.

To three years :
To four years and five years,
When they shaved his head,*
And he played outside with the boys.
He wandered about playing with the boys.
He quarrelled and wandered about with the city boys.
He quarrelled with some boys,
And came to the palace.
When he was twelve years old,
He called the priests and astrologers.
He sat in the assembled Court,
And the priest came and gave him blessing.
(Said the boy) "Father, I fall at thy feet."
"Be at peace, my client."
They (placed) a sandalwood chair and silken mats.
They spread a carpet.
"Read the books, expound the *Vedas*" (said he),

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* A customary ceremony.

Gaddî ka lekh batâo, jî."
Pushtak bânche, Bed sunâve, jî:
Jape Kishn kâ nâm, jî.
Boltâ Panḍitjî Mahârâjâ:
"Janmejî, tere achhî bhâg, jî.
Tû to gaddî pe baiṭhe, jî!
Tû kare yehâṅ kâ râj, jî!
Chândî sone kâ dân karo, jî.
Hâthî ghoṛe kâ dân karo, jî.
An kâ dân karke, bastar kâ dân karo, jî.
Jab gaddî pe baiṭho, jî.
Ikotar sai Brâhman mahil meṅ ̦jamâo, jî."
Jaisâ Râjâ baiṭhâ thâ joṛî Kachahrî, jî:
Jaisâ Râjâ gaddî par baiṭhâ, jî;
Bârah baras kî 'umar meṅ, jî.
Jin laṛkoṅ meṅ kheltâ phire thâ,
Woh laṛke kaheṅ, jî:

"Tell me the fate of the throne."
He read the books and expounded the *Vedas*,
He repeated the name of Kṛishṇa.
Said the Priest, the Mahârâjâ: *
"Janmejî, thy fate is propitious.
Thou sittest on the throne.
Thou wilt rule here.
Give me gold and silver in alms.
Give me elephants and horses in alms.
Give me grain in alms, give me clothing in alms.
When thou dost sit on the throne,
Collect one hundred and one Brâhmans in the palace!
So the Râjâ sat and assembled his Court:
So the Râjâ sat on the throne,
In the twelfth year of his age.
When he played about with the boys,
They said to him:

* Merely a form of address to priests

"Dekho, ḥarâm kâ laṛkâ gaddî pe baiṭh gayâ, jî."
Râjâ Janmejî ko khabar hûî, jî.
Sûtke kaṭâr mahil meñ mâtâ pe âve, jî:
Mâtâjî mahil meñ baiṭhî, jî.
Kaṭârâ leke us kî chhâtî pe baiṭh gayâ, jî.
Bole mâtâ se, jî:
"Maiñ laṛkoñ meñ khelâ, jî;
Ta'nâ mujhe laṛke dîñ, jî.
Ab maiñ gaddî pe baiṭhâ, jî:
Sab laṛke mujhe ta'nâ dîñ, jî.
Mâtâ, mere pitâ ko batâ de, jî!
Woh to haigâ yâ nahîñ, jî?
Mujhe sab ḥarâm kâ kaheñ, jî."
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, jî:
"Merî 'araz suno, jî,
Jaisî maiñ kahûñ, jî.
Tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke de do, jî;

"Look, a bastard sits on the throne."
Râjâ Janmejî heard it.
Drawing his dagger he went to his mother in the palace.
His lady mother was sitting in the palace.
Taking his dagger he sat upon her breast.
He spake to his mother:
"I was playing with the boys, and
The boys reproached me.
Now do I sit on the throne and
All the boys reproach me.
Mother, tell me who my father was.
Have I one or not?
They all say I am a bastard."
Said Queen Niwal Daî;
"Hear me,
What I say.
Give me thy oath (in the name) of God thrice,

Jab main batlâûn, jî."
Râjâ ne tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke dîe, jî.
Mâtâ kahe, "merî chhâtîse utaro, jî."
Chhâtî se utarkar baiṭh gayâ, jî.
Mâtâ ne kâghaz, qalam, da'wât mangâî, jî:
"Mujh se tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke likh de, jî."
Râjâ ne tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke likh dîe, jî.
Bolî, "main Râjâ Bâsak kî beṭî, jî.
Terâ pitâ Râjâ Pârag, jî.
Terâ pitâ mar gayâ, jî.
Chhah mahîne ba'd tû paidâ hûâ, jî."
Râjâ Janmejî bole, jî:
"Bâbal merâ kis maraz meṅ marâ, jî?"
Bolî mâtâ, "merâ pitâ Bâsak, jî;
Us kî kâyâ bigaṛ gaî, jî.
Merâ pitâ ko faujâṅ ne jawâb de dîâ, jî.

And I will tell thee."
The Râjâ gave her his oath (in the name) of God thrice.
Spake his mother, "Get thee off my breast."
He got off her breast and sat down.
His mother sent for pen, ink and paper, (saying):
"Write me thine oath thrice (in the name) of God."
The Râjâ wrote down his oath thrice (in the name) of God.
Said she, "I am the daughter of Râjâ Bâsak:
Thy father was Râjâ Pârag.
Thy father died.
Six months afterwards thou wast born."
Said Râjâ Janmejî:
"For what reason did my father die?"
Said his mother, "My father Râjâ Bâsak
Became foul of his body.
His servants foreswore him.

Main sawarran kûeṅ par pânî bharni âî, jî:
Jab maiṅ pânî bharne âî, jî,
Tere pitâ ne mujhe gher lîâ, jî.
Tere pitâ se maiṅ ne kahâ, jî:
'Maiṅ sahaṅsar Nâgâṅ kî beṭî, jî.'
Maiṅ bahot haṭâ rahî, jî:
Us ne mujh se Ṭhâkur ke tîn bachan lîe, jî.
Tere pitâ ne mujh se shâdî kar lî, jî.
Kisî ne Râjâ Bâsak ko khabar dî, jî:
'Terî kaṅwârî beṭî rakh lî, jî!'
Baṛâ zulam kîâ, jî.
Râjâ Bâsak faujâṅ chaṛhâke âyâ, jî:
Terâ bâbal ko Nâgâṅ ne khâ lîâ, jî.
Us ke gurû Dhânthar Baid ko khâ lîâ, jî.
Maiṅ ne bahot tere bâbal ko samjhâyâ, jî.
Nâgâṅ ke mâre kumbhar khâî khudwâî, jî.
Sîshe kâ mahil banwâkar, sûî kâ sanjâr lagâyâ, jî."

I went to the golden well to fetch him water (to cure him).
When I came to fetch the water,
Thy father encompassed me.
I said to thy father,
'I am the daughter of a thousand Nâgs'
I greatly dissuaded him;
But he took my oath thrice (in the name) of God.
Thy father married me.
Some one told Râjâ Bâsak of it:
'That (Râjâ Pârag) hath kept thy maiden daughter.'
(My father) took a great revenge.
Râjâ Bâsak advanced with his armies,
And the Nâgs slew thy father.
They slew also his Gurû, Dhanwantar the Leech.
I had warned thy father often, and
He dug a deep ditch (to keep) off the Nâgs.
He built a palace of glass and made a wall of needles."

Râjâ Janmejî, jab mâtâ kî bât sunî, jî,
Paṇḍit najûmî bulâyâ, jî.
"Dâdâ, pâûn lagûn, jî."
"Sukhî raho, jujman, jî."
"Pushtak bâncho; Bed sunâo; japo Kishn kâ nâm, jî.
Pitâ merâ Nâgân ne khâyâ, jî:
Main Nâgân se laṛûngâ, jî.
Un se badlâ lûngâ, jî,
Nâgân se karke laṛâî, jî."
Paṇḍit bole, "tu jît jâve, jî!
Tîr tere, Râjâ, nahîn lagegâ, jî.
Barchhî tere nahîn lage, jî."
Koṛâ kâghaz mangâve, jî:
Likh likh chiṭṭhî Dhartmaṇḍal ko bheje, jî.
Râjâ Bâsak ko daghâ se bulâve, jî.

When Râjâ Janmejî heard his mother's words,
He called the priests and astrologers, (and said to them),
"Father, I fall at thy feet."
(Said they), "Be at peace, my client."
(Said he), "Read the books, expound the *Vedas*, repeat the Name of Kṛishna.
The Nâgs slew my father:
I will fight with the Nâgs.
I will take vengeance for him,
Fighting with the Nâgs."
Said the Priest, "Thou wilt win.
Arrows, Râjâ, will not harm thee,
Spears will not harm thee."
(The Râjâ) sent for blank paper,
Wrote a letter and sent it to Dhartmaṇḍal.
With treachery he invited Râjâ Bâsak.

Nânâ Bâsak pe chiṭṭhî pahunchî, "tum chale âo, jî.
Thârâ bairî Shahr Sapîdâṅ meṅ, jî,
Woh to mar gayâ, jî.
Asṭ kulî ko leke yehâṅ âo, jî.
Tujhe dohâî Râm Chandar kî, jî!
Shahr Sapîdâṅ meṅ chalke â jâo, jî.
Bârah baras kâ maiṅ hûâ, jî:
Tû ne merî khabar na lî, jî."
Chiṭṭhîâṅ to Dhartmaṇḍal ko gaî, jî;
Chiṭṭhî ko paṛhkar Bâsak soch bichâr kare, jî.
Bhâîchârâ ko bulâve, jî.
Asṭ kulî ko bulâve, jî:
Joṛke Kachahrî chiṭṭhî dikhâve, jî.
"Mere bhâîyo, merî 'araz suno, jî,
Jaise maiṅ kahûṅ, jî.
Dohtâ merâ bârah baras kâ, jî:

The letter reached his grandfather, Râjâ Bâsak, (saying): "Do thou come.
Thy enemy in Safîdoṅ City
Is dead.
Bring thy eight families here with thee.
The protection of Râma Chandra be on thee! (so)
Come thou to Safîdoṅ City
I am twelve years of age,
And thou hast never yet visited me."
The letter went to Dhartmaṇḍal.
Reading the letter Râjâ Bâsak pondered over it.
He called his kinsfolk:
He called the eight families.
Assembling his Court he showed them the letter.
"My Brethren, hear me,
What I say,
My grandson is twelve years of age,

Woh to gaddî pe baiṭhâ, jî.
Woh ast kulî ko milne ko, jî,
Apne pâs bulâve, jî."
Bole bhâîchârâ, jî:
"Morî 'araz suno, jî,
Jaisâ ḥukm do, jî,
Waisâ hî kareṅ, jî."
Râjâ ḥukm dîâ, jî:
"*Maiṅ* to nahîn jâûṅ, jî.
Jâdo Vakîl faujâṅ leke jâe, jî.
Dân jahez leke jâo, jî."
Sunke Râjâ kâ ḥukm, jî,
Jâdo Vakîl ne dân jahez lîâ, jî:
Chalke Shahr Sapîdâṅ ko chale, jî.
Chhattîs bâjâ to baje, jî:
Shahr Sapîdâṅ meṅ âe, jî.
Dân jahez Brâhman mahil meṅ lâveṅ, jî.

And sits on the throne.
He would see the eight families,
And called them to him."
Said the kinsfolk:
"Hear us,
As thou orderest
So will we do."
The Râjâ gave the order:
"*I* cannot go,
Let Jâdo the Ambassador take the army and go.
Go with gifts and presents."
Hearing the Râjâ's order,
Jâdo the Ambassador took gifts and presents,
And went on to Safîdoṅ City.
Thirty-six bands were playing, (when)
They came to Safîdoṅ City.
The Brâhmans brought in the gifts and presents.

Jis waqt khabarâṅ hûî thî,
Janmejî Râjâ khûshîâṅ kare, jî.
Bole Râjâ Brâhman se, jî ;
"Merî 'araz suno, jî ;
Kaun kaunse Râjâ âe, jî ?
Mujhe nâm batâ do, jî."
Bole, "terâ nânâ ke paṇḍit, jî :
Kâlî Singh, Bhûre Singh, nahîṅ ae, jî :
Nâ Râjâ Bâsak wa Nyojî Nâg âe, jî.
Sûtak, Pâtak, Jâdo Vakîl âe, jî."
Sunke Râjâ ne ḥukm ḍaṇḍiâ ko dîe, jî :
Tel kî karâhî dhar dîe, jî.
Bhârî bhârî lakkaṛ joṛke tel khadh-budh pâke, jî.
Sub faujâṅ ko mahil meṅ bulâve, jî.
Jab faujeṅ, mahil meṅ baṛ gaîṅ, jî,

As soon as he heard of this
Râjâ Janmejî rejoiced greatly.
Said the Râjâ to the Brâhmans :
"Hear me ;
What Râjâ hath come ?
Tell me his name."
Said they, "The priests of thy grandfather (are we)
Kâlî Singh and Bhûre Singh came not,
Nor Râjâ Bâsak, nor Nyogî the Nâg :
But Sûtak and Pâtak and Jâdo the Ambassador have come*."
Hearing this the Râjâ gave orders to the messenger,
And put a caldron of oil (on the fire).
Collecting large logs he boiled the oil.
He called all the army (of the Nâgs) into the palace.
When the army entered the palace,

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* It is not clear who Nyogî represents. The other names have been alluded to above.

Râjâ jande kuṇḍe lagâve, jî.
Do châr Nâgâṅ ke sir ṭore, jî.
Tel kî karâhî meṅ ger de, jî.
Nâgâṅ ke zahar chûse, jî.
Jab sab tel meṅ ger die, jî,
Jâdo Vakîl bâqî kî fauj ko lekar bhâg gayâ, jî.
Addhî kêlî ko lekar bhâg gayâ, jî.
Dhartmaṇḍal ko jâke Râjâ ko khabar dî, jî.

"Râjâ, tû ne sab faujâṅ marwâ dî, jî!
Ab ḍhâî kulî rah gaî, jî."
Bole Râjâ Janmejî, jî:
"Merî Mâtâ, jî,
Pitâ kâ badlâ nânâ se lîâ, jî!
Ab maiṅ Dhartmaṇḍal ko jâûṅ, jî:

The Râjâ bound them with chains and fetters.
He broke the heads of three or four Nâgs.
He threw them into the caldron of oil.
He sucked out the poison of the Nâgs.
Then he put them all into the caldron.
Jâdo the Ambassador ran off with the remains of the army.
He escaped with half a family.
And going to Dhartmaṇḍal he told the news to the Râjâ (Bâsak).

"Râjâ (Janmejî,)* thou hast destroyed all the families!
Only two and a half families have remained."
Said Râjâ Janmejî:
"O my mother,
I have taken vengeance for my father!
Now will I go to Dhartmaṇḍal,

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* Something is left out here apparently, for the scene abruptly changes in the midst of a conversation.

Nanâ Bâsak ko mârke âûṅ, jî."
Bolî Mâtâ Niwal Daî, ji :
"Apne bachan samâlo, jî :
Jo tîn bachâṅ likh die, jî."
Bolî, "jaisâ maiṅ kahûṅ waisâ karo, jî,
Nânâ apne ko na mâro, jî.
Ḍhâî kulî un kî rahî, jî :
Un kâ nâm na miṭâo, jî."
Ghussâ hoke Janmejî Dhartmaṇḍal ko âve, jî.
Dekhe to Nânâ Bâsak soe, jî.
Nânî Padmâ Daî pankhâ jhole, jî.
Râjâ Nânâ ko ahiste se ṭhapaṛ mâre, jî,
Râjâ Bâsak baiṭhâ ho gayâ, jî.
Dekhke Janmejî ko, jî,
Jis ne sâre Nâg mâre, jî ;
"Yeh to wahî ghanîm, hai, jî!"
Bole Janmejî Râjâ se, jî ;

And will kill my grandfather, Râjâ Bâsak, and return."
Said Queen Niwal Daî :
"Remember thy word :
The oath thou wrotest thrice."
Said she, "Do as I tell thee.
And slay not thy grandfather.
He has but two and a half families remaining.
Wipe not out his name (altogether)."
In wrath went Râjâ Janmeji to Dhartmaṇḍal.
He found his grandfather Râjâ Bâsak sleeping :
And his grandmother Rânî Padmâ Daî fanning him.
The Râjâ slightly stroked his grandfather,
And Râjâ Bâsak sat up.
He saw Râjâ Janmejî,
Who had slain all the Nâgs.
(Thought he) "This is the very tyrant!"
Said Râjâ Janmejî to the Râjâ (Bâsak) :

"Nânâ tujhe jân se na mârûṅ, jî.
Jis ne merâ pitâ ko mârâ, jî,
Us Nâg ko batâ de, jî."
Ḍartâ ḍartâ Bâsak batâve, jî:
"Gokal Nagarî meṅ, jî,
'Ilm, Qurân, pothî paṛhe, jî.
Us kâ nâm Tatîg hai, jî."
Itnî sunke chal paṛâ, jî,
Gokal nagarî meṅ, jî.
Gokal nagarî ke rastâ Râjâ paṛâ, jî.
Pâṅdhe kî ṭaksâl* meṅ âve, jî;
Laṛkoṅ se pûchhe, jî:
"Ik laṛke ko mujhe batâ do, jî:
Dhartmaṇḍal se yehâṅ â gayâ, jî."
Laṛke Râjâ se batlâveṅ, jî.
Tatîg Nâg ko batlâveṅ, jî.

"Grandfather, I will not slay thee.
He who slew my father,
Shew me that Nâg."
In his fear said Râjâ Bâsak:
"In Gokal City,
He reads knowledge in the Qurân and the books.
His name his Tatîg."
Hearing this (Râjâ Janmejî) went off
To Gokal City.
The Râjâ took the road to Gokal City:
He came to the pedagogue's school,
And asked the boys:
Show me the boy,
Who came here from Dhartmaṇḍal."
The boys showed him to the Râjâ.
They showed Tatîg the Nâg.

---

* For *paṭsâl*.

Râjâ ne us kî gardan pakaṛî, jî.
Pakaṛke le chalâ, jî.
Raste meṅ âe, jî,
Tatîg ne kâyâ palṭî, jî.
Sadâsibhjî ko manâve, jî :
Machhandar Nâth ko manâve, jî :
Gurû Gorakh ko manâve, jî.
Dharke kâyâ ko sidhâre, jî.
Nâg ban gayâ, jî.
Dharke lâve thâ uḍâṛî, jî.
Kajalî ban meṅ Gorakh pe pahunch gayâ, jî.
Râjâ sût lagâve, jî.
Râjâ Gurû pe âkar âdes lagâve, jî :
"Â, bhâî, âdes! kimrat Kajalî ban meṅ âe, jî. ?"

The Râjâ seized him by the throat,
And carried him off.
They went along the road,
When Tatîg changed his body.
He adored the Eternal Siva.
He adored Machhandar Nâth.
He adored Gurû Gorakh Nâth.
He changed his form
And became a Nâg.
He put on wings.
He arrived at the Kajalî forest* to (Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth).
The Râjâ followed his tracks.
The Râjâ coming to the Gurû saluted him.
"Friend, salutation! How camest thou to the Kajali forest?" (said the Gurû).

---

* Said to be on the banks of the Ganges in Gaṛhwâl: a memory of the Kajjalatîrtha. (?)

"Gorakh, merâ chor terâ pâs âyâ, jî:
Merâ chor ko de de, jî."
Boltâ Gorakh Mahârâjâ, jî:
"Mere pâs chor nahîn âve, jî.
Mere pâs Râjân ke beṭe pote âven, jî."
Boltâ Râjâ Janmejî, jî:
"Gurû Gorakh, jî,
Tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke de do, jî:
Tîn bachan Gurû ke de do, jî.
Apne main ghar chalâ jâûn, jî."
Jab Gurû ne bachan sune, jî,
Tatig ko pakaṛâ diâ, jî.
Râjâ pakaṛe laṛke ko, jî.
Shahr Sapîdân ko chalâ, jî.
Raste men âke, jî,
Kâyâ palaṭke hawwâ ho gayâ, jî:

"(Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth), my enemy is with thee.
Give me my enemy."
Said (Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth), the Mahârâjâ,*
"No thief came to me.
Only the sons of kings come to me."
Said Râjâ Janmejî;
Gurû Gorakh (Nâth),
"Give me thy oath thrice (in the name) of God;
And give me thy oath thrice in the name of the Gurû,
And I will go to my home."
The Gurû gave his oath,
And he seized Tatîg.
The Râjâ holding the boy
Went to Safîdon City.
On the way
Changing his body he disappeared.

---

* Merely a title of respect here.

Nâg bhagolâ ban gayâ, jî.
Chalke Sibhjî pe âve, jî.
Sumer Parbat meṅ âve, jî.
Pârbatî se salâm kare, jî:
Sibhjî âdes lagâe, jî.
Zâr-zâr roe thâ, jî:
"Mujhe biptâ parî, jî.
Gurû, meri biptâ ko kâṭo, jî.
Râjâ Janmejî ne merâ pîchhâ lîâ, jî.
Saran paṛe kî lajjâ râkho, jî."
Bole Sibh Mahârâj, jî:
"Râjâ, tu âke tîn bachan le le, jî"
Jaise Sibhjî Tatîg se bâtâṅ kareṅ the,
Râjâ Janmejî chalke âve, jî:
Bâtâṅ karte ko dekh lîâ, jî.

He became a flying Nâg.
He went on to Siva.
He came to Mount Merû.
He made his salutation to Pârbatî,
And saluted Siva.
He was weeping bitterly, (saying),
"Sorrow has fallen on me.
Gurû, relieve my sorrow.
Râjâ Janmejî is behind me.
Preserve the honor of thy worshipper."
Said Siva the Mahârâjâ,*
"Râjâ,† (by) coming to me thou hast taken my oath thrice."
Just as Siva was speaking to Tatig
Râjâ Janmejî came up.
He saw them talking together.

---

* Observe how Siva is treated all the way through as an ordinary saint!

† Addressing Tatîg.

Kuṭiyâ ke bâr meṅ â gayâ, jî:
Kuṭiyâ ke pâs âke 'âḷakh' mauâyâ, jî:
"Sadâsibhjî, terê kuṭiyâ meṅ, jî,
Merâ chor â baṛâ, jî."
Sibhjî bole, jî;
"Terâ chor hamâre bär nahîṅ âyâ, jî.
Chor apne ko duniyâ meṅ dekh, jî."
Bole Râjâ, "merâ chor terâ kuṭiyâ men, jî.
Jo Brâhman baithâ, jî,
Yeh hî merâ chor hai, jî."
Boltâ Sibh Mahârâjâ, jî:
"Yeh Brâhman hamâre ghar kâ hai, jî.
Tere chor nahîṅ hai, jî."
Bole Sibhjî ko, "Mahârâjâ, jî,
Merî 'araz suno, jî:
Jaisî maiṅ kahûn, jî.

He came up to the door of the hut.*
Coming to the hut he called out '*âlakh*': (and said)
"O Eternal Siva, into thy hut
Hath entered my enemy."
Said Śiva:
"Thy enemy came not into my doors.
Go and look for the enemy in the world."
Said the Râjâ, "My enemy came to the hut.
The Brâhman sitting (there)
He is my enemy."
Said Śiva the Mahârâjâ:
"This Brâhman belongs to my house.
He is not thy enemy."
Said he to Śiva, "Mahârâjâ,
Hear me:
What I say.

---

* Śiva is usually represented as an ascetic.

Tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke do, jî."
"Tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ke maiṅ nahîṅ detâ, jî!",
Bole Sibhjî, jî;
Boltâ Janmejî, jî;
"Is ko maiṅ bhâgke nâ jâne dûṅ, jî.
Apne pitâ kâ badalâ lûṅ, jî."
Bole Sadâsibh, jî:
"Yeh baṛâ sûrmâ, jî.
Is kî jân na mâre, jî.
Kisî waqt meṅ tujhe kâm de, jî."
Bole, "maiṅ is se mâr gaṅwâ dûṅ, jî."
Bole Sibhjî Mahârâjâ, jî:
"Is Nâg kî haṭiyâ tûjh ko lage, jî."
Bole Râjâ, "is ne merâ pitâ mârâ, jî.
Maiṅ apne pitâ kâ badalâ le lûṅ, jî:
Sibhjî ne us se âge kar dîâ, jî."

Give me thy oath thrice (in the name) of God."
"I will not give thee my oath thrice (in the name)
God,"
Said Śiva.
Said Janmejî,
"I will not let him escape.
I will take vengeance for my father."
Said the Eternal Śiva:
"He is a great hero,
Slay him not.
He will be of use to thee some day."
Said he, "I will slay him."
Said Siva, the Mahârâjâ,
"The vengeance of the Nâg will be on thee."
Said the Râjâ, "He slew my father.
I will take vengeance for my father."
Siva brought (the Nâg) before him,

Bâṅh us ke Râjâ pakaṛe, jî.
Shahr Sapidâṅ ko lâve, jî.
Shahr Sapîdâṅ ko âe, jî.
Shahr Sapîdâṅ ke gore âe,
Apnâ rûp banâve, jî;
Kâyâ dharke sidhârî, jî.
Uṛan kâ Nâg ho gayâ, jî.
Dharke ḍârî,* jî, lagâî, jî:
Indarpurî meṅ â gayâ, jî.
Srî Ṭhâkur pe 'araz lagâî, jî.
"Nâgoṅ pe aisâ paidâ kar dîâ, jî,
Nâgâṅ par pâ dîâ ḍasoṭâ, jî.
He Prabhû, yeh biptâ kâṭ do, jî!"
Jaisâ bâteṅ Srî Ṭhâkur se kare thâ, jî,
Râjâ bhî chalke â gayâ, jî.
Hâth joṛ ḍanḍaut kare, jî;
Dargâh meṅ bandagî bajâve, jî:

And the Râjâ seized him by the arm.
He took him to Safîdoṅ City.
He came to Safîdoṅ City.
He came to the suburbs of Safîdoṅ City.
He (the Nâg) took his own form:
He changed his body.
He became a flying Nâg.
He put on wings,
And came to Indarpurî.†
He prayed to the Holy God:
"Thou hast created such (a being) for the Nâgs,
That a scourge hath come upon the Nâgs.
Remove this trouble, O Lord!"
As he was praying to the Holy God,
The Râjâ also came up.
With joined hands he saluted him;
He made his (humble) obeisance in the Court (of God).

---

* For *uḍârî*. † *i.e.*, *Amrâvatî*, see line 362.

"Rabb Sache, Tere Dargâh meṅ, jî,
Merâ chor luk gayâ, jî.
Mere chor ko batâ de, jî,
Mere Srî Ṭhâkur, jî."
Boltâ Srî Ṭhâkurjî, "Mahârâjâ, jî,
Is chor ko maiṅ na dûṅ, jî."
Bole Râjâ Janmejî, jî;
"Tere Dargah meṅ jalke marûṅ, jî!"
Boltâ Ṭhâkurjî, "Mahârâjâ, jî,
Tum suno jaisî maiṅ kahûṅ, jî:
Râjâ Janmejî, jî,
Tîn bachan mujh ko de, jî:
Tere chor ko tujhe dûṅ, jî."
Râjâ ne tîn bachan Ṭhâkur ko de de, jî.
"Tatîg ko to jân se na marîyo, jî!"
Us ke hâth meṅ hâth pakaṛâ-dîâ, jî:
Dhartmaṇḍal kî karî tayyârî, jî.

"O True God, in thy Court,
Hath my enemy made him a sanctuary.
Show me my enemy,
O my Holy God."
Said the Holy God, "Mahârâjâ,
I will not give thee thy enemy."
Said Râjâ Janmejî:
"I will burn myself in thy Court!"
Said the (Holy) God, "Mahârâjâ,
Hear what I say.
Râjâ Janmejî,
Give me thine oath thrice
And I will give thee thy enemy."
The Râjâ gave him his oath thrice (in the name) of God
That he would not slay Tatîg.
He seized him by the hand,
And made ready for Dhartmaṇḍal.

Shahr Sapîdâṅ ko âve, jî.
Chalke mahiloṅ ko Râjâ âve, jî.
Mâtâ ko jhuk-jhukke kare salâm, jî :
" Mâtâ, mere ik salâm, do salâm, jî :
Bande kî sât salâm, jî !"
Bolî Mâtâ, " terî salâm tujhe rajânî, jî.
Terî 'umar ho drâz, jî."
Shahr meṅ khabarâṅ Râjâ kî ho gaî, jî :
" Jis Nâg ne pitâ us kâ khâ jâ, jî,
Us Nâg ko Râjâ pakaṛke lâyâ, jî."
Sârâ Shahr Râjâ ke pâs âve, jî.
Jhuk-jhuk kareṅ salâm, jî.
Tel kâ kaṛhâwâ chaṛhâyâ, jî.
Bhârî bhârî lakkaṛ jaleṅ, jî :
Khadh-budh kaṛâhâ meṅ tel pake, jî.
Râjâ Nâg ko hâth meṅ pakaṛe, jî :
Srî Kishn kâ nâm le, jî :

He came to Safîdoṅ City.
The Râjâ went on to the palace.
He saluted his mother respectfully : (saying,)
" Mother, one salute and two salutes,
Seven salutes from thy servant (son)."
Said his mothor, " I return thy salute ;
Be thy life long."
The news of the Râjâ spread through the City,
That the Nâg who had slain his father,
The Râjâ had seized and brought.
All the City came to the Râjâ,
And saluted respectfully.
They put the oil caldron (on the fire).
They lighted great logs,
And the caldron began to boil.
The Râjâ seized the Nâg by the hand.
He took the name of the Holy Kṛishṇa.

Us ke pûñch ko tel meñ ḍaboe, jî.
Dâgh lagâkar chhoṛ dîe, jî.
Nâg dharke ḍârî lâve, jî:
Râjâ Bâsak pe Dhartmaṇḍal meñ jâve, jî.
Âke Tatîg Nâg mâmâ se kâre salâm.
Pûchhtâ mâmâ se, jî:
"Kaun kaun Nâg bache? kaun kaun mâre gae, jî?"
Boltâ Bâsak Mahârâjâ, jî:
"Ḍhâî kulî bhâgkar bachî, jî."
Bole, "Mâmâ, maiñ to Srî Kishnjî ke bachanoñ se
bachâ, jî."

He plunged the (Nâg's) tail into the oil.
Marking him (thus) he let him go.
The Nâg put on wings,
And went to Râjâ Bâsak in Dhartmaṇḍal.
Tatîg the Nâg came and saluted his uncle.
He asked his uncle:
"How many Nâgs escaped? How many died?"
Said the Mahârâjâ Bâsak:
"Two and a half families ran away and escaped."
Said (Tatîg) "Uncle, I escaped by the mediation of the
Holy Kṛishṇa."

No. XVII.

THE GENEALOGIES OF LAL BEG,

As recorded in the private Gurmukhî MSS., kept for their own information by various Scavengers of the Ambâlâ and Karnâl Districts.

[Lâl Beg, whose subsidiary names are Lâl Gurû, Lâl Khân, Sâmali Beg, Lâl Shâh, Mîrân Shâh, Lâl-o-lâl, and many another honorific title, is the tutelary saint of the scavenger castes of the Eastern Panjâb, and the pivot on which all their notions of religion turn. Owing to the state of complete ignorance in which the scavenger classes of India live, it is only with the utmost difficulty that anything can be elicited with certainty about him. The wildest and most contradictory stories as to his origin are told, but I have long been of opinion that the name should be Lâl Bhekh (*bhikshu*) or the Red (saffron-clothed) Monk, and stories I have recently unearthed confirm this view: (See *Panjâb Notes and Queries*, vol. I., 1883-4). He is probably merely the personification of the priest of the scavengers, who *is* a "saffron-clothed monk," and all the legends about him emphatically point to this conclusion.]

[Bâlmîk, Wâlmîk, Bâlnîk, Bâlmîg, Bâlâ Shâh and Nûrî Shâh Bâlâ are the variations of the name of a sacred personage in the scavengers' hagiology who occupies the place next to Lâl Beg, and who is very frequently inextricably mixed up with him. He is without difficulty and beyond all doubt to be indentified with Vâlmîki, the low-caste author of the Sanskrit *Râmâyaṇa*.]

[It is well known that the scavengers, or at any rate a large proportion of them in Northern India, are Lâlbegîs or followers of Lâl Beg, and that they have a religion of their own, neither Hindû nor Musalmân, but with a priesthood and a ritual peculiar to itself. This religion may be best styled hagiolatry pure and simple, as it consists merely of a confused veneration for anything and everything its followers, or rather their teachers, may have found to be considered sacred by their neighbours, whatever be its origin. Thus we find in the Panjâb that in the religion of the scavenger castes the tenets of the Hindûs, the Musalmâns and the Sikhs are thrown together in the most hopeless confusion, and that the monotheism taught by the mediæval reformers underlies all their superstitions.]

[After repeated enquiries extending over several years all that I have been able, besides fragmentary tales related verbally, to obtain from the

scavengers up to date about their religion are the few *kursînâmâs*, or shortly *kursîs*, here given. The proper translation of the word *kursînâmâ* is genealogy, and the scavengers do mean their *kursînâmâs* to be genealogies of their great saints, but as a matter of fact they contain also their stories and their ritual, as much of them, at any rate, as they ever commit to paper. There is always some *gurû* or spiritual guide, who lives at some town at a distance from the examinee, who has "the whole book," but I have never been able yet to unearth any such person.]

I.

TEXT.

Kursînâmâ Das Autâr Bâlnik Gurû Lâl Beg Kâ.

Bâlnîk Sandokh Rikh kâ:
Sabad Rikh:
Ansadâ:
Rikhî De:
Bikhî De:
Madâdeo Srî Mahârâj ke:
Akâl Purakh:
Aṇḍkaṇḍe Mârkaṇḍe ke.

TRANSLATION.

The Genealogy of the Ten Incarnations of Bâlnik, the Gurû of Lâl Beg.*

Bâlnîk (was the son) of Sandokh Rikh:
(The son of) Sabad Rikh:
(The son of) Ansadâ:
(The son of) Rikhî De:
(The son of) Bikhî De:
(The son of) Mahâdeo (the son) of the Holy Monarch:
(The son of) the Immortal Man:
(The son of) Aṇḍkaṇḍâ (the son) of Mârkaṇḍâ.†

* In obvious imitation of the ten incarnations of Vishnu.

† There is hopeless confusion here. Santosha is Content personified as the son of Dharma (Religious Law) and Tushṭi (*fem.* Contentment) in the classics. *Shabd* or *sabad* (Sansk. *śabda*) is the dictum of a saint, more especially of one of the Gurûs in the Sikh Religion, from whence it has in all probability been here borrowed and personified. Ansadâ may possibly represent the Skr. *anuśara*, a demon. Rikhî De is

II.

TEXT.

*Kursînâmâ Pirâṅ dâ.**

Awwal Pir Asâ:
Dom Pîr Khâsâ:
Som Pîr Safâ:
Chârami† Pîr Giljhapṛâ.

Hâre kâ mal, jîte kâ pahilwân, Sarjan ummat pâî!
Sachche Shâhe kalâ ṭikâî!
Jis din Mîrâṅ Shâh janamiâ, chaudâh tabaq hoî rushnâî!
Thâpî milî Muhammadoṅ!
Baṛhâî milî Paighambaron!

Jhoṭâ jamiâ ban-khaṇḍe meṅ; chhuṭâ phirâ Dargâh meṅ; maqtûloṅ bâng sunâî.
"Kholo bâwan ṭopî-chîrâ," hûrâṅ mangal gâî!
Tale bage Jindâ Dariyâo, jithe pîre ashnân lagâî.
Uchhe daliche satranjîâṅ, jithe pîre mâl pâî.

Sone kî tokrî! Rûpe kâ jhâṛû!
Kyâ kahtî hai tokrî? kyâ kahtâ hai jhâṛû?
Tokrî kahtî hai, "pâk dar pâk!"

Rishabha the father of Bharata and well known in modern times as Rikhab Dev in the Hindî rescensions of the *Bhâgavata Purâṇa.* The Rikhî De which has been made to jingle with the preceding Rikhî De is probably merely the classical *bhikshu*, the Brâhman in his fourth or mendicant stage. Mahâdeo is of course Śiva, and the name Srî Mahârâj is very often applied to him as a title. Akâl Purakh, or the Immortal Man, meaning God, is a central figure in the Sikh Religion, and the hymn in his praise, the *akâl ustut*, immediately follows the *japjî* or chief prayer in Gurû Govind Singh's *Granth* (Scripture): the sect of Akâlîs are his especial followers: hence no doubt his presence here. Aṇḍkanḍe I guess to be made to jingle with the more familiar Mârkanḍe following: it may mean Śiva in his character of Aṇḍa or Brâhmâṇḍa, the egg principle of life. Mârkaṇḍa is the reputed author of the *Mârkaṇḍeya Purâṇa*, one of the most popular of the *purâṇas*, because the most full of unalloyed folklore. The solely Hindû character of this "genealogy" is to be remarked.

* Clearly a text made up of fragments of longer pieces.

† For the Persian ordinals *awwal, doyam, soyam, chuhâram*: all in common use.

Jhârû kahtî hai, "khâk dar khâk!"
Jhârû jhaṛamîâṅ dil kar safâ!
Le boṛiâ wâ ke ḍere ko jâe.
Kâs kî kunjî? kâs kâ tâlâ?
Kaun-hai kholnewâlâ?
'Ishq kî kunjî! Prem kâ tâlâ!
Jibrâîl hai kholnewâlâ!
Wahî ik hai!

II
TRANSLATION.
The Genealogy of the Saints.

First (is) Pîr Âsâ:
Second (is) Pîr Khâsâ:
Third (is) Pîr Safâ:
Fourth (is) Pîr Giljhapṛâ.*
The warrior (in time of) defeat, the hero (in time of victory, the Saviour† hath obtained a following.
The True Lord hath arranged it!
When Mîrâṅ Shâh‡ was born, the fourteen regions (of the world) were illuminated!
Muhammad patted him (on the back)!
The Prophets advanced him (to glory)!
The strong man§ was born in the wilderness, and strayed into the Court (of God) and heard the call (to prayer) from the dead.
'Open (your) turbans (ye) fifty-two (kinds of *faqîrs*),"‖ joyfully sang the angels!

* A confused allusion to Muhammadan saints, &c. Âsâ is for 'Îsâ, *i.e.*, Jesus Christ. Khâsâ is Khwâjâ Khizar. Safâ is for Safiu'llah, the usual title of Idris or Enoch (Akhnûkh). Giljhapṛâ is Lâl Beg himself in allusion to the legend of his springing out of an earthen pot (*gil*). The Muhammadan tendency of the whole of this "genealogy" is very noteworthy

† Lâl Beg.

‡ Lâl Beg.

§ *Lit.*, buffalo.

‖ *I.e.*, pay respect. There are popularly fifty-two varieties of mendicants

Beneath him flowed the River of Life where bathed the saints.
Above him (were spread) carpets and rugs, where the saints took their ease (swung themselves).*

Golden basket! silver broom!
What saith the basket? what saith the broom?
Saith the basket; "Clean and clean!"
Saith the broom, "Dust and dust!"
Sweeping with the broom clean the heart!
Take the bag to his house,
Of what is the key? of what is the lock?
Who is the opener?
Of love is the key! of love is the lock!
Jibrâîl† is the opener!
He (Lâl Beg) is the one!

III.

TEXT.

Kursînâmâ.

Uṭh Mâtâ Mainàwantî sutîe! Bâbe Bâle lîâ autâr!
Dhamak paṛî Paitâl meṅ: chhuṭî gard ghobâr!
Chaṛîâṅ âî Kumbâ se, Khwâjà kî pukâr!
Kuhîâṅ, machh, chiṛhore, uḍ uḍ mânge mâs tandûe!
Chheṛ chhiṛî Ganesh kî Ḍerâ Ghâzî Khâṅ.
Jotâṅ jaleṅ akâs uḍ uḍe baiṭhke jagâ lîe masân.
Muṅh kajiâle sar ke kakkî kelî ke aswâr.
Ân khaṛe Godhan tapashî Darbâr.
Kuṇḍe san ke lagâm díe, ankan-sankan kân.
Ân khaṛote Godhan tapashî band khaṛotâ hâth.
Chheṛâṅ de agwân ûbal mânge, hun bal mânge sandeh dâ.
Dhîâṅ kaṛâhî chûrmâ aur bakre-sakre.
Wahî ik!

---

* Describes what he saw in heaven.
† The angel Gabriel: God's messenger in the Muhammadan religion.

TRASLATION.*

Genealogy.

Up, Mother Mainâwantî† sleeping! Bâbâ Bâlâ‡ hath put on the flesh!
A trembling hath come upon Pâtâl:§ the dust (of his coming) ariseth!
The standards are coming from Makkâ and the Khwâjâ|| is shouting!
Falcons, eagles, and birds of prey demand the flesh of milch animals!
The army of Gaṇeśa hath advanced to Derâ Ghâzî Khân.¶
The fires flame up to heaven and light up the pyre.
Riding on a brown mare with curb of steel,
Godhan** the ascetic standeth in the Court (of God).
(In the mare's mouth) is a muzzle of rope and ornaments in its ears.
Godhan the ascetic standeth with joined hands.
The commander of the army asketh for might; asketh for strength for his whole body.
Dhîâñ†† asketh fer sweets and offerings and goats and sheep.
He is the one.

---

* This song is probably a mere fragment, or rather a collection of scattered and disjointed fragments, at any rate it is quite unintelligible as it stands.

† Mainâwantî (? Avantî or Ujjayinî personified) is the mother of Gopî Chand Bhartari (Bhartṛihari) in the well-known legends regarding that author.

‡ Bâbâ Bâlâ is Bâlâ Shâh, *i.e.*, Vâlmîki:

§ Pâtâl is the land of the Serpents or Nâgas: see legend of Niwal Daî, *ante*.

|| Kumbâ was explained to mean Makkâ, but (?) should be Kunâba = Madîna, and Khwâjâ to mean Khwâjâ Khizar.

¶ There is probably some terrible corruption here.

** Godhan might be for Gordhan (Govardhana) often confused with Kṛishna, or it might be for Gautama = Buddha. But as Derâ Ghâzî Khân is mentioned and also Kakkî (the name of Sarwar's mare) perhaps Sakhi Sarwar is meant. See legends about him, *ante*.

†† Bîbî Dhiânî is often worshiped along with Lâl Beg as his female relative.

IV.

TEXT.

Kursînâmâ.

B'ism'illâhi'r-Raḥmâni-r-Raḥîm !
Sir par dast Pîr Murshid kâ ! Sâbit rahe yaqîn !

Karm to Karîmâ !
Râm* to Raḥîmâ !
Nekî to Nekâhîl kî !
'Azmat to 'Azâzîl kî !
Daur to Isrâfîl ḳî !
Zamîn ke dalîche : âsmân ke samete : simat simat tû !
Bâdshâhat Muḥammad kî, ujm o barkat Deo !
Âp i'tqâd ke mâlik ! Zikar sune the sâre !
Khair to Allah Ta'âlâ kî, Nis-Ta'âlâ kî !
Dâman Bîbî Fâtima ke !

Chhatar to Dillî kâ :
Taba' to Makke kâ.
Ajmer to Zindâ Khwâjâ Maujdîn kî,
Hazrat Kâtî Katalmîn manukh tan ke.

Awwal amân ik Nastû : †
Dom amân do Nastû.
Tiâram amân ta Nastû.
Châram amân lip Nastû.

Awwal Pîr Âsâ.
Dom Pîr Hazrat Khwâjâ Khâsâ.
Som Pîr Safâ.
Châram Pîr Dâdâ Giljhapṛâ.
Pet ko rotî ; tan ko kapṛâ !
Neza to damâûn !
Sadâ sadâ bânkṛâ jâûn !

---

* For *raham.*
† For *nass*, a certain class of texts from the Qurân.

Pîr merâ jamiâ: sab pîrâṅ laṛ pâyâ.
Jhagâ ṭopî Mâî Gaurjâ leke pahinâyâ.
Yeh mubârakî Allâh Nabbî ko âî.
Wâh! wâh! Jî! mere Shâh kî sâmalî bel bahot sî
    baṛhâî!

Bâle Shâh Nûrî:
Saidar Shâh Nûrî:
Ḥabbu't-Ta'âlâ Nûrî:
Maullâ Mushkil-kushâ Dâkhdâkh Nûrî.
Takht-bakht Rabbu'l-'Âlamîn Nûrî.
Bâlâ Shâh Nûrî kis ke beṭe?
Amîr Shâh Nûrî ke beṭe.
Amîr Shâh Nûrî kis ke beṭe?
Saidar Shâh Nûrî ke beṭe.
Saidar Shâh Nûrî kis ke beṭe?
Ḥabbu't-Ta'âlâ Nûrî ke beṭe.
Ḥabbu't-Ta'âlâ kis ke beṭe?
Maullâ Mushkil-kushâ Dâkhdâkh Nûrî ke beṭe.
Maullâ Mushkil-kushâ kis ke beṭe?
Takht-bakht Rabbu'l-'Âlamîn Nûrî ke beṭe.

Wâh! wâh! Jî! Sat Jug meṅ kyâ bhânâ bartâyâ?
Sone kâ ghaṭ.
Sone kâ maṭ.
Sone kâ ghoṛâ.
Sone kâ joṛâ.
Sone kî kunjî: sone kâ tâlâ: sone ke kîwâṛ.
Dakhan mûṅh morî: Uttar mûṅh dîwâr.
Lâo kunjî; kholo kîwâṛ:
Le mere Sachche Dâdâ Pîr ke dîdâr!
Shâhanshâh be-parwâ!
Wohî Ik Allâh!
Tere Nâm kâ pallâ!
Tû zâhir Nâm Ik Allâh!

Wâh! wâh! Jî! Dwâpar meṅ kyâ bhânâ bartâyâ?

Chândî kâ ghaṭ.
Chândi kâ maṭ.
Chândî kâ ghoṛâ.
Chândî kâ joṛâ.
Chândî kî kunjî: chândî kâ tâlâ: chândî ke kîwâṛ:
Uttar mûṅh mori: Dakhan mûṅh dîwâr.
Lâo kunjî; kholo kîwâṛ:
Le mere Sachche Dâdâ Pîr ke dîdâr!
Shâhanshâh be-parwâ!
Wohî Ik Allâh!
Tere Nâm kâ pallâ!
Tû zâhir Nâm Ik Allâh!
Kîjo khairsalâ,
Jumlâ fuqron kâ 'ishq Allâh!

Wah! wâh! Jî! Trete Jug men kyâ bhânâ bartâyâ?
Tâmbe kâ ghaṭ.
Tâmbe kâ maṭ.
Tâmbe kâ ghoṛâ.
Tâmbe kâ joṛâ
Tâmbe kî kunjî: tâmbe kâ tâlâ: tâmbe ke kîwâṛ:
Pûrab mûṅh morî: Pachhan mukh dîwâr.
Lâo kunjî; kholo kîwâṛ:
Lo mere Sachche Dâdâ Pîr ke dîdâr!
Shâhanshâh be-parwâ!
Wohî Ik Allâh!
Tere Nâm kâ pallâ!
Tû zâhir Nâm Ik Allâh!

Wâh! wâh! Jî! Kal Jug meṅ kyâ bhânâ bartâyâ?
Miṭṭî kâ ghaṭ.
Miṭṭî kâ maṭ.
Miṭṭî kâ ghoṛâ.
Miṭṭî kâ joṛâ.
Miṭṭî kî kunjî: miṭṭî kâ tâlâ: miṭṭî ke kîwâṛ.
Pachham mûṅh morî: Pûrab mûṅh dîwâr.
Lâo kunjî; kholo kîwâṛ:

Lo mere Sachche Dâdâ Pîr ke dîdâr!
Shâhanshâh be-parwâ.
Wohî Ik Allâh!
Tere Nâm kâ pallâ!
Tû zâhir Nâm Ik Allâh!

Wâh! wâh! Jî! Lâl-o-lâl karenge nihâl!
Gharî gharî ke kâṭenge kâl!
Lâl ghoṛâ.
Lâl joṛâ.
Lâl kalghî: lâl nishân.
Lâl tambû: lâl pahilwân.
Lâl maidân.
Sone kî tokrî; rûpe kâ jhâṛû; gal phûloṅ ke hâr:
Jâ khaṛe hote Sachche Sâhib ke Darbâr!

Kîjîye chhuṭkârâ!
'Ali Sâḥib Paighambar Duldul sangârâ.
Khabar hûî Dânoṅ ko, kîtâ dilkârâ.
"Yâ Pîrjî, merâ bhî dil kartâ hai, jang meṅ chalûngâ
karârâ."

Chûngî to niwâlâ,
Sarsabz rahe dumâlâ;
'Arash pe kurush* meṅ dhûnî pâ baithe Nûrî Shâh Bâlâ.
'Arash se utarâ ghaṛâ wa piâlâ.
Ḥukm hûâ Sâmalî Beg ko: pî gayâ; hûâ matwâlâ.
Siṛaṛiâ, Ugaṭiâ, sahnâ bidâ karnâ ik kinârâ.

Sâr kî chharî, Multân kî kumân, îndal hastî, zard ambârî:
Âî Dâdâ Lâl Beg Sachche Sat Gur Wali kî sawârî.
Ao Mîyâṅ Lâl Khâṅ Darbârî!
Sattar do bahattar balâ tumhâre panje tale mârî!
Chhânûnge dûdh kâ dûdh, pânî kâ pânî.

---

* For *kursî*, heaven as the Throne of God.

Toshâ wa kalâwâ, bhet hai tumhârî!
Kuchh kîjo madad hamârî!

Shâh ke takht, Multân ke kumân, îṇḍal hastî, zard ambârî.
Âî Dâdâ Lâl Beg Sachche Sat Gur Wâlî kî sawârî.
Âo Mîyâṅ Lâl Khâṅ Darbârî!
Sarwar kî shahîdî, Ḥazra kâ kalimâ pâk:
"Lâ ilâha ill'illâho, Muḥammadi-r-Rasûlu'llâho."

IV.

TRANSLATION.

*Genealogy.**

In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.
The hand of the Priest, the Teacher, be on thy head:
Be thy faith perfect!

Mercy (belongs to) the Merciful!
Compassion (to) the Compassionate!
Goodness is Michael's!
Glory is 'Azâzîl's!
The Message is Isrâfîl's!†
The earth for thy carpet: the heavens for thy canopy: be thou under its protection! ‡
Empire is Muḥammad's, by the will and blessing of God.
Thou art (now) a master of the faith! Thou hast heard the whole secret!

---

* This is really an initiatory rite into the sect of Lâl Beg. Throughout it the priest is addressing his pupil. It is eminently a Musalmân rite.

† The text here is a confused jingle having a reference to the Musalmân belief in the angels. Nekâhîl is for Mikâîl, the Archangel Michael. Isrâfîl is the Archangel who will sound the last trumpet. 'Azâzîl is one of the evil spirits.

‡ *Samęte, simat*: the sense given is traditional: the words have otherwise no meaning here.

Welfare is God's the Most High, the Supreme!
Seize the skirt of Bîbî Fâtimâ! *
Empire is Dillî's:
The law is Makkâ's.
Ajmer (belongs to) the Immortal Khwâjâ Maujdîn
The Holy Qâzî, Slayer of body and soul.†

The first faith was the first Law.
The second faith was the second Law.
The third faith was the third Law
The fourth faith was the fourth Law‡.

First is Pîr Âsâ.
Second is the Holy Saint Khwâjâ Khâsâ.
Third is Pîr Safâ.
Fourth is the Holy Saint Giljhaprâ.
May bread be to thy belly, clothing to thy body!
I upraise (Lâl Beg's) Standard!
I wish thee joy for ever and ever!

My saint was born: he was superior to all the saints.
Mother Gaurjâ brought and put on him his robe and cap.§
She hath come to congratulate the Prophet of God (!).
Hail! Hail! Lord! My Saint's family hath greatly increased!

---

* Seek her protection. She was Muhammad's daughter.

† Khwâjâ Maujdîn is Khwâjâ Mu'ainu'ddîn Chishtî of Ajmer (see p. 205 *ante*), Maujdîn being a corruption of Mu'izzu'ddîn used by mistake. By Hazrat Kâtî Katalmîn is meant the above by mistake for Muhammad; Kâtî being for Qâzî (compare our Cadi), and Katalmîn being reference to Muhammad's title of 'Aliu'l-Qattâl. The whole line has reference to the doctrine of *jihâd* or religious war against infidels (crescentade).

‡ The reference here in a confused way is to the four sacred books of the Musalmâns; *Taurât*, the Pentateuch; *Zabûr*, the Psalms; *Injîl*, the Gospels; the *Qurân*.

§ Gaurjâ, wife of Śiva. The whole custom is Hindu be it noted.

Bâle Shâh, the Saint :*
Saidar Shâh, the Saint:
The Beloved of the Most High, the Saint.
The Lord, the Destroyer-of-difficulties, Dâkhdâkh, the Saint.
(The Sitter on the) Blessed Throne, the Lord of the Two Worlds, the Saint.
Bâlâ Shâh, the Saint: whose son is he ?
The son of Amîr Shâh, the Saint.
Amîr Shâh the Saint: whose son is he ?
The son of Saidar Shâh, the Saint.
Saidâr Shâh the Saint: whose son is he ?
The son of the Beloved of the Most High, the Saint.
The Beloved of the Most High, the Saint: whose son is he ?
The son of the Lord, the Destroyer-of-difficulties, Dâkhdâkh, the Saint.
The Lord, the Destroyer-of-difficulties, whose son is he ?
The son of the (Sitter on the) Blessed Throne, the Lord of the Two Worlds, the Saint.†

Hail ! Hail ! Lord ! what were the rites in the Golden Age‡ ?
Golden pitcher.
Golden shrine.

---

* *Nûrî* of heaven, as opposite *khâkî*, "of the earth earthy."

† The reciter of this genealogy can have no perception of any real meaning in it. It is a mere string of familiar titles of sacred personages very much corrupted. Bâlâ Shâh is Vâlmîki. Saidar Shâh is (?) Haidar, that is, 'Ali. Maullâ is universal in India as a synonym for God. Mushkil-Kushâ is a title of 'Ali. Dâkhdâkh unless it be for *dâgh dâgh*, celebrated, is unintelligible. Takht-bakht Rabbu'l'Âlamîn is, they say, meant for Muhammad, but the latter is an universal title of God.

‡ The reference in this and the succeeding passages is to the conventional four ages of the world in the Hindu cosmogony. The Kṛita Yuga or Golden Age: Tretâ Yuga or Silver Age: Dwâpara Yuga or Brazen Age: Kali Yuga or Iron Age, the present one. It will be observed that the text has them in the wrong order. It evidently relates the ritual of the scavenger classes.

Golden horse.
Golden clothes.
Golden key: golden lock: golden door.
Entrance* to the South: (back) wall to the North.
Put in the key: open the door:
Behold my True Holy One, the Saint (Lâl Beg)!
King of kings and without care!
He is the One God!
In thy Name is refuge!
And Thy Name is openly the One God!

Hail! Hail! Lord! what were the rites in the Silver
Age?
Silver pitcher.
Silver shrine.
Silver horse.
Silver clothes.
Silver key: silver lock: silver door.
Entrance to the North: (back) wall to the South.
Put in the key: open the door:
Behold my True Holy One, the Saint (Lâl Beg)!
King of kings and without care!
He is the One God!
In thy Name is refuge!
And thy Name is openly the One God!
Grant us welfare,
God, the Beloved of all the Saints!

Hail! Hail! Lord! what were the rites in the Brazen
Age?
Brazen pitcher.
Brazen shrine.
Brazen horse.
Brazen clothes.

* Of the shrine.

Brazen key : brazen lock : brazen door.
Entrance to the East : (back) wall to the West.
Put in the key : open the door :
Behold my True Holy One, the Saint (Lâl Beg) !
King of kings and without care !
He is the One God !
In Thy Name is refuge !
And Thy Name is openly the One God !

Hail ! Hail ! Lord ! what are the rites in the Black (Iron) Age ?
Earthen pitcher.
Earthen shrine.
Earthen horse.
Earthen clothes.
Earthen key : earthen lock : earthen door.
Entrance to the West ; (back) wall to the East.
Put in the key : open the door :
Behold my True Holy One, the Saint (Lâl Beg) !
King of kings and without care !
He is the One God !
In Thy Name is refuge !
And Thy Name is openly the One God !

Hail ! Hail ! Lord ! He, the Enricher,* will bring thee prosperity !
Hour by hour will he subdue thy pain !
Red his horse.
Red his clothes.
Red his crest : red his standard.
Red his tent : red his attendants.
Red his abode.

* Lâl Beg.

Golden his basket; silver his broom; garland of flowers about his neck.
Go, stand in the Court of the True Lord!

Procure us release.*
The Lord 'Ali, the Prophet, adorned his horse Duldul.†
The Jinns heard of it and gave him challenge:
"Ho, Sir Saint, I too have a mind to make me ready for the fight.

Eating at his ease,‡
Green§ (ever) remained his turban;
Nûrî Shâh Bâlâ sat beside his sacred fire|| on his throne in heaven.
From heaven descended a pitcher and a cup (to Lâl Beg).
Sâmalî Lâl Beg received the command: he drank and was drunken.
O Sirariâ, O Ugatiâ,¶ put aside our troubles afar.
Staff of iron, bow of Multân, tuskless elephant, golden seat.**
(Thus) came the cavalcade of True Perfect Teacher, the Lord, the Holy Lâl Beg.
Welcome thou Lord Lâl Khâṅ, thou Sitter in the Court (of God)!

---

* Probably something has been omitted here.

† These lines no doubt relate to a fragment of some legend about 'Ali. Duldul was the name of his mule. Dânon is for Jânn, the first of the five orders of the *genii* in Muhammadan legend, generically known in India as Jinns.

‡ *Lit.* by small mouthfuls.

§ The orthodox colour for Musalmân saints, and in India for men of learning and sanctity.

|| *Dhûnî* is the sacred fire of the *Hindu* mendicants!

¶ Sirariâ is, the scavengers say, Bhairoṅ or Bhairava: see *ante*, legends about Sakhî Sarwar. Ugatiâ may be guessed to be Agastya, a central figure in many an Indian legend.

** Multân bows and tuskless elephants are popularly the best of their kind.

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THE LEGENDS OF THE PUNJAB.

VOLUME II

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

PREFACE TO VOLUME II.

A second year of work has enabled me to add twenty-one fresh legends to those already published, and brings to me the task of writing a second preface.

A work of this kind grows upon its author. When I commenced printing I expected to have matter enough to fill some 1,200 of such pages as these volumes contain, but now that this much has been accomplished I find that not only is the work very far from complete, but that the lists so far do not by any means include even all the *celebrated* legends. Matter sufficient to fill Volume III. is already far advanced in preparation, leaving still bulky undigested MSS. to be gone through. Even as I write information comes in of more stories locally of much celebrity, though hitherto unknown to literature; and it is becoming apparent that the comprehensive collection of the Panjâb popular legends is a question of opportunity and patience.

Personally I am much encouraged to proceed onwards, and to do what in me lies towards placing the traditions of the Panjâb populations before European students by the very favourable reception that was accorded to my first attempts to grapple with this heavy task. When the former preface was written my other essay to bring Panjâbî folktales to public notice was yet in the press, but it has been now published some months, and I have been gratified to find that the views I put forward in *Wide-awake Stories* met with a ready acceptance in many places. These views the present volumes are intended to emphasize. Briefly they are as follows:—The collection of folktales should be as comprehensive as possible, detailed, accurate and systematic: the tales thus collected should be separated into two parts—themes and incidents: these parts should be held to be capable of a separate analysis and treat-

ment, and to have a separate history, though a temporarily join . existence : the method of treating them should be the historical, in order to arrive at the facts of which they are the phenomena: and the manner of investigation should be the collection of these phenomena under fixed heads as they appear at certain ascertained and unquestionably connected eras.

Mr. Gomme in the *Folklore Journal* has strongly advocated the view that Folklore should be held to be a 'science,' and the reviewers of his statement seem to be of opinion that though the Folklore Society may accept this the general public is not at all likely to do so. Whether Folklore, like Religion, Language, Mythology, and so on, is a 'science depends entirely on the manner of study, and that it should be studied as a 'science' cannot, it seems to me, be too strongly insisted on by all earnest students. The serious study of Folklore is a new matter, and at the commencement of all such there are always to be found a certain number of *dilettanti*, who will take up a subject as long as it is light, as well as interesting, and capable of rewarding them with an easily acquired reputation for learning, to drop it the moment others better equipped for the work make it deep enough to be troublesome. As long as the result of the labours of the careful have not reached very far the *dilettante* can easily keep pace with the best of them, and is sure to make much more show; but the force of the old fable of the hare and the tortoise gradually becomes apparent to him, and in time he sinks further and further out of view, as he realizes that the race is not to the swift. Sooner or later then it surely comes about that the student properly so called—the man of science—is left to himself. The early 'collecting' period is the heyday of the light-hearted and the enthusiastic before what is most obvious has been all recorded, and it becomes a laborious task to add fresh matter to the pile, and before, too, it behoves the collector to be careful as to what he puts into his store, lest critics point out that he is accumulating rubbish. Philology had to face a long period of this kind before it could emerge as a true science,—the stigma of empiricism sticks to it still,—and it seems that Folk-

lore is yet in the very midst of one. It should be the duty of those who would see it take its place among the recognized scientific pursuits to raise it to that rank, as philologists have raised the study of tongues.

Except as a science I venture to assert that Folklore is not worth serious study at all. Its nature is such, in the phase of folktales and legends at any rate, as to make its facts largely capable of literary treatment. Such being the case, there is no reason why it should not be made as attractive in a literary sense as possible, provided it loses nothing thereby in scientific precision. Studies are none the better for being shorn of what capabilities for pleasure they may chance to possess, but there this advantage ends. To subordinate science to the tickling of the mental palate is to waste time. In Folklore, for instance, can it be fairly said that, however well told by the *raconteur*, a genuine tale of the people is likely to be a better literary production than a story invented by a genius like Hans Andersen? If the object of a hunt in the by-ways of rustic life is to serve up dainty dishes for the 'general reader,' is it worth while? Would not the time and talents of the hunter be better spent in the writing of novels, which would have the advantage of bringing more grist to the mill?

It must not be thought that the adequate representation of a series of tales is a matter to be lightly undertaken, or one that can be handled with but a slender equipment for the purpose. What ought the proper apprehension of an Indian folktale, for instance, to involve in the case of the original collector and annotator? A knowledge of the particular vernacular of the narrator in its vulgar forms, and this he will find will sooner or later lead him to tread the difficult ways of Indian philology. A wide knowledge of Indian History of all kinds—political, social, and literary,—and that, too, in its most obscure and untrodden paths; for it is quite impossible to say beforehand where a particular tale will land him in its historical references, and the unraveling of the tangled threads of folk-history in a single tale often necessitates an acquaintance with widely separated portions of the records of the past. A knowledge, too, not easily

acquired, of the religions and social structure, the habits and manners and hereditary customs of the people, their ethnology antiquities, and philosophy. Geographv also of all times and eras will force itself on his attention. Surely a subject which involves all this is well worthy of even those, whose mental endowments are of a high order.

The wide term anthropology covers all the subjects from the examination of which we are led to grasp the details of that complicated structure, the modern human being in his mental and physical aspects. Folklore is, or at least should be, one of these subjects. Just as physiologists are enabled by a minute and exact examination of skulls or teeth or hair and so on to differentiate or connect the various races of mankind, so should Folklorists, as in time I have no doubt they will, be able to provide reliable data towards a true explanation of the reasons why particular peoples are mentally what they are found to be. Folklore then as a scientific study has a specific object and occupies a specific place. Such are the principles, so far as the limited scope of books containing original collections has permitted me, that I have endeavoured to sustain in these volumes. How far I have succeeded in practice in attaining my ideal it is not for me to say.

When a writer is engaged on works of original research he is necessarily teaching himself while he is teaching others, and so it is no matter of wonder to find that as these volumes proceed, the tales they contain are found, as it were, to develope. The first volume began with the adventures of 'Râjâ Rasâlû,' giving a disconnected series of stories fastened on to the name of this popular hero. Since then the stories of 'Princess Adhik Anûp Daî,' of 'Sîlâ Daî' and of 'Pûran Bhagat,' have appeared, showing that these are really stories, or series of stories, belonging to a cycle, and indiscriminately applied to the Northern Sâlivâhana and any of his immediate legendary descendants. These tales, or at any rate some of them, are elsewhere shown to be equally applied to the Southern Sâlivâhaṇa; but whether the Northern and Southern Sâlivâhaṇas of modern legend were one and the same personage, or lived at the same

period, I do not think we are yet properly in a position to say. In the *Calcutta Review* for 1884 in an article on Râjâ Rasâlû I have endeavoured to show that he really did live and who he was, showing at the same time that the history of the tales fastened on to him as a popular hero has no connection with that of himself as a man. These tales, as we accumulate them from different sources, are beginning to show so strong a family likeness to the Sindibâd cycle as to presume a common source. It should be remembered that the Sindibâd series is demonstrably of Indian origin, and that we have yet to show what has become in modern folklore of its originals on Indian soil. If Rasâlû be, as I think, the representative of the Hindû, or perhaps Buddhist, opponents of the first Arab invaders of India in the 8th and 9th Centuries of our era, then he is also the hero of a vast quantity of Arabic-Persian folk-tales which would be well worth investigation. It is to be hoped that some one will be found to take up this phase of the subject.

The tendency of bards is to make their stories run in cycles. They love to connect all their heroes in some way or other, and I think a little reading between the lines of the Indian classical legends shows that this was always the case. Stories are indiscriminately told of several heroes, and if one calls to mind the names of the most celebrated they are sure to be found to belong to a group all genealogically connected with each other. If I mistake not, the Greek and Roman classics exhibit the same phenomena. All this goes to show the truth of what I have previously insisted on, that it must not be presumed that hero and story, or story and incident, have any real historical connection, until it is demonstrated that such is the case. In this volume we find that the modern legend of 'Gopî Chand,' said to have been the nephew of Bhartṛihari, is on practically the same lines as a classical one of Bhartṛihari himself, who there becomes the elder brother of Vikramâditya. Gopî Chand again has a nephew Râjâ Chandarbhân, about whom a legend is told of a nature familiar to folklore students, and this Chandarbhân is described as giving his daughter in marriage to the

grandson of Vikramâditya. This launches us at once into a cycle, for Sâlivâhaṇa is closely connected with Vikramâditya in his wars, with whom are connected by family Rasâlû, Pûran Bhagat, Sirkap, Hoḍî and a host of others. In the tales of Vikramâditya, Gopî Chand and Chandarbhân, and in those of Sâlivahana, Rasâlû, Pûran Bhagat, Sirkap and Hoḍî we have, as it were, the stories of the chief heroes of both sides of what must have been at one time a life and death struggle between races in India. I say 'as it were' advisedly, because it may be taken as established that historically Bhartṛihari and Vikramâditya cannot have belonged to the same era, nor could Hoḍî and Rasâlû, while we may take it as fairly certain that Rasâlû is only figuratively the 'son' of Sâlivâhaṇa, even if he be of the same race. The business of the bard being to make tales interesting, and it being obviously to his interest to connect at least the noble part of his audience by descent with some one or other of the national heroes, the temptation to pious frauds in this direction is clearly great. As the bard is not a model of virtue in any other respect there is no reason to suppose that he resists this temptation, and hence many a purely mythical genealogy may well have arisen from no other cause than a desire to rouse interest in the actors in a tale by connecting them with a great national movement or recognized national heroes. The apparently modern tale of 'Ḍhol and Mârwan' is attached to the very celebrated story of 'Nala and Damayantî' by making Ḍhol to be the son of Nala, probably for this reason only. In the stories of the quite modern Panjâb this tendency is strongly marked. It is not likely that the date of Hîr and Rânjhâ as historical personages goes back much beyond 300 years, and the story is really a tribal one of the abduction of a Râjpût girl by a man of another race and of the subsequent vengeance of her tribe. But there happens to be a tomb of some local sanctity at Jhang built to this pair of lovers, and in this volume are versions of their story evidently framed so as to connect Rânjhâ as a wonder-working Saint with Gurû Gorakhnâth and to glorify his memory in order to add to the revenues of the tomb. His development into a Saint of the

Sakhî Sarwar type is evidently a mere matter of time and opportunity. In the *Janam Sâkhî*, or orthodox *Life* of Bâbâ Nânak, the founder of the Sikh Religion, are long purely mythical chapters, containing his adventures in lands he could never have seen and his dealings with such personages as Shekh Farîd and Bahâu'l-haqq, who, as it can be shown to demonstration, were not his contemporaries at all and did not even live in the same century as he did. Several tales are given herein of Sakhi Sarwar, and in them the same tendency to make him the hero of well known stories really attributable to other persons, often as not Hindûs, is strongly visible, and in the succeeding volume will be given a series of stories of the Saints of Jâlandhar, an entirely local and essentially modern body, which will be found to run in the old grooves and not infrequently to be appropriations of portions of older and better known tales. These hagiological legends, too, are made cyclic, *i.e.*, every saint is connected either by descent or adoption with a recognized line. The development then of the Panjâb Legends as research proceeds takes two directions: externally into cycles and internally into groups of details.

In this volume, as in the first one and for the same reason, there has been no attempt at systematic order in recording the tales. Among the heroic legends are XIX 'Râjâ Chandarbhân and Rânî Chand Karan,' XXIX 'Râjâ Jagdeo,' XXX 'Râjâ Nal,' and XXXI 'Râjâ Dhol.' To this class also belong XVIII 'Râjâ Gopî Chand' and XXXIV 'Pûran Bhagat,' but there is much of the sanctified nature of pure hagiology in these last, as also in the modern series of XXVIII ''Abdu'llah Shâh of Samîn,' XXXVI 'Ismâ'îl Khân's Grandmother,' XXXVII 'The Bracelet-maker of Jhang' and XXXVIII 'Hîr and Rânjhâ,' all belonging in various ways to the Siyâl tribal tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ. Of pure tales of Saints are XX about 'Nâmdev,' XXI and XXII about 'Sakhî Sarwar,' XXVI about ''Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî' and XXVII about an obscure Saint 'Rode Shâh.' The others are modern ballads, *viz.*, XXIII 'Chûhar Singh,' a Sikh tale, XXIV and XXV tales of Hamâlayan Râjpûts,' XXXII of a Râjpût of Central India, XXXIII a quite modern mythical

ballad concerning the murder of an English Officer, and XXXV a national ballad of the Baloches.

I have already explained my method of comparing the incidents in folktales and legends in the Preface to Volume I. and in my Survey of the Incidents in Modern Indian Folktales attached to *Wide-awake Stories*, and it is of no use to go over the same ground here. Suffice it to say that an increasing knowledge of the folktales of India and the examination of greater and greater numbers of them does not enable me to add much to the heads and sub-heads gathered together in the 'Survey,' though they bring an ever-increasing number of data upon which to work. In this volume the fresh evidence gathered is as follows:—

Our old friend the ogre turns up once more as a demon merely, but with the true ogre's attributes of devouring human beings and being slain by the hero, in the story of 'Râjâ Jagdeo,' part of which is indeed but a variant of the usual ogre story by which he eats an inhabitant of a city daily together with something else,—in this case 12 loaves of bread. Râjâ Jagdeo's demon, however, knows that he is destined to be killed by a person resembling the hero and this much is new. This same story of Jagdeo represents another favorite feature of Indian folktales, the substituted hero, who is here supplanted by a mere accident and not through malice as is usual. He and his younger brother by another mother are born within a few days of each other, but the messenger carrying the news of his birth is outstripped by the other, and so the younger brother is entered in the royal books as the elder and the king refuses to alter the register. 'The hero and his companions' is always a point worth noting, and we find that after Jagdeo is supplanted and is induced to acquiesce in the matter quietly he starts to seek his fortune first with a horse and a servant and afterwards when his first venture is a success with a wife, her maid and a following. The witch pure and simple is only found once in the tale of Pûran Bhagat, where she turns an entire company of *jogís* into bullocks by throwing (enchanted) mustard seeds over them. In a priest-ridden country, like

India the doings of Saints and holy personages must always occupy a considerable place in legends, and in this volume, as heretofore, we find them granting sons and position in life, punishing neglect by the infliction of leprosy and curing it again, restoring the dead to life, curing snake-bite through the efficacy of their sacred fires, setting fire miraculously to the city of those that injure them, and bursting the ropes and fetters that bind them. In one case two sons are granted by the old expedient of making the two queens of a king eat an (enchanted) apple. Generosity—in the form of almsgiving to religionists—is highly extolled in all oriental works, and accordingly we here find a semi-religious hero giving *his own head* in alms when asked. A new point about religious mendicants occurs in the refusal of jewels or presents of value as alms. Stock miracles usually, but not by any means necessarily always, attributed to certain saints as their specialty frequently occur. Of these may be mentioned of Gorakh Nâth, setting fire to his opponents and burning them to ashes; curing a blinded and crippled hero by procuring eyes for him from Indra through prayer, and making him whole by sprinkling holy-water over him; restoring men metamorphosed into bullocks by tossing his holy ashes over them and patting them; changing women into she-asses by the same process, and restoring them by making them pass his standard; drying up all the wells in a district; making the earth sink in by striking it with his staff; making earrings by shaking them out of his wallet:* of Nâmdev, raising a dead cow to life, invulnerability to the attacks of elephants: of Pûran Bhagat, restoring life to a dried-up garden by sprinkling water over it, restoring his mother's sight by making a companion throw a kerchief over her, granting his step-mother a son by making her eat miraculous grapes and rice: of Sakhi Sarwar, turning

* It is to be noted that the cures here are on the usual lines, and that the notion of the inexhaustible bag also occurs. Of Pûran Bhagat it is also related here that he procured miraculous son-giving grapes and rice out of the wallet of a companion at command: a kind of *miracle by proxy*.

the gold of an unfaithful follower into brass, and making him vomit whole the food he had digested, making his own fields flourish without cultivation, creating a large following when wanted, filling an empty pitcher with rice and milk, making whole torn-up garments, bringing a horse that had been cut up and eaten to life, making fruit to ripen out of season: of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, bringing up a boat and its drowned inhabitants from the depths of a river: of Roḍe Shâh, making the *dûb* grass green and sweet for ever in reward for furnishing him with a bed of itself, non-liability to be burnt by fire because he escapes in the smoke, destroying a girl's beauty because she deceives him: of Khwâjâ Khizar, re-creating the body of a saint after it had been cut up and eaten by fish: of 'Abdu'llah Shâh of Samîn, bringing a fair wind by making some birds fly away that were on the shore: of Rânjhâ, transporting a saint by holding his hand and shutting his eyes. In the same way a miracle is attributed to Jai Singh Sawâî, the great astronomer Râjâ of Jaipûr, arising very curiously out of the memory of his scientific proclivities, by which he is made to keep a *private moon of his own*; but the hero is equal to him, for, sending for Jai Singh's 'moon-makers,' he sets up an opposition moon! The sanctity of the shrines and tombs of saints is also insisted on repeatedly: to restore such is to procure great wealth and position, and prayer at such is blessed with a long-wished-for son. Deceased saints and ordinary ghosts are mixed up, and *both* are said to be only able to be abroad at midnight. One point among the actors in tales I have previously overlooked, though it occurs once or twice in the first of these volumes, *viz.*, the *avenging hero.* Its occurrence again more than once in this volume inclines me to give it a separate heading in analysis. The typical form of story is that the hero is fated to slay his parents, who take precautions, usually by shutting him up in a pit till the danger is past, to prevent his fulfiling his destiny. An interesting point about fairies turns up in the tale Pûran Bhagat. The heroine, originally a fairy, is attached to the earth for ever, because while sporting in a garden her wings have touched the (un-

lucky) *aubergine* or egg-plant and have become 'heavy,' so that she cannot fly: an idea prettily varied in a well-known tale in the *Alif Laila*. And lastly, the step-mother once again falls in love with her husband's son, and when repulsed grossly ill-treats him, by having recourse to the old-world devices of Potiphar's wife.

Turning to the progress of the tales we find that the supplanted hero starts the tale by going to seek his fortunes at random. Tricks of the usual kind also appear. The hero wishes to stop a horseman whom he suspects to be a saint in disguise, but the horseman drops his whip, and while the hero stoops to pick it up he is off. The heroine pretends that a snake has bitten her finger so that the hero her lover may be summoned to cure it. In the old tale of Nala and Damayantî the gods assume the form of the hero in order to puzzle and test the heroine, and in the tale of Dhol and Mârwan the heroine's maids all assume her shape to try and deceive the hero; this performance being part of those tests before marriage which so frequently take the form of impossible tasks and impracticable riddles. In this same tale the heroine sends messages to the hero, but her rival, his wife, plays a series of tricks upon them to prevent the messages from reaching their destination. A Brâhman is sent and he is got rid of by the favorite trick of seating him on an insecure couch placed over the mouth of a concealed well, and then comes a minstrel, who is frightened away by the heroine's rival assuming a soldier's dress. The minstrel, however, eventually turns the tables on her by making the hero's guards very drunk and so passing them, and then by cheating the heroine's rival herself. She always slept with her husband's clothes tied to her own and his signet ring in her mouth: the minstrel cuts the knots and inserts his fiddle-string key into her mouth in place of the signet ring. In the pretty tale of Chandarbhân and Chand Karan, the swan, who acts as go-between, compromises the heroine with the hero by taking him to her while she is asleep and making him exchange rings with her. Her father then catches him by sending her a bottle of Holî powder, a red

concoction which the players at this Indian carnival throw over each other, and she, although it is the wrong season, immediately throws this over him: he is therefore at once recognised by his red-stained clothes. This leads us to the means of identifying the hero, so common a feature in folktales. In 'Râjâ Ḍhol' he is identified by the lotus-mark on his leg, in 'Pûran Bhagat' by his voice, and in the tale of Nala and Damayantî the heroine is identified by the manner in which she cooks. Identification by marks leads by a natural transition to the signs of the coming hero, which are seldom wanting. Here we have the hackneyed one of being able to shoot down a brass cup from the top of seven bamboos placed one above the other, varied as shooting down three cups and killing a serpent. These may also be classed as among the impossible task tests, as they are in these instances preliminaries to marriage with the heroine. The Biblical story of Jonah in the Whale's Belly* has made us familiar with a tale much varied in Indian Folklore, and in *Wide-awake Stories* I have shown that the extraordinary voracity notion is a mere variant of this idea. In this volume a couple of gods, as children, eat up at a sitting a meal meant for 250,000 people! A variant or rather corollary of the idea of extraordinary voracity is that of extraordinary strength. Here we have a hero pushing open the gate of a city and destroying the 15 guns and 55 soldiers behind it at one shove, and the heroine dividing a tigress into halves at one blow to help the hero. As a means of helping on the progress of a tale may be added as new the notion of *miraculous misfortunes* seen in the tale of Nala and Damayantî in the swimming away of a cooked fish and the flying away of a roasted partridge. This unfortunate couple are also entrusted with a necklace on a peg, and suddenly the peg swallows up the necklace and then disappears into the wall! Their account of this occurrence is not believed by the owner, and really he can hardly in reason be blamed for his want of credence! All these three incidents occur

* As a conscious variant of this, at page 505, Rânjhâ is made to walk alive into Hîr's grave and be swallowed up.

elsewhere in Indian folktales, but have not been classified as now.

We again see the ordinary *deus ex machinâ* of Indian folktales; the talking animal that steps in to help the actors in the time of need. A cricket gives Râjâ Salwân a hair which is to help him in trouble out of gratitude, just as in the former volume one was given to Râjâ Rasâlû, his son; a friendly crow carries messages between hero and heroine and warns the hero not to visit his wicked step-mother; and a swan helps Princess Chand Karan to meet her lover, apparently because he himself has fallen in love with her, which is a new feature. To imaginations that can swallow a talking animal, a talking *thing* comes easily enough. In the former volume we had mangoes and plums and plantains and *pîpals* and the bed's legs equal to the occasion of the hero's need, and here we have again plum-trees and a lake telling a disconsolate wife whither her faithless husband has gone, and a lamp, a pitcher, a necklace and a conch successively advising the hero not to marry the heroine. The idea is further developed in one case where a sandal tree merely relates its adventures to the heroine as an incident. Heroes and heroines, however, not only have to be helped out of their troubles, but if a story is to be a story they must be brought together. One common way is by the prophetic dream: hero dreams of heroine and heroine of hero and the thing is done. Here we find it used in two such very different tales as those of Jalâlî Lohârî and Râjâ Ḍhol. Another favorite device is for the hero to assume the disguise of a *faqîr* and to beg at the heroine's house: this is made successful in a variety of ways, mostly tricks. A loud or miraculous cry will often rouse up the absent when wanted, an idea varied into playing on a miraculous flute or conch. Messengers are not infrequently sent directly from the heroine to the hero: these may be ordinary mortals, or fairies, or, as in the case of Princess Chand Karan, a swan, and as in the case of Princess Mârwan, her father's cranes. In this connection the miraculous vehicle is necessarily in frequent requisition. In the former volume we saw the most extraordinary and unexpected articles in use. Here we find

on various occasions *faqîrs* taken across rivers on a grass mat and a mat of loose reeds and again on a gourd and staff! Râjâ Ḍhol is taken to his mistress on the more ordinary conveyance of a talking camel. These carry us to the subject of enchantments, of which we have a curious instance in Pûran Bhagat's garden, where no birds can fly. Another most effectual way of clinching a tale is the device of telling a story to explain the situation, introduced here with much effect in the story of Gopi Chand. The notion of temporary death, being widely spread throughout Indian folklore, has so dramatic an effect in a story that is not likely to be absent from any collection; accordingly Gopî Chand's sister dies and is duly brought to life by a saint by the familiar device of being sprinkled with the blood of his little finger.* Closely connected with this notion is that of miraculous cures in general, and we now have holy earth to cure leprosy, and a dip in water to cure blindness; and a noteworthy *cure by proxy* in the legend of Râjâ Ḍhol. His camel breaks its leg and the way it is cured is by firing a donkey's leg and applying the fired limb to the camel's wound. The same idea is found in 'Pûran Bhagat,' where the hero cures his mother of blindness by making a companion cast his kerchief over her. A great aid towards investing the actors of folktales with a deeper interest than they would otherwise possess is the capacity for invisibility. This is often natural or inherent, as in the visible and invisible crowds that follow a saint or holy man: a favorite notion that occurs no less than four times in this volume. The quality of invisibility is also used distinctly to help on the tale, as when Nala is made invisible to all but Damayantî on his being sent to her as their messenger by the gods, and as when a groom, and then a shepherd, miraculously help the hero across impassable rivers, and then at once disappear.

To turn to miscellaneous incidents in folktales. The old

* The mysterious power of blood is curiously exhibited in the legend of Pûran Bhagat, where his executioner slays a fawn instead of him and shows its blood as proof, but as this blood will not stain a pearl cast into it the trick is exposed.

Indian marriage by public choice of a husband occurs according to the ancient classical ideas, in the *swayamvara* of Damayantî, and so do the favorite punishments of setting the heroine to scare crows and of casting the hero into a well and covering the mouth with a stone, varied in the case of Pûran Bhagat by the addition of maiming. Gambling, which appears to be to the vulgar Indian mind the usual and proper occupation of the great and wealthy, takes various marvellous shapes in these pages and is actually upheld as one of Nala's *virtues*. A queen gambles with a king for her brother's head; and the hero gambles with his younger brother for his kingdom and wealth, and then for his body and jewels. Gambling for extraordinary stakes also appears as one of the 'impossible' conditions before marriage with the heroine on more than one occasion. That common variant in India of the delicate heroine which makes her weight only one flower, or more commonly five flowers, is again seen in Princess Chand Karan, who is weighed daily against flowers and who, when she falls away from the paths of strict virtue, outweighs them and is so found out. The ordeals that occur are of the usual type: plunging the right hand into boiling oil to prove innocence, and being drawn up out of a well by a rope of a single strand made by an unmarried virgin* to prove holiness. Lastly we are treated to one or two omens, though these, so very common in every-day Indian folklore, are somewhat conspicuous by their absence in the folktales. It is lucky, we find, to meet a pregnant woman with her implements of trade and a horseman riding with a bridal procession when starting on an important errand, and unlucky for a partridge to call on the right and a crow on the left during a journey.

Such numbers as occur are found to follow the same lines as in all other collections. The most frequent is *twelve*, the old holy number, as a measure of age and space especially, and there are indications of the common occurrence of *two, four eight* and *sixteen* as parts of twelve, the last being one

* *Married* virgins are of course common in India, where girls are married from three years old and upwards.

and a quarter of twelve. In the same way *eighteen* would seem to be meant for one and a half of twelve. *Thirty-two* is I think merely used as a double of sixteen. *Three* and its multiple *nine* are very common, and so is the familiar *seven*. *Thirty-six* appears to be used as a conscious combination of three and twelve, and *eighty-four* of seven and twelve. *Five* is very common in this volume and its before-noticed aliquot parts *two and a half* and *one and a quarter*: the rather frequent use of *three-quarters* is probably due to the native love of fractional numbers. In this connection *three and a half* turns up as (?) an aliquot part of seven. The combinations of three and five in *fifteen* and of five and twelve in *sixty* are also found. *Fourteen* and *twenty-one* are probably conscious multiples of seven. *Eleven* also finds a place and the celebrated Indian numeral *fifty-two*. *Forty-nine*, possibly as seven times seven, occurs, and for the rest the large numbers are mere exaggerations of the familiar small ones as in *one hundred and sixty*, *eighty*, *seventy* and *three hundred and sixty*: and again in *sixteen hundred*, a favorite number for wives (!) and *seventy hundred*. But *ten* and *one hundred* are themselves not at all common. Numbers in groups are not uncommon; seventy and seventy-two together being frequent in the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ.

I have adhered to the plan of the first volume and made my notes as short as possible, avoiding dissertations on matters still unsettled in the world of research, and have given linguistic notes only where such were unavoidable. One or two reviewers have said it was a pity that I have so confined myself, but to do otherwise would be to change the character of the work, which merely aims at giving data for future disquisitions when the subjects involved shall have been more thoroughly mastered than it is at present the case. It does not seem to me advisable to burden my pages with footnotes on philological matters which may well be disputed, and such a course would moreover enormously add to my labours without any adequate benefit to the student. The temptation to discourse upon the many—the very many I may

say—interesting forms that occur in nearly every legend is, I admit, great.

I have again given much prominence to the legends of saints and holy personages, and it seems to me that my former remarks as to the importance of this branch of popular lore in India are confirmed by the evidence adduced now. I have long had a favorite theory that the average villager one meets in the Panjâb and Northern India is at heart neither a Muhammadan, nor a Hindu, nor a Sikh, nor of any other Religion, as such is understood by its orthodox—or to speak more correctly authorized—exponents, but that his 'Religion' is a confused unthinking worship of things held to be holy, whether men or places; in fact Hagiolatry. These legends of saints as herein given speak to the beliefs of the peasantry with an authority that no amount of argument can controvert, and it seems to me that a careful reading of them forces such a conclusion on the student. I purpose giving many more of these saintly stories in the succeeding volume, and it will be found that they are all framed on the same line, and are the outcome of the same mental habits.

I have again to record with gratitude much help unselfishly given me. In this volume my chief helper has been Mr. M. Longworth Dames, of the Civil Service, who has placed at my disposal such of his Baloch legends or stories as are suited to my pages, and has moreover performed upon them all the work necessary in translation and annotation. He has also given me the benefit of his great linguistic learning and local knowledge. I owe to him now, and shall continue to owe, much that is most valuable in my volumes. Legends procured by Mrs. F. A. Steel, Mr. J. G. Delmerick, Mr. Denzil Ibbetson, Mr. M. Macauliffe, Sirdâr 'Atar Singh of Bhadaur̤, and Ghulâm Hussain Khâṅ of Kasûr also appear. Mr. A. P. Webbe, of Bar̤aut, in the Mer̤ath District, has, through a well known bard, supplied me with several admirable stories to enrich the coming volume. Chainâ Mall and his assistants have again given me the benefit of their valuable labours.

In conclusion I may add that my official work during the past year in no way diminished, and that the difficulties thus unavoidably thrown in the way of producing a satisfactory book have been as great as before.

R. C. Temple.

Ambala, May 1885

THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

No. XVIII.

THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ GOPI CHAND,

AS PLAYED AT JAGÂDHRÎ IN THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT.

[This wearisome agglomerate of interminable platitudes is one of the most favorite *swângs* or metrical plays of the Panjâbis. It is valuable in so far as it belongs to the cycle of legends that has collected round the memory of the great Sanskrit author, Bhartrihari. Gopi Chand is always described as being his nephew (*bhânjâ*, sister's son), and usually goes by the name of Gopi Chand Bhartari or Bhartali.]

[The Legend of Gopi Chand closely follows that of Bhartrihari himself, in that he gave up his kingdom and became a religious mendicant, it being remembered that popularly Bhartrihari was the elder brother of Vikramâditya, in whose favour he abdicated.]

[In the Legend Gopi Chand's capital is called Dhâranagar, which I take to be Dhâra, the seat of Vikramâditya. The hero's country is, however, said to be Gaur Bangâlâ or Bengal, while the bards always understand Pânipat by Dhâranagar.]

TEXT.

SWÂNG RÂJÂ GOPÎ CHAND.

1 Sibh ke sut gaz badan haiṅ! charan niwâûṅ sîs!
Pair padam Gaurâpati, kirpâ karo Jagdîs!

TRANSLATION.

The Legend of Râjâ Gopî Chand.

1 The son of Siva is elephant-bodied!* (At his feet) I bow my head!
O Lotus-footed Lord of Gaurâ,† Lord of the Earth, favor me!

---

* Ganesa is the god of all beginnings.

† Siva as the husband of Devî = Gaurâ, Gauri, Gaurjâ.

Kirpâ karo Jagdîs ! Mât merî karo kanṭh meṅ bâsâ !
Chhand gyân sur karo: ânke dekheṅ log tamâshâ !
Gopî Chand ke sâng kahan kî dil ko lag rahî âsâ.

Rahte Shahr Ujjain Râo nit karte bhog bilâsâ.
Gauṛ Bangâlâ, des jinhon kâ tyâg dîâ biswâsâ.

Kahte Bansî Lâl, "Mât merî, pûran kîje âsâ !"

Muktâl.

"Mât Shâkumbharî, Mâî,
Ânke karo sahâî !
Main mûrakh âgyân,
Budh dîjo, Mahâ Mâî !"

Favor me, Lord of the Earth ! O mother,* take up thy abode in my throat !
Give me knowledge of good verses: the people have come to see the play !
I have a strong desire in my heart to relate the Legend of Gopî Chand.

The King lived in the City of Ujjain in every comfort and happiness.
Gauṛ and Bangâl was the home of him who had given up all care.

Saith Bansî Lâl,† "Mother mine, fulfil my hope !"

Refrain.

"Mother Shâkumbharî,‡ O mother,
Come and be my help !
I am simple and ignorant,
Give me wisdom, great mother."

---

* Saraswatî, goddess of speech.
† The author, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122.
‡ Devî, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122.

Gopî Chand mahiloṅ chale, dhar Ganpat kâ dhyân,
Â utare ranwâs meṅ karan lage âshnân:
Karan lage âshnân Râo ne, chandan chauk bichhâî!
Chamkat badan kanak jaisâ, aur mukh chandar kî niyâî,
Nikasâ bhân gagan meṅ Surij kî ik jot chhip chhâî.
He mirg nain, kanṭh koil, mukh nâ ûpmâ kahî jâî!
Morî baiṭhî, nain nihârî Mainâwantî Mâî:
Ṭap ṭap âṅsû paṛe dharan par, thamti nahîṅ thamâî:

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Adhbhut rûp nihârî!
Bharosâ har kâ Bihârî,
Rahûṅ charan lo lîn!
Madan, Mohan, Girdhârî!"

Gopî Chand went into the palace and worshipped Ganpat,*
And going into the palace he began to bathe.
The King began to bathe, and placed his sandal-wood chair.
His body shone like gold and his face as the shining of the moon.
His glory so appeared in the heavens that the splendour of the sun was eclipsed.
O eyes like the antelope's, throat like the cuckoo's, face beyond praise!
At the window sat his mother Mainâwantî weeping.
Drop drop fell her tears on the ground, and ceased not for (all) her trying.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"I behold his lovely form
God,† the hope of all,
I give thee my worship, take it!
Madan, Madhan, Girdhârî."‡

---

* Ganesa. † Kṛishṇa.
‡ Names for Kṛishṇa.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Purwâ pachhwâ hai nahîn; he Dâtâ, kyâ kîn?
Nahîn gagan meṅ bâdarî, bûnd paṛî do tîn!
Bûnd pa-î do tîn: bûndîân kaun disâ se âî?"

Sîs uṭhâke dekhan lâge, na kuchh dîâ dikhâî.
Jo dekh morî meṅ baiṭhî Mainâwantî Mâî.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Kyâ ranwâs kisî Rânî ne khoṭî bât sunâî?
Khâl ka bâke bhûs bharwâ dûṅ; dûṅ bhaunrî girwâe.
Sachî bât batâ de, Mâtâ; kyûṅ man rudan lagâî?
Maiṅ Gopî Chand Râjâ,
Jagat ko sârûṅ kâjâ,
We Trilokînâth,
Hâth un ke hai lâjâ!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Nor east wind nor west: O God, what hast thou done?
No clouds in the sky and two or three drops fell!
Two or three drops fell: whence have the drops fallen?"

He lifted his head to see, and could see nothing,
But when he saw his mother Mainâwantî sitting in the window (he said):

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"What! hath any Queen of the palace said shamefull words to thee?
I will flay her skin and fill it with chaff; I will throw her into a pit.
Tell me the truth, mother, why is thine heart sorrowful?
I am Gopî Chand the King,
I do my duty in the world.
The Lord of the Three Worlds,
In his hands lies my honour!"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

" Ai betâ, sun lîjîye ; kahûṅ gyân kî bât.
Dekh tumhâre rûp ko maiṅ sochûṅ din rât.
Maiṅ sochûṅ din rât : putr, maiṅ tujh ko bachan sunâyâ.
Pitâ tere kî sundar murtî jalke hogî chhâyâ.
Lîjo jog, suphal ho jag meṅ, amar rahegî kâyâ.
Yeh supnâ sansâr jagat hai jhûṭhâ jâl banâyâ.
Sat kâran jâke Harî Chand phir janam nahîṅ pâyâ.
Dhrû, Pahlâd, nâr Gotam kî nâ mehîṅ sat ḍigâyâ.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

" My son, hear me : I speak words of wisdom.
Seeing thy beauty I ponder day and night.
I ponder day and night my son : I will tell thee something.
The glorious body of thy father hath been burnt and become a shade.
Take the saintship, it will prosper thee in the world and thy body will remain deathless.
This world is a dream, this world is a false tangle.
Living in the way of truth, Harischandra* was not born again.
Dhruva, Prahlâda, and the wife of Gotama did not lose (sight of) the truth.†

---

* Allusion to the legend of Hariśchandra's piety "conquering heaven" and procuring him a seat there. "Not to be born again" is the *summum bonum* of a believer in metempsychosis, as all natives are

† Dhruva, rewarded by being made into the pole-star, became a *jogî* like Gopî Chand. Prahlâda, the son of Hiranyakaśipu, was the devoted follower of Vishnu in spite of all his father's persecutions. He was finally united with Vishnu. Ahalyâ, the wife of the Ṛishi Gotama, the personification of beauty, was deceived by Indra into thinking him to be her husband, so her adultery was no fault of hers : such is the popular story.

Suno, Mainâwantî Mâî,
'Aqal taiṅ kahân gaṅwâî ?
Ham ko detî jog !
Dayyâ tujh ko nahîṅ âî ! "

Rânî Mainâwantî.

" Beṭâ, taiṅ jâne nahîṅ, Râm Nâm hai amol.
Phir janam pâve nahîṅ jo Har ke ân kol.
Jo Har ke ân kol, Râm padh aisâ piyârâ.
Mahmân hai param pâl, Nigam pâve nahîṅ pârâ.
Ai beṭâ re, jag men hai Srî Râm-bol, dûjâ nahîṅ koî.
Kyûṅ nahîṅ leta jog, mukat donon gat hoi ?
Kîâ Bhartarî jog gyân se man chit lâyâ.
Chaurâsî hûî sidh, Nâm Har kâ gun gâyâ."

Hear, Mainâwantî, my mother,
Where hast left thy reason ?
Thou wouldst give me the saintship,
Having no pity in thee ! "

Rânî Mainâwantî.

" My son, thou dost not know that the Name of God is beyond price.
They are not born again who approach Hari.*
That approach Hari, so lovely is the service of God !
So infinite is his glory, that the Scripture hath not fathomed it.
O my son, in this world is the name of the Holy God taken, there is no second (to him) !
Why not take the saintship, and obtain salvation in both worlds ?
Bhartarî sought the knowledge of the saintship with heart and soul.
Released from the eighty-four (transmigrations of souls) he praised the Name of Hari."

---

* Vishṇu, *i.e.*, God.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Ai mâtâ yeh charaj* kyâ? ham se kahâ na jâe.
Parde andar tû rahe, kahûṅ tumheṅ samjhâe.
Kahûṅ tumheṅ samjhâe: gyân kis se tû lâî?
Kaun gurû taiṅ kîâ? mujh se de bhed batâe.
Mujh ko yeh sandeh hai, kahîṅ jâne na pâe?
Âṭh pahar din rain rahî chintâ nit yahâîṅ.
Tûṅ Râjoṅ kî sutiyâ, kîe taîṅ bhog bilâsâ;
Kahe agam kî bât: ba.â yeh ajab tamâshâ!"

Ranî Mainâwantî.

" Ai betâ, sun lîjîye kis se pâyâ gyân.
Hai Gurû merâ Gorakh jatî; sat sat karke jân.
Sat sat karke jân; re beṭâ, Gurû Gorakh maiṅ pâyâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Oh mother, what wonder is this? I cannot say it.
Thou livest in secret,† I tell thee.
I tell thee; who gave thee this knowledge?
Whom hast thou made preceptor? Tell me the secret.
I have doubts that will not leave me.
During the eight watches day and night‡ doth this trouble ever remain with me.
Thou art a king's daughter, that hast dwelt in ease and comfort,
And thou speakest unfathomable words: a truly wondrous thing is this."

Rânî Mainâwantî.

" O my son, hear from whom I have learnt knowledge.
The holy Gorakh (Nâth) is my preceptor: know this for a very truth.
Know this for a very truth: O my son, I have found Gurû Gorakh (Nâth).

---

* For *achraj*. † Behind the screen.
‡ The livelong day.

Charpat Nâth merâ Gur bhâî, jog panth maiṅ dhyâyâ.
Pardâ andar baiṭh, Kaṅwar, maiṅ Har charnan chit lâyâ.
Antar jog kamâo, beṭâ, sukhî rahegî kâyâ."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai mâtâ, ham jât haiṅ, jogî hon faqîr."

Itnî kahke chal paṛe, nainoṅ ḍhalte nîr.
Nainoṅ dhalte nîr, Kaṅwarji, chale bâgh meṅ âe,
Jahâṅ baiṭhe the Nâth Jalandhar, jukke sîs niwâe.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He Gur Deo! Karo tum kirpa! Mâtâ ne tumheṅ batâe.

Charpaṭ Nâth* is my brother disciple: I am bent on the doctrines of the saintship.
Sitting in secret, my Prince, I bent my heart to the worship of Hari.
My son, practise the real *yogâ*† and thy body will remain at ease."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"My mother, I go to be a penniless *jogî.*"

Saying this he went off, dropping tears from his eyes.
Dropping tears from his eyes, the Prince went into the garden,
Where sat Jalandhar Nâth‡ whom he respectfully saluted.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Hail, my Lord Gurû! Have mercy! My mother sent me to thee.

---

* Nothing is known of this worthy apparently.

† *Yogâ*, the modern *jog*, may be best described as being the science of abstraction from wordly affairs. It is the 'devotion' of a 'devotee' (*jogî*).

‡ The opponent of Gorakh Nâth and Machhandar Nâth, therefore, flourished 15th century A.D.

Kân phâṛke mundrâ ḍâlo; jog len ko âe.
Nâth, chelâ kar lîjo;
Jog kâ rastâ dîjo;
Chîro mere kân;
Âj, Gur, kirpâ kîjo."

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Jâ, laṇḍî ke, bhâg jâ! kyûṅ chirwâve kân?
Bâlî 'umar nâdân hai: tû kyâ jâne gyân?
Tû kyâ jâne gyân? Bâware, kis ne tujhe bahkâyâ?
Kyâ kuchh tujh par bhîṛ paṛî hai, jog len ko âyâ!
Nâ koî din râj kîâ hai! nâ koî din khâyâ!
Jâo mahil ko, baiṭh, Râojî: kyûṅ phirtâ bharmâyâ?
Abhî jaldî se jâo.

Bore my ears, put in the (*jogî's*) ring: I am come to take the saintship.
My Lord, make me a disciple.
Show me the way of devotion.
Bore my ears.
Have mercy, Gurû, on me to-day."

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Go, thou son of a cur! Be off!* why bore thy ears?
Thou art young and foolish: what dost thou know of knowledge?
What dost thou know of knowledge? Who has been deceiving thee, thou fool?
Hath any misfortune befallen thee, that thou hast come to take the saintship?
Thou hast hardly ruled yet! thou hast hardly spent thy days!
Go, Sir King, and sit in thy palace: why be deceived?
Go off at once.

---

* Usual abuse from *faqîrs*: see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 141.

Kâheko jog kamâo?
Chhattîs bhojan chhoṛ.
Nahîn sukh is meṅ pâo!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Nâ mujh par kuchh bhîṛ; nâ ham haiṅ dilgîr.
Mâtâ ne samjhâcke lâyâ badan meṅ tîr.
Lâyâ badan meṅ tîr: yeh maiṅ mâtâ ne samjhâyâ;
'Kanchan kâyâ jalî pitâ kî!' Yeh ḍishṭânt batâyâ.
Agam-nikam kâ gyân sunâke takht râj chhutwâyâ.
Ai Gur Deo, karo kirpâ: maiṅ jog len ko âyâ."

Jâlandhar Nâth.

"Aisî terî mâtâ bâwarî hogî nipaṭ nâdân!
Tujh ko jog diwâutî, aur baṛa batâve gyân!

Why take on the saintship?
Leaving thy thirty-six kinds of food*
To gain no pleasure!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I have no trouble: I have no sorrow.
My mother's injunction hath pierced my body (as) an arrow.
Hath pierced my body as an arrow; for this did she enjoin:
'Thy father's glorious body was burnt': this was the end she showed me.
Teaching me the knowledge of the Scriptures she induced me to give up my throne.
O my Lord Gurû, have mercy: I am come to take on the saintship."

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Thus is thy mother a fool; she is altogether foolish.
She giveth thee devotion and showeth it to be very knowledge!

---

* The conventional term for good living.

Baṛâ batâve gyân ! Ik terî bâlî 'umar almastâ !
Jog panth yeh baṛâ kaṭhan hai; kyûṅ nâhaqq meṅ phaṅstâ ?
Râj karo, ghar baiṭho jâke : baṛâ kaṭhan *yeh* rastâ !
Albat jog nahîṅ sidhne kâ ; baṛâ bikaṭ *yeh* rastâ ! "

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Ajî Nâth, sun lîjo, maiṅ hûṅ nipaṭ nâdân.
Jog panth se na ṭalûṅ, jo ho parbat samân.
Jo ho parbat samân ; Nâth, maiṅ albat jogî hoṅgâ.
Ai Gur Deo, kirpâ karo : maiṅ charan kaṅwal chit dûṅgâ.
Jaun sîkh batlâo mujh ko, wahî sîkh maiṅ lûṅgâ.
Bhasham ramâe, kânoṅ meṅ mundrâ, tumharî ṭahil karûṅgâ !"

Showeth it to be very knowledge ! Firstly, thou art in the bloom of youth !
And the path of devotion is very rough, why be involved in it uselessly ?
Be a king and go home : *this* way is very rough !
Truly thou canst not perform devotion ; very steep is *this* road ! "

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" O my Lord, hear me, I am altogether unlearned.
I will not deviate from (the path of) the saintship, be it as difficult as a mountain.
Be it as difficult as a mountain : My Lord, I will surely be a *jogî*.
O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : I will meditate at thy lotus feet.
What thou teachest, even that will I learn.
Rubbing on ashes, putting the rings in my ears, will I do thee service."

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Hai kaun 'umar, Râjâ, terî? Kiâ jog kâ khiyâl?
Jâó, kahûṅ, ghar âpne, chalo nît kî châl.
Chalo nît kî châl, Râojî: tum âpne ghar jâo.
Chhattîs bhanjan chhoṛ, Kaṅwar, kyûṅ jog panth
meṅ âo?
Hamrâ dîṭh nahîṅ paṛtâ hai; ghar apne ko jâo.
Râj nît kâ dhyân lagâkar baiṭhe râj kamâo."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Nâ jânûṅ maiṅ nît ko, lagâ jigar meṅ gyân.
Ab gadî baiṭhûṅ nahîṅ, tere charan se dhyân.
Tere charan se dhyân, Nâthjî: nâ mujh ko bharmâo.
Kân chîrke mundrâ ḍâlo, jogî bhekh banâo.
Ai Gur Deo, karo kirpâ; ab zarâ der na lâo.
Bhasham ramâke, gal mâṅ selî, yehî gyân kî pâo."

Jalandhar Nâth.

"What is thy age, Râjâ? Hast ever thought on devotion?
Go home, I tell thee, and bear thyself straightly.
Bear thyself straightly, Sir King: get thee home.
Giving up the thirty-six dishes, my Prince, why enter
the saintship?
I will not see thee: get thee home.
Bend thy mind to thy royal duties and be a king."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I know nothing of polity, (celestial) knowledge is my
heart's (desire).
I will not now sit on the throne, I am bent on (sitting
at) thy feet.
I am bent on (sitting at) thy feet, my Lord; deceive
me not.
Bore my ears, put in the rings, turn me into a *jogî*.
O my Lord Gurû, have mercy: delay not now at all.
Rub on the ashes, put the necklace* round my neck,
and give me of this knowledge."

* The *selî* is the black necklace peculiar to mendicants or devotees.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Jo tum jogî hot ho suno gyân kâ tant.
Pânchoṅ indrî bas karo, jab jân jog panth.
Jab jân jog panth, Râo, tum tez krodh ko mâro.
Mân kò mâr, gaû ko mâro, jab jân jog sidhâro.
Jog panth kâ jûâ khele hai râj aît ko hâro.
Ituâ kâm karo, re bachchâ, jog matâ jab dhâro."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Mantrî, inheṅ kyâ kahâ is jogî ne gyân ?
Hatke phir sunâe de, mujhe pare nahîṅ jân.
Mujhe pare nahîṅ jân. Nâthjî, kyâ kuchh gyân sunâyâ ?
Ai Mantrî, batlâ de mujh ko, tere samajh meṅ âyâ ?

Jalandhar Nâth.

"If thou wilt be a *jogî*, listen to the teachings of knowledge.
By subduing the five passions wilt thou know the saintship.
Thou wilt know the saintship, my king, by subduing thy hot temper.
Destroy thy self-conceit, destroy thy pride,* then know that thou hast encompassed the saintship.
In playing at the game of devotion thou must lose (the game of) royal polity.
Do this much, my son, and then understand the saintship."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O my minister, what saith this *jogî* of knowledge ?
Tell it me again, I did not understand.
I did not understand. My Lord, what knowledge didst thou teach ?
O my minister, tell me ; didst thou understand ?

---

* There is a play here on the meaning of the words *mân* and *gaû*, and the Râjâ is made to misunderstand them : see below line 148.

Mukh se bât kahî kuchh khoṭî? Merâ jî larjâyâ!
Is jogî kî bât karan se merâ kalîjâ khâyâ."

Mantrî.

"Ai Râjâ, sun lîjîye, man chit karo bichâr.
Hai yeh jogî koî bâwarâ, nahîṅ bolâ bachan sambhâr.
Bolâ bachan sambhar, Râojî; yeh jogî bharmâyâ.
'Mâṅ ko mâr, gaû ko mâro,' aisâ bachan sunâyâ?
Yeh bâtâṅ to sunke, Râjâ, hamrâ jî lalchâyâ.
Khoṭî bât kahî, khoṭî ne sunke maiṅ ghabarâyâ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Jaise jogî aise kahe khotî mukh se bain.
Jald kuen men dâl do, jabhî paṛegî chain!
Jabhî paṛegî chain hamârî! Is jogî ko mâro!
Ger kûṅe men! Nâm na lîjo! Upar silâ utâro!

Spake he not evil words with his lips? My heart is beating!
The words of this *jogî* have pierced my heart!"

Minister.

"O Râjâ, hear me, ponder it in thy heart.
This *jogî* is a fool and speaketh not words polite.
Speaketh not words polite, Sir King; this *jogî* deceiveth.
'Slay thy mother, kill thy cow!'* this is what he said.
Hearing thêse words, Râjâ, my heart grieveth.
Evil words spake he: evil I hear and am astonished."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"What *jogî* is this that saith such evil words?
Throw him quickly into a well and then shall I have peace!
Then shall I have peace! Kill this *jogî*!
Throw him into a well! Take not his name! Put a stone over it!

---

* The two greatest crimes an orthodox Hindû can commit: but see line 136.

Kankar, pathar, retâ, miṭṭî, lîd, bahot se ḍâro!
Yeh jogî kahîn jâne na pâve! Yeh man bîch bichâro!"

Gorakh jogî â gayâ, ang babhût ramâe.
Kânîpâ ke sâmhne ḍere dîe lagâe.
Gorakh kahe:

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Suno, ṛe chelâ, kand mol tum lâo.
Kânîpâ kî gaî manḍalî, unhîn ke saug jâo.
Bhâjî sâg banâke achhâ, khûb tarah se khâo.
Pahile karo âtmâ ṭhanḍî, pîchhe dhyân lagâo.
Yeh hai Kartâ kî mâyâ.
Bahot sukh men phal pâya.

Rocks and stones and sand and earth and filth heap over it!
Let not this *jogî* escape! Ponder this in thy mind!"*

(Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth) came with ashes rubbed on his body.
And took up his abode opposite Kânîpâ.†
Gorakh (Nâth) said:

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.‡

"Hear, my disciple, buy thou some herbs.
Kânîpâ's party hath gone (to cook), do thou join them.
Cook thy herbs well and eat thy fill.
First make thy mind (to be) at peace and then meditate.
This is the mystery of God.
I have enjoyed its fruit greatly.

---

* The story breaks off here and is taken up again at line 224. The intervening lines relate incidents to show how the saint's followers came to hear of his mishap, so as to get him out of his trouble.

† A follower of Jalandhar Nâth, and therefore an opponent of Gorakh Nâth.

‡ To his own follower

Is jangal ke bîch.
Âj jogî jan âyâ."

Chelâ.

"Yeh bhâjî sab ḍâl, Jogîjî, jitnî tumhare pâsâ.
Kutke mâre angint kare badan kâ nâsâ!
Yeh sansâ man uṭhî, Gurûjî; kahûṅ tumhare pâsâ.
Tum pûre sat gur ho, Swâmî, meṭ shakal man sâṅsâ."

Ân Gurû pe rowan lâge bahot machâyâ shor.

Chelâ.

"He, mere Gur Deo Niranjan, nâhaqq kînâ jor.
Ham sang kareṅ gharab kî bâtâṅ, bahot machâveṅ shor.
Yâ to us ko âp barjalo, nahîṅ, bane aur se aur."

Into this forest
Hath a *jogî* come to-day."

*Disciple.**

"Throw away all these herbs, Sir *Jogî*, all that thou hast.
Be thy body destroyed by countless blows!
A doubt hath arisen in my mind, Sir Gurû; I tell it thee.
If thou be a real and true teacher, my Lord, blot out all my doubt."

He came back to Gurû (Gorakh Nâth) raising a great cry.

Disciple.

"Ho, my Lord, my godlike† Gurû, they used force to me without reason.
They used harsh words to me and made a great noise.
Either do thou punish, or I will devise some other (punishment)."

---

* To Kânîpâ.

† The extravagance of the epithet *Niranjan*, a specific attribute of the deity, is noteworthy.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Jâo, re chelâ, is waqt meṅ lâgî surt hamârî.
Aise bachan kaho mukh setî phûṭe dibiyâ thârî.
Un ke phoṛ, chaṛhâo apnî, khûb karo tarkârî:
Wâ dekhenge, tum khâoge; rudan paṛegâ bhârî."

Chelâ.

"He Gurû, Deo bidyâ ke, apne chîṭak hî dikhlâî.
Ḍibiyâ chhîn lîe hai mhârî, tan men agan lagâî.
Us jogî pe, Gurû, hamâre kuchh nâ par basâî.
Aisâ kirpâ karo, Nâth, woh dete phireṅ dohâî."

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Mâno, chele, bachan hamârâ, nâ dil men ghabarâo.
Phûṭeṅ ḍibyâ sabhî unhoṅ kî aisâ sabd sunâo.
Un kî phoṛo, aur pare bîjâo, apne ân chaṛhâo."

Gorakh kahe:

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Go, my disciple, this is the time for my meditation.
Speak such words as these with thy lips and thy box* will break.
Break up their (cooking vessels), put thy own on (the fire) and cook well thy herbs:
They will understand (then) and do thou eat: and there will be much wailing."

Disciple.

"O Gurû, Lord of knowledge, he showed me his magic.
He snatched away my box and set fire to my body.
I have no power, Gurû, over this *jogî*.
Have mercy, my Lord, that he may cry 'mercy.'"

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"My disciple, hear my words and be not agitated.
Speak such (magic) words that all their boxes break.
Break their (vessels), blow them away and put on thy own."

Saith (Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth):

---

* Of sacred ointment: a dreadful misfortune to an ascetic.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

" Suno, re chelâ, tum man bharke khâo."

Hukm dîâ sabhî chelon ko Gorakh chîṭak dikhlâî.
Kânîpâ ke lashkar andar gahrî agan lagâî.
Lagî ânch, tan jalne lâge, dete phiren dohâî.
Hâhâ kâran karen mukh setî, tin pe parî tabâhî.

Kânîpâ.

"Sun, re Gorakh chîṭkî, tû hai nipaṭ nâdân.
Main khâtir tumharî nâ karûn: apnâ dharm pachhân.
Apnâ dharm pachhân, re Gorakh; kyûn chîṭak dikhlâve?
Gurû tumhârâ Sanglâ Dîp men baithâ râj kamâve.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Hear, my disciple, eat at thy ease."

Gorakh (Nâth) thus ordered all his disciples and showed a miracle.
Within the camp of Kânîpâ he lighted a huge fire.
The fire caught them, their bodies burned and they ran about (crying) "mercy."
They cried out with their mouths on whom the sore trouble came.

Kânîpâ.

"Hear, Gorakh (Nâth) thou magician, thou art altogether a fool!
I flatter thee not: know thy own faith.
Know thy own faith, O Gorakh (Nâth): why showest us magic?
Thy Gurû in Sanglâ Isle hath become a king.*

---

* *i.e.*, Machhandar Nâth in Ceylon is acting like a king, raising a family, attending dances, listening to secular music, and so on: a truly dreadful falling away from the path of devotion and virtue!

Tere hâth kâ jal nâ piûṅ: kaisâ sidh kahâve?
Hai, nirlâj, sharm nahîṅ tujh ko, duniyâ ko bharmâve."

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Jo tû jâne, 'jagat meṅ lîâ janam maîṅ jît,'
Gurû tumhârâ kûṅe meṅ gire bahot din gae bît!
Bahot din gae bît kûṅe meṅ paṛe, khabar nahîṅ pâî!
Gopî Chand Râjâ ne dârâ, ûpar silâ dalâî.
Maiṅ le âûṅ gur apne ko le us se kaṛhâe,
Nahîṅ, to kahegâ, 'Sidh Gurû ko denâ kûâṅ girâe!'"

"Sangal Dip suhâunâ kis bidh pahunchûṅ jâe?"

Nâth Machhandar Sidh ne chaukî die biṭhâî:

I will not drink water from thy hand:* how canst thou call thyself a saint?
Shameless, thou hast no shame and deceivest the world!"

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.†

"Though thou thinkest that thou hast conquered birth,‡
Thy Gurû§ hath been thrown into a well these many days!
Many days hath he passed in the well and thou knowest not!
Râjâ Gopî Chand threw him in and put a stone over it.
I should (if I were you) bring up my own Gurû (out of the well),
Lest (men) should say I had let my Saintly Gurû be thrown into a well!"

"How shall I get to the glorious Sanglâ Isle?"||

Machhandar Nâth, the Saint, had set guards:

---

* *i.e.*, I put thee out of caste, because of the wicked and unworthy doings of thy teacher Machhandar Nâth.
† This is his counterblast.
‡ *i.e.*, been so holy as to have escaped the transmigration of thy soul.
§ Jalandhar Nâth.
|| Change of scene: Gorakh Nâth now goes after Machhandar Nâth.

Chaukî dîe biṭhâî, Nâth panth gher lîâ sârâ.
Râsdhârî kî chalî mandalî un hî ke sang sidhârâ.
Hûâ nâch, jab tablâ bândhe, Gorakh Nâth pukârâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Jâg, Machhandar, Gorakh âe!"

Aisâ baehan uchârâ.

Âwâz sunî, ânkhâṅ khulî, man meṅ kîâ bichâr.

Machhandar Nâth.

"Gorakh âe nâch meṅ! Larzâ jîâ hamâr!
Larzâ jîâ hamâr! Re chelâ, praghaṭ kyûṅ nahîṅ âyâ?
He bachchâ Gorakh, nir-bânî kis ne tujhe sitâyâ?
Ai Gorakh, tain âke merâ râj takht chhuṛwâyâ!
Mukh se bachan sunâ de sâche; kis kâran taiṅ âyâ?"

Had set guards, and his own sect surrounded the Saint.
A company of dancers started and he went off with them.
The dance went on and when the drums were beating Gorakh Nâth called out.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Awake, Machhandar (Nâth), Gorakh (Nâth) hath come!"

This is what he said.

(Machhandar Nâth) heard the voice, opened his eyes and was agitated.

Machhandar Nâth.

"Gorakh (Nâth) come to a dance! My heart trembles!
My heart trembles! O my disciple, why didst thou not come publicly?
O my son Gorakh (Nâth), who hath spoken thee evil?
O Gorakh (Nâth), thy coming hath destroyed my kingdom!
Tell me the truth with thy lips; why hast thou come?"

Bachan jab gur apne ke kîâ praghaṭ rûp dikhâyâ.
Tîn âdes pîrthan hî kînî, charnoṅ sis niwâyâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Sabhî bhekh hûâ wahâṅ ikaṭṭhâ, tum ko wahâṅ bulâyâ.
He Gur Deo, karo kirpâ, maiṅ saran tumhâre âyâ."

Machhandar Nâth.

"Gorakh bachchâ, bât hamârî suniye man chit lâî.
Ab ham se jâyâ nahîṅ jâtâ, sardî kî rut âî.
Sang hamâre laṛke haiṅge, in meṅ prît lagâî:
Hem Nâth aur Khem Nâth, haiṅ yeh tere gur bhâî."

Gorakh jogî sidh ne dhârâ Gurû kâ dhyân.

Gopî Chand kî mâṅ ko beg bulâ de ân:

When he heard the words of his Gurû he showed himself publicly.
First he made three salutations and bowed his head at his feet.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"All the mendicants are collected there* together and call for thee.
O my Lord Gurû, have mercy, I am come to serve thee."†

Machhandar Nâth.

"My son Gorakh (Nâth), hear my words with heart and soul.
Now I cannot go: it is the cold season.
I have sons with me that I love:
Hem Nâth and Khem Nâth, these are thy saintly brethren."

Gorakh (Nâth) the holy saint worshipped his Gurû.

He called the mother of Gopî Chand quickly,

---

* At Ujjayinî.
† Observe the truly oriental delicacy of this reproof.

Beg bulâ de ân.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Rî mâtâ, sunîye bachan hamâre.
Zulm kîâ bete tere ne, Nâth kûṅ meṅ ḍâre.
Putr tere kâ jînâ nâhîṅ, sir par kâl pukâre.
Nikasat sâr bhasham kar degâ."

Aisâ bachan uchâre.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Ai mere Gur Deojî; sunîye, Gorakh Nâth;
Mere putr kâ jîwanâ haigâ tumhare hâth.
Haigâ tumhare hâth, Nâth; maiṅ dukh bhar-bharko pâlâ.
Tum bin âj jagat ke andar nâ koî thâmanwâlâ.
Iklotî kâ hai ik putr, karo is kî prît pâlâ."

Called her quickly.*

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.†

"O mother, hear my words.
Thy son hath been a tyrant and thrown the *jogî* into a well.
Thy son will not live, for he calls death on his head.
As soon as he gets out, he will turn him into ashes."

This is what he said.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"O my Lord Gurû; hear me, Gorakh Nâth,
My son's life is in thy hands.
Is in thy hands, my Lord: with many a trouble I brought him up.
Except thee to-day there is no protector in the world.
To her of one son there is but an only son, so do thou lovingly protect him."

---

* Scene changes completely, and the thread of the story is taken up from line 156.

† His coming to the help of his opponent is curious an probably an error. Kânîpâ would be the natural actor here.

Gopî Chand bulâe jalḍ se jabhî charan meṅ ḍâlâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Jâ, re bachchâ, amar ho; merâ yehî updes.
Chale Dhartarî Akâs sab, tûṅ nahîṅ chale, Nares.
Tûṅ nahîṅ chale, Nares: bachan tum ko samjhâyâ.
Amar nâm ab hûâ jagat meṅ, taiṅ jas pâyâ."

Akâs bâṇî.

Ho rahî jai-jai-kâr kûṅeṅ se bîch nikâlâ.
Jo kuchh likhâ kalâm nahîṅ koî meṭanhârâ!
Kard nikâlî Nâth ne chîran lâge kân.
Dhartî larzî pâs kî aur larzâ Âsmân.
Larzâ Âsmân, Nâth ne jab jân kard bagâî.
Hasthî aur turang, brichh, sab roeṅ, roeṅ log lugâî.

She called Gopî Chand at once and placed him at the (Gurû's) feet.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Go, my son, live for ever: this is my blessing.
The Earth and the Heaven will go, but thou wilt not go, thou Lord of men.
Thou wilt not go, thou Lord of men: understand my words.
Now is thy name immortal in the world and thou hast won glory."

A voice from Heaven.

There were rejoicings when (the Saint) was taken out of the well.
The words written (by Fate) none can blot out!
The Saint took a knife and bored (Gopî Chand's) ears.
The Earth and the Heavens trembled.
The Heavens trembled when the Saint plied the knife.
The elephants and the horses and the (very) trees all wept, and wept men and women.

Sab ranwâs ron lâgâ hai, ik na Mainâwantî mâî.
Kâu chîrke mundrâ geri, selî gal men pâî.
Ang bhasham, selî gale, dî Jalandhar Nâth.
Kânon mundrâ ânke, jholî khappar hâth;
Jholî khappar hath un ke mahilon 'alakh' jagâyâ.
Bhichhâ bhejo, rang mahilon se gur kâ sabd sunâyâ.
Motîn bhîkh mile mahilon se leke gur pe âyâ:
Hâth jorke kharâ âgâri charnon sîs niwâyâ.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"He Gopî Chand bâware, kyûn kartâ bad nâm?
Ab tak lobh nâ tain tajâ! Jog lîâ kis kâm?
Jog lîâ kis kâm? Re bachchâ, mâyâ men bharmâyâ.

All the palace began weeping, except mother Mainâwantî.
He bored his ears, he put in the rings and threw the necklace round his neck.
Ashes to his body and necklace to his neck gave Jalandhar Nâth.
With the rings in his ears, wallet and bowl in his hands.
Wallet and bowl in his hands he went into (his own) palace, and cried '*âlakh*.'*
'Give me alms' (said he) in the palace, obeying his Gurû's orders.
He received pearls as alms from the palace and took them to his Gurû:
Standing with joined hands before him he bowed his head at his feet.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Ho, Gopî Chand, thou fool, why givest us a bad name?
Even now thou hast not put away thy avarice! Why didst thou take the saintship?
Why didst thou take the saintship? O my son, thou art deceived by an illusion.

---

* The mendicant's cry when begging..

Kankar pathar sab tyâgî the, ab leke kyûn âyâ?
Hatke phir mahilon men jâo: bhojan kyûn nahîn lâyâ?
'Mâî' kahke bhichhâ lâo; gurû ne gyân batâyâ!"

'Alakh' jagâe mahil men phirke dûjî bâr.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

260 "Mâî, bhichhâ dîjîye, Nâth khaṛe darbâr:
Nâth khaṛe darbâr, ân ḍeoḍhî pe 'âlakh' jagâyâ.
'Bhîk bhîk' main khaṛâ pukârûn; den koî nahîn âyâ!
Ab to âsan lagâ hamârâ: Adh Purush kî mâyâ.
Binâ lene ṭalne kâ nâhîn, Gur kâ dhyân lagâyâ."

Thou didst foreswear rocks and stones, why bring them now?
Go back to the palace: why didst thou not bring food?
Call (thy wife) 'mother'* and bring alms: this thy Gurû teacheth!"

He called '*âlakh*' a second time in the palace.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

260 "Mother, give me alms, the Saint standeth at the door:
The Saint standeth at the door, calling '*âlakh*' at the gate.
'Alms, alms' do I stand and cry, and none cometh to give.
Now have I taken up my seat here (to meditate) on the mystery of the Primeval Being.
Without taking alms I move not, but will meditate on my Gurû."

---

* By calling her mother she could not longer be his wife: the meaning is 'separate from thy wife.' The expression runs through many verses.

Itnî Pâtam Daî sunî 'âlakh, âlâkh' bhankâr.
Bândî beg bulâeke, tan bahot baḍâ hankâr.
Tan bahot baḍâ hankâr.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Rî bandî, thamtâ nahîṅ thamâyâ.
Is jogî ne râj bigâṛâ bhîk mângne âyâ.
Dar par bâhir khaṛâ ḍeoḍhî ke; zarâ khauf nahîṅ khâyâ.
Bâṅsoṅ mâro, bâhir nikâlo; tum ko yeh farmâyâ."

Sunat sâr bâṅdî uṭhî, tan meṅ ghussâ khâe.
Mâran chalî faqîr ko, lînâ bâṅs uṭhâe.
Lînâ bâṅs uṭhâe bândi chal ḍeoḍhî pe âyâ.

Bândî.

"Are phakanḍî, jâ mahiloṅ se, kyûṅ martâ bin âo?
Mârûṅ bâṅs, girâ dûṅ mundrâ: kyâ bijyâ taiṅ khâî?
Pâṭam Daî kâ ḥukm, jogî; maiṅ mâran ko âî."

Meanwhile Pâṭam Daî* heard the cry of '*âlakh, âlakh.*'
She called her maid quickly in great wrath.
Great was her wrath.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"My maid, I cannot keep down my wrath.
This *jogî* will ruin my kingdom with his begging.
He stands outside the door at the gate and has no fear.
Strike him with a cane, turn him out; this I tell thee."

As soon as she heard this the maid was up in anger.
She went out to beat the beggar, taking up a long cane.
Taking up a long cane the maid went to the gate.

Maid.

"Thou cheat, leave the palace, why court thy death?
I will beat thee with a cane, I will throw down thy (mendicant's) earrings: what drug hast thou taken?
By (Rânî) Pâṭam Daî's order, *jogî*, am I come to beat thee."

---

* Râjâ Gopî Chand's wife.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Kyûṅ, Bândî, dhamkâutî? kyûṅ kartî yeh shor?
Karam hamâre kâ likhâ; terâ nahîṅ kuchh zor.
Terâ nahîṅ kuchh zor; rî bândî, dhan dhan yeh amar âî!
Ik din bândî ṭahil karî thir palangoṅ sej bichhâî.
Khaṛî âgâṛî pawan karî thî: kis ne tujhe bharmâî?
Woh din, Bândî, bhûl gae, yeh bâṅs marne aî?"

Bândî.

"Are jogî, sun joganâ, maiṅ pûchhûṅ hûṅ toe.
Kis din terâ râj thâ? sach batâ de moe.
Sach batâ de moe; are jogî, kyûṅ tû hûâ saudâî?
Kis din terî ṭahil karî thî? kis din sej bichhâî?
Are phakaṇḍî, phire ḍoltâ chhalke duniyâ khâî!
Pâṭam Daî kâ hukm, joganâ, maiṅ mâran ko âî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Why threaten me, my maid? why make this noise?
It is written in my fate: thou can'st do nothing!
Thou can'st do nothing: my maid, immortal is my fate!
There was a day when a maid served me and made my bed:
Stood before me and fanned me: who hath deceived thee?
Hast forgotten that day, my maid, that thou hast come to beat me with a cane?"

Maid.

"Ah, *jogî*, hear, my would-be *jogî*, I ask thee.
When didst thou rule? tell me truly.
Tell me truly: *jogî*, where are thy senses?
When did I serve thee? when did I make thy bed?
Thou cheat, thou dost wander about deceiving the world with thy tricks!
It is (Rânî) Pâtam Daî's order, my would-be *jogî*, that I beat thee?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Jis din râj kamâveṅ the ḥukm hazâroṅ kos;
Us din ṭahil karî thî; sun, Bândî behosh!
Sun, Bândî behosh, tû karî bhalâ hamârâ âsâ:
Rahne kâ tujhe ḥukm dîâ thâ Pâṭam Daî ke pâsâ.
Jog lîâ, tan bhasham ramâî, sabhî tajâ ranwâsâ.
Woh Gopî Chand Râo kahâwan, kîâ khâk meṅ bâsâ."

Dâran dukh ab jân hûâ: lînâ rûp pahchân.
Girî dharan bhû meṅ, paṛî marî dehî kî mân.
Marî dehî kî mân; bândî jhapaṭ chalî dharûlâ,
Sir kî keshâ phâṛ bagâî, lagâ jigar meṅ bhâlâ.
Rudan kare tan khâk ramâî, chit hûâ beḥâlâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" When I was the ruler over thousands of miles:
Then wast thou my servant: listen, thou senseless maid.
Listen, thou senseless maid, that raisest my hopes now;
It was I that sent thee to (Rânî) Pâṭam Daî.
I took on the saintship, rubbed on the ashes and gave up my household.
He is called Gopî Chand the King, that dwelleth now in the dust!"

Great was her sorrow now, for she recognized him.
She fell to the earth, fell like a lifeless body:
Like a lifeless body; quickly was the maid bewildered.
She tore off her locks, the lance (of grief) pierced her heart.
Weeping she rubbed ashes on her body, and her hear was very grieved.

Pâṭam Daî ke pâs jâeko bâṅs hâth se ḍâlâ.

Muktâl.

Bândî.

"Maiṅ bândî sarkârî.
Ḥukm mujh ko hai bhârî!
Woh Gopî Chand Râo.
Khaṛâ deoṛhî par mahârî!"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Ai bândî, kyûṅ rotî? kyûṅ ho rahî behâl?
kyûṅ taṇ khâk ramâutî? kyûṅ phâṛe sir bâl?
Kyûṅ phâṛe sir bâl, rî bândî, dil meṅ ghabarâe?
Mâran gaî koṭal jogî ko rudan kartî âî!
Kyâ jogî ne apne mukh se khoṭî bât sunâî?
Kâran kaun batâ de, bândî,? 'aqal kahâṅ bharmâî?"

She went to Rânî Pâṭam Daî and threw down the cane from her hand.

Refrain.

Maid.

"I am the Queen's maid,
Terrible was the order given me!
It is Gopî Chand the King
That stands at our door!"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Why weepest, my maid? why art distressed?
Why hast dust upon thee? why art tearing thy hair?
Why art tearing thy hair, my maid, in such misery of heart?
Thou wentest to beat that evil *jogî* and thou hast come back weeping!
Hath the *jogî* said any evil words to thee?
What is the reason (of all this), my maid? where are thy senses?"

Bândî.

" Ai Rânî, sun lîjîye, ham se kahâ na jâe !
Jâ dekhâ Mahârâj ko chit gayâ kamlâê !
Chit gayâ kamlâe, arî, maiṅ phêṛ bagâî keshâ.
Kis ko mârûṅ ? kis se nikâlûṅ ? karan lagî lauleshâ.
Kânoṅ mundrâ, gall bich selî, kar jogî kâ bhesâ,
Dar par thâre bhîk mâṅgte Gopî Chand Naresâ !"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

" Ai Bândî, bâtâṅ terî gaî hâḍ tan chîr.
Jâ dekhûṅ Mahârâj ko, kis bidh hûe faqîr.
Kis bidh hûe faqîr ? Abhî maiṅ darshan karne jâtî.
Hîre, motî, la'l, jawâhir, swarran thâl sajâtî.
Brahrûp tan upjâ merâ."

Maid.

" O Queen, hearken, I can hardly say it !
I went and saw the saint and my heart is grieved !
My heart is grieved and I tear my hair.
Whom was I to strike ? whom was I to turn out ? Great is my fear !
Rings in his ears, necklace round his neck, in the clothing of a *jogî*,
At thy door begging alms, is Gopî Chand, the Lord of men !"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

" O my maid, thy words pierce my flesh and bones.
I will go and see the saint, (to see) how he became a mendicant.
How became he a mendicant ? I will go and see him at once.
Bring diamonds, pearls, rubies and jewels (for me) on a golden platter:
My heart yearns on account of separation from him."

Chal ḍeoṛhî pe âtî.
Sab ranwâs jharoke lâgâ pardâ chhuṭî banâtî.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Maiṅ Pâṭam Daî nârî:
Rûp mujh ko hai bhârî.
Bhichhâ lo, Mahârâj;
Nâth, maiṅ khaṛî âgârî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Garj nahîṅ is bhîk ke, râj hameṅ taj dîn.
Yeh pathar ham kyâ kareṅ? Sun, Rânî parbîn.
Sun Rânî parbîn, hamâre kisî kâm nahîṅ âveṅ.
Bhojan hai to hâzir de do. Kyâ is meṅ se khâveṅ?
Aise bhîk nahîṅ lene kâ: sat ke bachan sunâveṅ.
Bâr bâr samjhâ chukâ hûṅ, bhîk de, ham jâveṅ."

She went to the gate,
And all the palace (ladies) parting the screens peeped out from the windows.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"I am Rânî Pâṭam Daî:
Great is my beauty.
Take the alms, Mahârâjâ;*
My Lord I stand before thee."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I want not such alms; I have given up my kingdom.
What should I do with these stones? Hear, my wise Queen.
Hear, my wise Queen; they would be of no use to me.
If any food be ready give it me. What could I eat among these?
I cannot take such alms: it is truth that I tell thee.
Again and again have I said, give me alms (of food) and I go."

---

* The form of address usual towards *faqîrs*.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Kyûṅ, Râjâ, bharmâ gae? Ham ko karat birân?
Kaun bât mukh se kaho? kyûṅ ho gae nipaṭ nâdân?
Ho gae nipaṭ nâdân, Râojî? kaisî bât sunâî?
Pân khâeke sej ram lî, ab kahte mukh se 'Mâî'!
Khâe kaṭârî jauhar karûngî, ho jâ jagat hansâî.
Solâh sau Pâṭam Daî Rânî kâheko parnâî?
Ham solâh sau Rânî.
Tajenge ab zindagânî!
Ham ko karat birân,
Kahî mâtâ kî mânî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Rânî, tum se kahûṅ; sunîyo man chit lâe.
Jog lîâ; jab garhist, kyâ lenâ jog kamâe?

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"O Râjâ, why hast been deceived? Why ruin us?
What is this thou sayest with thy lips? Why has become altogether foolish?
Become altogether foolish, Sir King? What is it that thou sayest?
Eating *pân*,* thou didst enjoy my bed, and now thou art saying 'Mother!'
I will stab myself with a dagger and become a sacrifice, for the whole world will jeer.
Why then didst thou marry the sixteen hundred (Queens) and Rânî Pâtam Daî?
We sixteen hundred Rânîs
Will now give up our lives!
He hath ruined us,
Obeying his mother's words!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Rânî, I tell thee: hearken with heart and soul.
I have taken the saintship: if I remain married how can my saintship prosper?

---

* Figurative expression meaning the same as what follows.

Lenâ jog kamâe? Apnî mâtâ kî kahî mânî.
Gadî baiṭhe râj kareṅ theṅ jab thî apnî Rânî.
Jog lîâ mukh setî bolûṅ 'âlakh, âlakh' kî bânî.
Ab tû mâtâ lagî dharm kî! Gyân dîâ Gur gyânî!"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Ai piyâ, ham marenge, tan bich khâe kaṭâr.
'Putr' mukh se nâ kahî; larzâ jîâ hamâr.
Larzâ jîâ hamâr, Râojî: kaisî bât sunâî?
Hamre sang kînâ thâ bhogâ, ab kyûṅ mât ṭhairâî?
Baṛe pâp bhogo, Mahârâjâ; jog panth nahîṅ pâî!
Yeh prâchhat sir se nahîṅ utare, Nark kuṇḍ ko jâe!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Rânî, tû anant gunî; kyûṅ kartî hankâr?
Karam rekh ṭalte nahîṅ; kyûṅ tan khâe kaṭâr?

How can my saintship prosper? I obeyed my mother's words.
When I sat on my throne and was a king, then wast thou my Queen.
(Now) having taken the saintship I call *'âlakh, âlakh'* with my lips.
Now thou art my sworn mother! The wise Gurû hath given me knowledge!"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"O my beloved, I die, stabbing myself with a dagger.
I will not call thee 'son': my heart trembles.
My heart trembles, Sir King: what hast thou said?
Thou wast happy with me, why hold me mother now?
This great sin shall hold thee, Mahârâjâ: thou shalt not win (the reward of) the saintship!
This sin shall ever be upon thy head, and thou wilt go down into Hell!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Rânî of boundless excellence, why art vexed?
The lines of fate are not (to be) blotted out: why stab thyself with a dagger?

Kyûn tan khâe kaṭâr, Rânîjî? Kyûn man rudan lagâi?
Jo mar jâegî prân ghâtkar, degâ jagat burâî.
Ab mahilon men yeh solâh sau lagen dharm kî mâî!
'Putr' kahke bhichhâ lâ do, âsan ko phir jâen."

Rânî Pûṭam Daî.

"Ai Râjâ, tum dekhîyo, idhar karo tum dhyân.
Tum to jogî ho gayâ, ham ko karat birân.
Ham ko karat biran, Râojî; tum ne kyâ farmâe?
Sab ranwâs jharoke lâgâ kunjân sî kurlâe!
Jo tum ko jogî honâ thâ, kyûn sir mor bandhâî?
Solah sau sabar paṛegâ hamrâ jî tarsâî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Rânî, tu sochtî: kyûn hotî dilgîr?
Mohan sejon soe the, ab hoe dâran pîṛ.

Why stab thyself with a dagger, my Lady Queen? Why grieve in thy heart?
If thou die destroying thy own life, the world will blame thee.
Now are all the sixteen hundred queens of the palace my sworn mothers.
Call me 'son,' and give me the alms, and I will go back to my seat."

Rânî Pûṭam Daî.

"O Râjâ, see: pay attention to me.
Thou hast become a *jogî*, ruining us.
Ruining us, Sir King: what hast thou said?
(Look) all the palace (women) at the windows are wailing like wild geese!
If (thy intention) was to become a *jogî*, why didst thou (ever) bind thy crest upon thy head (as a king)?
The curse of the sixteen hundred be upon thee that hast wounded their hearts."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Queen, thou dost brood: why art sad at heart?
I (once) slept on pleasant beds, now am I in great trouble.

Jab se dâran pîṛ, Rânîjî, kyûṅ dil men ghabarâî?
Likhâ karm kâ nahîṅ miṭṭâ haî: samâjh soch man mâhîṅ.
Jab ham râj kareṅ the yehâṅ se, jab tum ko parnâî.
Ab to chhoṛ dîâ sab dhandâ tan meṅ bhasham ramâe.
Alakh Purakh kî yeh mâyâ, na kinî jag men pâî.
Ituâ hî 'sanjog likhâ thâ; Bidhnâ bât banâî."

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Maiṅ Râjâ bintî karûṅ gall bich pallû ḍâr.
Honhâr so ho chukî, ab man karo bichâr.
Ab man karo bichâr, Râojî, râj pâṭ sab tyâgî.
Solâh sau bilagtî chhoṛî, kis bidh hûe birâgî?

Since I am in great trouble, my Lady Queen, why art distracted in thy heart?
The lines of fate are not to be blotted out: ponder it in thy heart.
When I was a King here, then I married thee.
Now have I given up all (wordly) affairs and rubbed ashes on my body.
This is the mystery of the Immortal Being; no one in the world hath fathomed it.
So much companionship was written (in our fate); Fate hath done this."

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"I beseech thee, Râjâ, with my kerchief round my neck.*
What was to be has been, but bethink thee now.
Bethink thee now, Sir King, giving up (thus) thy kingdom and thy power.
How canst thou be a mendicant and leave thy sixteen hundred queens?

---

* In great humility.

Jâ din dekhûṅ rûp tumhârâ prem rûp meṅ pâgî.
Ab chhorûṅ kit jâṅ, Mahârâjâ? terî hî sang lâgî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Rânî, kyûṅ sochtî? kyûṅ hotî behâl?
Râj karo, khushîâṅ karo, sab kuchh chhoṛâ mâl.
Sab kuchh chhoṛâ mâl, mulk meṅ râj karo sab nârî.
Ai Pâṭam Daî, ham nirbhâgî, mat kar hâṅs hamârî.
Jis din mahârâ janam hûâ thâ un meṅ kyûṅ nahîṅ bichârî?
Tum kâheko man apne ko rudan karâutî, piyârî?"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Ai Râjâ, hamrî biṭhâ sunîyo man chit lâe.

From the day that I saw thy beauty I have been entranced with the love of it.
How can I go and leave thee now, Mahârâjâ? I go with thee!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Rânî, why art sad? Why art miserable?
Rule and rejoice, for I have left thee all things.
I have left thee all things; let all the women* rule the country.
O Pâṭam Daî, I am unfortunate; make me not a laughing stock.
Why did they not ponder over this on the day I was born?†
Why art thou then grieving thus in thy heart, my beloved?"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"O Râjâ, hearken to my wailing with heart and soul.

---

* *i.e.*, his 1,600 Queens. † And destroy me and so prevent it.

Âg lagûṅ is râj ko, marûṅ zahar bis khâe.
Marûṅ zahar bis khâe, Râojî : kâl hamarâ âyâ.
Mainâwantî apne kâran tum ko jog diwâyâ.
Âp baiṭhke râj karegî apnâ matâ upâyâ.
Solah sau kâ sabar paṛegâ : hamrâ jî tarsâyâ."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Mâtâ ne ham ko dîâ jog singâsan gyân.
Jo us ko maiṅ tyâg dûṅ, hot dharm kî hân.
Hot dharm kî hân, hamârâ jîwan kaise hoî ?
Ai Pâṭam Daî, prem 'iṣhq meṅ surt dî maiṅ ne ḍaboî.
Mohe rûp kâ bâgh ujâṛâ prem bel ab boî.
Phal aur phûl rahâ Qismat kâ ; Râm kare so hoî."

I will set this kingdom ablaze ;* I will take poison and die.
I will take poison and die, Sir King : (the time of) my death hath come.
Mainâwantî hath made thee a *jogî* to gain her own ends.
She hath made a design to rule (the kingdom) herself.
The curse of (us) sixteen hundred queens will fall upon her : she hath wounded our hearts."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"My mother hath given me the highest knowledge (that comes) of devotion.
If I foreswear that, my virtue will be ruined.
My virtue will be ruined, and how shall I live (in the next world) ?
O Pâṭan Daî, I am given up to the contemplation of the love (of God).
I have uprooted the garden of lust and pleasure and have planted the (creeping) plant of the love (of God).
The blossom and the fruit rest with Fate : it will be as God wills."

---

* *i.e.*, destroy it.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Tum to jâno ho, piyâ, jog panth kâ gyân.
Hamrâ madh kyûṅ toṛiâ? Is kâ karo bikhân.
Is kâ karo bikhân, Râojî; ham kaisî kar jîveṅ?
Jogan banke sang chaleṅge, zahar piyâlâ pîveṅ!
Hâî karat hirdâ pâṭî hai; ab kaisî kar seveṅ?
Hâth bândhke khaṛî âgâṛî; charan tumhâre neveṅ."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Pâṭam Daî, sun lîjò; hamrâ yehî updes.
Jo tum ko sang le chalûṅ, kar jogan kâ bhes:
Kar jogan kâ bhes, piyârî, tum ko sang le jâûṅ,
Tab tû hai Pâṭam Daî nârî, jog panth nahîṅ pâûṅ.

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

"If thou know, my love, the knowledge of the way of devotion,
Why hast thou torn away the bloom of my (youth)? Explain this.
Explain this, Sir King: how am I to live?
I go with thee as a *jogan*,* (or) I drink a cup of poison!
My heart breaks with my wailing: how shall I serve thee now?
With joined hands I stand before thee, bowing to thy feet."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Pâṭam Daî, hear me; this is my admonition.
If I take thee with me, turning thee into a *jogan*:
Turning thee into a *jogan*, my beloved, if I take thee with me,
Then wouldst thou be Pâṭam Daî my wife, and my saintship would not profit me.†

---

* Female devotee.
† It being necessary that he should be celibate.

Nindiyâ kare jagat hî sârâ, jîtâ hî mar jâûṅ.
Karke sabr baiṭh mahilon men: bâr bâr samjhâûn."

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

"Sabr kyâ man apne? Suno, Râo Mahârâj.
Ham ko chhoṛ nirâs, jâ, nâ sidh rahe kuchh kâj.
Ai Râjâ, jabhî nâ sidh rahe kuchh kâj; jânam bithâ kyûṅ khoyâ?
Ham ko karat bilâp, chain se kaise soyâ?
Jauhar karenge mahil sarb solah sau Rânî,
Jaise tarphe mîn paṛe jal bin pânî.
Hirdâ kyâ kaṭhor? nahîṅ pichhlâ neh jânâ!
Ham ko kar barbâd, kahâ mâtâ kâ mânâ!
Tum to ho gae âj shakal bhûpan meṅ bhârî!
Kyûṅ hûe nâdân? mân lo sîkh hamârî!"

The whole world would blame me and I should live a living death.
Be patient and dwell in this palace: over and over again do I exhort thee."

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

"What patience is there in my heart? Hear, my Lord Mahârâjâ.
Leave me without hope, go and prosper in nothing.
O Râjâ, let nothing then prosper (with thee): why lose a life uselessly?
Making me miserable, how shalt thou sleep at thy ease?
All the sixteen hundred queens of the palace will sacrifice themselves,
As fish are restless out of the water.
How hard is thy heart, that hast forgotten thy old love!
Ruining me to obey the mother's whims!
(Even) to-day is thy mien mighty and majestic!
Why be (so) foolish? Hearken to my admonition!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Rânî, ânant gunî, bolo imrat bain.
Jagat bîch, sun lîjo, supnâ hai din rain.
Ho Rânîjî, supnâ hai din rain; nahîn rahtî thir kâyâ.
Chhin meṅ hî uṛ jâe, jaisî brichh kî chhâyâ.
Ho Rânîjî, râj, pâṭ, dhan, mâl gae sab râje tyâgî.
Brahmâ se chal base gae sanyâsî birâgî.
Ho Rânîjî, Dasrath se chal base, putr jin ke Bhagwânâ.
Kitnî dhartî gaî? Gae kitne asmân jahânâ?
Ho Rânîji, gae bahot se sidh! gae asmân ghanere!
Itne târe gae? gae sassî bhân bahotere!
Ho Ranîjî, tû birhe meṅ parî, dûr kîje chitrâî.
Maiṅ kahtâ samjhâe, suno tû man chit lâe."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Rânî, of infinite excellence, thou sayest sweet words.
Hear me: day and night is this world a dream.
O my Lady Rânî, it is a dream day and night; nor does thy body remain here.
In a moment it flies away as the shadow of a tree.
O my Lady Rânî, rule and power and wealth and goods have all kings resigned.
Mendicants and devotees have resigned Brahmâ.*
O my Lady Rânî, Dasrath hath gone, whose son was God.†
How many earths have gone? How many heavens and worlds?
O my Lady Rânî, many saints have gone and many a heaven!
Many a star, and many a sun and moon!
O my Lady Rânî, a separation hath come to thee; put away thy sorrow
I exhort thee, hear thou with heart and soul."

---

* *i.e.*, worldly pleasures.

† Dasaratha, usually now-a-days Jasrath, was the father of Râmâ Chandra or Râm, now-a-days God.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Hameñ bilaktî chhoṛke tan mârî birhe kâ tîr.
Nâ jog suphal ho, Râojî, jo tum hûe faqîr.
He Râjâjî, jo tum hûe faqîr, chhoṛ dînî umrâî.
Durlab hai râj, nahîñ phir miltâ yehâñ hîñ.
Durlab hai sansâr, baṛî durlab hai Rânî.
Durlab hai yeh sej; tumheñ man meñ kyâ jânî?
He Râjâjî, durlab hai sab jagat, aur sab durlab bhogâ.
Tum to jogî hûe, mere ko lagâ birogâ!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He Rânî, is jagat meñ, jhûṭhî jagat prît.
Jhûṭhî haiñ chhiplâîâñ, jhûṭhî prem prît.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Leaving me wailing thou hast pierced my heart with the arrow (of separation).
May thy saintship not profit thee, Sir King, that hast become a devotee.
That hast become a devotee, O my Lord Râjâ, giving up thy nobility.
A precious thing is monarchy, you will not obtain it again here.
(The possession of) the world is precious, and a very precious thing is a Queen.
A precious thing is the (royal) bed: what art thinking in thy mind.
O my Lord Râjâ, the whole world is a precious thing and a precious thing is happiness.
Thou hast become a *jogî* and separation hath come upon me!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Rânî, false is earthly love in this world.
False the flatteries, false the love and affection.

He Rânîjî, jhûṭhî prem prît, jaisî tarwar kî chhâyâ.
Jhûṭhî mumtâ mohe; jagat supnâ kî mâyâ.
He Rânîjî, kâmrûp bhamang chhûwat hî bikh chaṛh jâe:
Main jogî, abdhûp jâe sau kos parâe.
He Rânîjî, man châhe bairâg, bhog kaise kar lîjo?
Deh mûe mar jâe. Kaho, ab kaisî kîje?"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"He Râjâ, bintî karûn, charan tumhâre lâg.
Jab lag jîûngî, piyâ, nahîn miṭegâ dâg.
He Râjâjî, nahîn miṭegâ dâg, lagâ hirde ke mâhîn!
Kis par karûn pukâr? Bith suntâ koî nâhîn.
Kalpenge din rain rudan apne kar mâhîn.
Ger chale andher, piyâ, ang bhasham ramâe.

O my Lady Rânî, false the love and affection as the shadow of a tree.
False the desire and the lust: the world is the illusion of a dream.
O my Lady Rânî, the poison of lust works by contamination:
I am a *jogî*, I must go from it a hundred miles away.
O my Lady Rânî, I am bent on mendicancy, how can I partake of pleasures?
My body is dead (to them). Say, how could I do it?"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"O Râjâ, I beseech thee, falling at thy feet.
As long as I live, my beloved, the stain of this will not be blotted out.
O my Lord Râjâ, the stain will not be blotted out, it is deep down in my heart!
On whom shall I call? None heareth my wailing.
I shall pass the days and nights in weeping.
Thou hast thrown a darkness round me, my beloved, in rubbing (these) ashes on thy body.

Ho Râjâjî, nâ âge koî putr, sabr man kaise kîje ?
Yeh dukh sahâ na jâe, kâṭhan jî hamrâ lîje !"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Ho Rânî, tû dekh le, kar hirde meṅ gyân.
Ab tum ko to paṛ gae Râm bhajan kî bân :
Ho Rânîjî, Râm bhajan kî bân ; aur kâraj nahîṅ koî.
Kabhî na tyâgûṅ jog ; param dukh ham ko hûe.
He Rânîjî, Gangâ Jamnâ do ulaṭ parbat jâveṅ ;
Chând, sûrij rath phire ulaṭ Pachham ko jâve ;
He Rânîjî, ulṭî pirthî hove, tale ho jâ asmânâ :
Sîlwant sat chhâṛ kare piyâ kâ bânâ ;

O my Lord Râjâ, I have no son, how then can I have patience in my heart ?
This pain is not bearable, bitterness is in my heart !"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Look you, O Rânî, take knowledge into thy heart.
Now on thee is fallen (the duty of) singing the praises of God :
O my Lady Rânî, of singing the praises of God : there is no other duty.
I will never give up the saintship ; great troubles have I suffered.
O my Lady Rânî, Gangâ and Jamnâ may both flow back to the hills ;
The chariot of the sun and moon may travel crookedly to the West ;
O my Lady Rânî, the earth may turn over and the heavens fall ;
A woman that hath given up modesty and virtue may wear the garb of a beloved (wife) ;*

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* Bear herself as a true wife.

Ai Rânîjî, itnî kâraj hove; jog main kabhî na tyâgûṅ!
Dhyân dharûṅ; Gur Deo paṛûṅ charnoṅ: chit lâgûṅ."

An pitâ ke god meṅ baiṭh gaî dur ḥâl;
Rove putrî boltî karke hâl behâl.

Râj Kaṅwârî.

"He Bâbaljî, karke ḥâl beḥal hameṅ kit chhoṛûṅ jâe?
Kaun kare mahârâ piyâr? Nahîṅ koî sang kâ bhâî!
He Bâbaljî, kaun kare mahârâ biyâh? Kaun karegâ mahârî sagâî?
Kaun hamen de bhej? Kaun phire legâ mangâî?
Khâe kaṭârâ marûṅ; anant tumhare gall ḍâlûṅ!
Kabhî nâ deûngî jân, bhekh jogî kâ târûṅ.*

O my Lady Rânî, all these may be; but I never give up the saintship!
I meditate: I fall at the feet of the holy Gurû: I incline my heart (to him)."

Coming into her father's lap and sitting down in wretched plight,
His weeping daughter spake (to him) wailing.

The Princess.

"O father, why leavest thou me, making me wretched?
Who will love me now? I have no brother with me!
O father, who will arrange my marriage?† Also my betrothal?
Who will send me (to the bridegroom's house)? Who will call me (home) again?‡
I will stab myself and die; I will ever keep (my arms round) thy neck!
I will never let thee go, I will take off thy *jogî's* garb

---

* For *utârûṅ*. † An absolute necessity to a Hindu girl.
‡ Ceremonies connected with marriages.

Yeh solah sau nâr umang joban ras bhînî,
Un se chhoṛ prît, jog chint âman lînî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ham, beṭî, jogî hûe, ang babhût ramâe.
Ab tumharî mumtâ nahîn: kin dînî bharmâî?
Kyûn dînî bharmâî? Panth hamrâ kyûn gherâ?
Nahîn mujh ko pahchân, nâm nahîn jânûn terâ.
Ho beṭî rî, kyûn roe? Kyûn jhuro samajh apne man mâhîn?
Yeh Gopî Chand Râo âj tera bâbal nâhîn!
He beṭî rî, *tum* jâno, 'mahârâ pitâ lîâ bisyar ne khâe.!'
Maiṅ jânûn ghar bich nahîn kaniyân janmâî!
Wahî karo thârâ biyâh âp Chandrâwal Rânî.
Wahî tumheṅ de bhej, wahî le beg bulâe."

These sixteen hundred queens in the full bloom of youth and beauty;
Rejecting their love thou hast given thy heart to devotion!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I have become a *jogi*, my daughter, rubbing ashes on my body.
I have no love for thee now: who hath been deceiving thee?
Why have they deceived thee? Why have they surrounded my path (with difficulties)?
I remember thee not: I know not thy name.
My daughter, why weepest? Why destroy the reason (that is) in thy mind?
This Râjâ Gopî Chand is not thy father to-day!
My daughter consider thou that a snake hath slain thy father!
I do not know (now) that a girl was ever born in my house!
She will arrange thy marriage (thy mother) Rânî Chandrâwal.*
She will send thee (to the bridegroom's house) and quickly call thee (home) again."

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* This must be some other queen of Gopî Chand.

Râj Kanwârî.

"He mere gyânî pitâ, kar hirde men gyân.
Ang bhûkan utârke kyûn chirwâe kân?
He Bâbaljî, kyûn chirwâe kân? Kaho, kaise man ae?
Gahne basham utâr, ang kyûn bhasham ramâî?
Ger chale andher bhî jâte nirdhârâ.
Tum bin hamrâ kaun jagat men thâmbanhârâ?
Bâlî 'umar nâdân man hamrâ kyûn toṛâ?
Bin dekhe nahîn rahûn, chit ab kaise mâṛâ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He beṭî, sachî kahûn: apnâ man samjhâe.
Kyûn rove man âpne? Pathar chit banâe.
Pathar chit banâe; nahîn rûwat banâî.

The Princess.

"O my wise father, take wisdom into thy mind.
Why hast taken the jewels off thy body and bored thy ears?
O father, why hast bored thy ears? Say, what came into thy mind?
Why hast taken off thy jewels and thy clothes and rubbed on the ashes on thy body?
Why hast cast darkness round us in the midst of the stream (of life)?
Except thee who is our supporter in this world?
Why break my heart in this my early youth?
I will not live except I see thee, how shall my heart turn back from thee now?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O my daughter, I tell thee truth: teach thou thy heart:
Why weep in thy heart? Make thy heart a stone.
Make thy heart a stone and weep not.

Kabhî nâ meṭâ jâe karm jo ank likhaî.
Kachâ bartan hove, jidhar phere phir jâe:
Ham to jogî hûe; Gurû ne dîe pakâe."

Râj Kanwârî.

"Ho Râjâ, hamre pitâ, tyâg chale sab bhog.
Putrî kâ yeh bachan hai: suphal tumhârâ jog!
Suphal tumhârâ jog, pitâjî! Suphal tumhârî bânî!
Suphal tumhârî baṛî tapashiyâ! Suphal Nâth gur gyânî!
Lâkh dafa, samjhâyâ tum ko: mahârî sîkh nâ mânî!
Chhâṛ chale kalar meṅ kâniyâṅ yeh solah sau Rânî!
'Ham man sabar karenge pitâ bin'; yeh kyâ tum ne ṭhânî?
Karke jauhar, prân taj denge: yâ le nischâ jânî!"

The lines that fate hath written can never be blotted out.
If the platter be unbaked it can be turned (as the potter listeth):
(But) I have become a *jogî;* the Gurû hath baked (the platter)."

The Princess.

"O Râjâ, my father, thou hast (indeed) renounced all pleasures.
This is thy daughter's blessing: blessed be thy saintship!
Blessed be thy saintship, my father! Blessed thy words!
Blessed thy great asceticism! Blessed the Saint, thy wise Gurû!
A thousand times I exhorted thee and thou wouldst not hearken!
Thou hast left thy daughter and the sixteen hundred queens in the desert (of despair)!
That we shall have patience in our hearts without thee! What is it thou hast thought?
Sacrificing ourselves we will give up our lives: know this for certain."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He boṭî, jâkar kaho, maiṅ samjhâûṅ toe.
Mukh se 'putr' kahâeke bhîk diwâ de moe.
Bhîk diwâ de moe, rî, mukh se 'putr' kahâe.
Maḥil qila rahne ke chhoṛe ban khaṇḍ suṛt lagâe.
Der hûî, Gur ham ko mâre, ablag bhîk nâî.
'Putr' kahke bhîk diwâ de, jog suphal ho jâî.
Maiṅ hûṅ jogî kâ chelâ.
Girhist se rahûṅ akelâ.
Râj pâṭ dîâ chhoṛ,
Banâ faqîr albelâ."

Râj Kaṅwârî.

"He mâtâ, bintî karûṅ gall bich pallâ ḍâr.
Honhâr so ho gaî, ab man karo bichâr.
Ab man karo bichâr: pitâ ne taj dî sab umrâî.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O my daughter, go and tell them, I beseech thee.
(Tell them to) call me 'son' and give me alms.
(To) give me alms, dear, and call me 'son.'
I have left my palace and fort and my desire is (to go into) the forests.
It is late, the Gurû will beat me and till now the alms have not come.
Call me 'son' and give me alms that my saintship may prosper.
I am the *Jogî's* disciple,
I live apart from my family,
I have given up rule and power,
And become a simple mendicant."

The Princess.

"O mother, I beseech thee with my kerchief round my neck.
What was to be has been, ponder it now in thy mind.
Ponder it now in thy mind; my father hath given up his high station.

Kân phâṛke mundrâ dâlî, ang babhût ramâî.
Jo un kâ tum jog chhuṛâo, degâ jagat burâî.
'Putr' kahke bhîk ḍâl do, jog suphal ho jâî!"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"He beṭî, kaisî kahûn main hûn sîl satîs?
Mukh 'putr' kaisî kahûn, we hain, prân patîs?
We hain prân patîs, rî beṭî; kyûn sar pap chaṛhâvo?
Kaun jagat 'putr' kahe? Ham to bhar bhar chhâtî âve!
Bhog kyâ jâke sang soî, ab kyûn pâp lagâve?
Nark kûṇḍh ko jâ haṭiyârî, khoṭî bât sunâve."

Râj Kaṅwârî.

"He mâtâ, man samjhe; bhalî kareṅ Jâgdîs.
Jitnî tumhare pâs hain charho hamâre sîs.

Boring his ears he hath put in the rings and rubbed ashes on his body.
If thou take away his saintship the world will blame thee.
Call him 'son' and give him alms that his saintship prosper."

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"O my daughter, how shall I say it, I that am virtuous?
How shall I say 'son' with my lips to him that is the lord of my life?
He is the lord of my life, my daughter: why place this sin upon my head?
What (wife) saith 'son' in the world? my heart is full!
Why then did he enjoy me, that putteth this sin upon me?
Go thou to hell, thou wretch, that said such evil to me."

The Princess.

"O mother, think of it: The Lord* will reward thee.
Put all thy sins upon my head.

---

* Jagdis, the Lord of the world, *i.e.*, Śiva, God.

Charho hamâre sis, ri mâtâ, jitnî prâchhit bhârî.
Burâ bhalâ sab ham ko kahe, nis din dîjo gârî.
Ab tum ko to yeh hi suphal hai jitnî ho tum nârî:
Mukh se 'putr' kaho pitâ ko: mâno bât hamârî."

Putrî ke mâne bachan, huâ chit behâl.
Châr padârath pûrke liâ hâth meṅ thâl.
Liâ hâth meṅ thâl.

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

"Râo, maiṅ tere sâmhne âî.
Bhichhâ lijo; kanth hamâre, châr padârath lâî.
Yeh hî hamrî asîs, piyâjî, suphal terî sidh âî!
Ik bar kahtî, lakh bar kah dûṅ, 'tû putr, maiṅ mâî!'"

Put on my head, mother, all the weight of thy sins.
Say all things good and bad to me, call me evil names day and night.
Now this will prosper thee and all of you queens,
That you call my father 'son' with your lips: hearken to my words."

She obeyed the girl and was wretched in her heart.
She filled a platter with four delicacies and took it in her hand.
She took the platter in her hand.

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

"King, I am come before thee:
Take the alms; my husband, I have brought thee four delicacies.
This is my blessing, my beloved, that thy saintship prosper!
I say it once, I say it a thousand times, 'thou art my son and I thy mother.'"

Lekar bhhichhâ chal pare ; bhalî karî Jagdîs !
Gur apne pe ânke charan niwâio sîs.
Charan niwâio sîs.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Gurûjî, tumharâ hukm bajâyâ.
Solâh sai mukh 'putr' kahâe jabhî bhîk maiṅ lâyâ.
Bârâṅ baras kî sutâ kaṅwârî tin sai phand chhutâyâ.
Ai Gur Deo, karo gat merî ; tum se dhyân lagâyâ!"

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Gopî Chand, tum ye suno ; bhojan jîmo sang.
Phir judâ âsan karo ; yeh hî faqîrî rang.
Yeh hî faqîrî rang : hameṅ se âsan judâ banâo.
Gur kâ nâm japo hirde meṅ, Har se dhyân lagâo.

He took the alms and went away: well hath the Lord done!
He came to his Gurû and bowed his head at his feet,
Bowed his head at his feet.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Sir Gurû, I obeyed thy order,
I made the sixteen hundred (queens) call me 'son' and then took the alms.
My maiden daughter of twelve years played three hundred tricks on me.
O my Lord Gurû, prosper my work ; I meditate on thee"

Jalandhar Nâth.

'Gopî Chand, listen to this : cook the food with me.
Afterwards take up thy abode apart ; this is the way of devotees.
This is the way of devotees: have a separate abode from me.
Repeat the name of thy Gurû in thy heart and meditate upon Harî*

---

* Vishṇu, God.

Âlakh Nâm jî se nâ hâro, Râm Nâm gur gâo.
Jog lîe kâ yeh hî mazâ, Baikunṭh dahâm ko jâo."

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

"Sâs hamârî, jân kâ tujh pe paṛo srâp!
Putr ko jogî kîâ, râj karoge âp!
Râj karoge âp: hameṅ dâran dukh dînâ!
Solâh sau kâ sabar jân apne pe lînâ!
Jo karnâ châho râj, nahîṅ ham karne deṅge.
Aglâ pichhlâ kîâ âj sârâ bhar leṅge.
Nâ bilse, nâ khâe, nahîṅ gat hogî terî.
Karîye Narkoṅ bâs, pîṛ tujhe hove ghanere!"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Ai rî Pâṭam Daî bahû, tum ho surgyân.
Putr maiṅ jogî kîâ, apnâ dharm pahchân.

Forget not the Imperishable Name in thy heart and praise the name of God.
This is the fruit of devotion that thou go to Heaven."

*Rânî Pâṭam Daî.**

"Mother-in-law,† the curse of my life be upon thee!
Thou hast made thy son a *jogî*, that thou mightest rule thyself!
That thou mightest rule thyself thou hast brought me to much trouble!
Thou hast taken on thyself the curse of the lives of the sixteen hundred (queens)!
If thou wouldest rule I will not let thee.
I will take a full (revenge) for all thou hast done to-day.
Nor in drinking, nor in eating shall ought prosper thee.
Go and dwell in Hell, where thy agonies shall be many!"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"O my daughter Pûṭam Daî, take knowledge (of the things of Heaven).
I made my son a *jogî*, knowing my duty (to religion).

---

* Scene changes. † Rânî Mainâwantî.

Apnâ dharm pahchân, kîâ Gopî Chand jogî.
Kâyâ un kî amar aut parlo mân hogî.
He bahû rî nirmal, dekh sarûp karan kanchan sî kâyâ.
Nirkhat suphal so, bahû, kańwar ko jog diwâyâ?
Apnâ suwâd bigâṛ kîâ putr nistârâ.
Kyûṅ soche din rain, rudan kartî har bârâ?
Udar pasâre pair, pîṛ mujh ko hai bhârî!
Tum kyûṅ hot udâs sâth pheroṅ kî nârî?"

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

"Sâs hamârî, kyûṅ kîâ putr ko yeh *faqîr*?
Tû sukhiyâ ab nâ rahe, ham ko dâran pîṛ!
Ham ko dâran pîṛ, dhîr man kaise lâveṅ?
Mahiloṅ paṛâ andher, chit kaise samjhâveṅ?
Joban lahar samundar dekh jî ḍar pe hamârâ:

Knowing my duty I made Gopî Chand a *jogî*.
His body shall be immortal and his glory endless in the world to come.
O my pure daughter, behold his golden body.
Faultless and fruitful, I made my son a *jogî*, my daughter.
Destroying my own desires I gave benefits to my son
Why grieve day and night, weeping every moment?
He kicked in my womb and great was my pain!
Why then art *thou* sad, that art (but) a wedded wife?"

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

"Mother-in law, why didst thou thus make thy son a devotee?
Mayst thou know no joys that hast given me great grief
Great is my pain, how then shall I be patient?
A darkness hath fallen on the palace, how shall I teach my heart (not to grieve)?
Youth sees the waves of the ocean (of life) and is afraid at heart.

Kis bidh utareṅ pâr, kaṭhan biṛhe kî dhârâ?
Ai sasurjî, hirdiyâ kîâ kathoṛ: pîṛ tujh ko nahîṅ âî!
Putr kân chirâe, hameṅ kârâ raṇḍ biṭhâî!"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Ai rî Pâṭam Daî bahû, kyûṅ man kîâ udâs?
Bhajan karo us Râm kâ, ho Surgoṅ meṅ bâs!
He bahû rî, ho Surgoṅ meṅ bâs, bart pî kâraṇ kîjo.
Râm bhajan ke het apnâ man tan dîjo.
He bahû rî, karo dân aur pun, mukat apnî kar lîjo.
Maiṅ kahtî har bâr, dharm apnâ mat chhîjo!"

"Bithâ merî sun lîjo, beṭa Gopî Chand,
Sukh âsan ko chhoṛke paṛe mohe ke phand.

How shall I cross over (plunged) in the bitter current of separation?
O mother-in-law, thou hast hardened thy heart: thou hast had no pity!
In that thou hast bored thy son's ears and made me a widow!"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"O my daughter Pâṭam Daî, why grieve in thy heart?
Sing the praises of God and go to dwell in Heaven.
My daughter, go to dwell in Heaven, and fast for thy love's sake.
Deliver up thy body and soul to the praise of God.
My daughter, do charity and good works and earn thy salvation.
I tell thee never forsake thy duties!"

"Hear my complaint, O my son Gopî Chand.*
Giving up thy pleasures, thou art fallen into the snares of lust.

---

* Change of scene: Mainâwantî is now addressing Gopî Chand, repenting of her former action.

He beṭâ re, paṛe mohe ke phand; Indar ne bâd lagâyâ.
Pawan chalat hai, ḍher bahot hî jal barsâyâ.
He beṭâ re, atlas makhmal sej bin kabhî nindra nahîn âî.
Ab pânî par leṭ, putr; main kurlâî.
He beṭâ re, mahil qilâ aur sukh chhoṛke rain kaṭâî.
Kit gaie palang niwâṛ, sej phûloṅ kî chhâe?
He beṭâ re, kit gaî sagarî nâr, jinheṅ tû par pawan jhulâe?
Yeh dukh rahâ bhog, kahe Mainâ Daî mâî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He mâtâ, jangal to rahe hamre mahil aṭâr.
Bhûṅ meṅ sej komal banî, taj dîe palang niwâṛ.
He mâtâ rî, taj dîe palang niwâṛ, khâk meṅ bâsâ lînâ.
Param sukhî ham hûe, mohe sab hî taj dînâ.

O my son, fallen into the snares of lust: this is the evil doing of Indar.*
The winds blow and the rains fall heavily.
O my son, thou didst never sleep but on a bed of satin and velvet.
Now, my son, thou sleepest in the rain and I grieve.
O my son, thou passest the night without palace and fort and comfort.
Where has gone thy easy bed and thy couch of flowers?
O my son, where have gone all the women that fanned thee (while asleep)?
And this trouble is thy lot; saith thy mother Mainâwanti!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O mother, the forest is my lofty palace.
The soft earth is my bed, giving up my easy couch.
O mother, giving up my easy couch, I dwell in the dust.
Very happy am I, giving up all desires.

---

* The god of the heavens.

He mâtâ rî, râj, pâṭ, dhan, mâl, bojh maiṅ sar se târâ: *
Ab soûṅ sukh chain prîtham, sab se hî niyârâ."

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"He beṭâ, sun lîjo mujh jananî kî bât.
Is dukh meṅ, beṭâ mere, kyuṅkar kâṭe rât?
He beṭâ, kyûṅkar kâṭe rât? Baṛa komal tan terâ.
Dekh zamîn par bâs, putr jî, larze merâ.
He beṭâ re, mahfal ke singâr âp karo the chitrâî.
Ab kidhu saber,† Mantrî yâd karâî.
He beṭâ re, tyâg jog, chalo sang, baiṭhke râj kamâo.
Mân hamârâ kahâ; deh ko kyûṅ tarsâo?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He Mâtâ, sun lîjîye; jo prânî mar jâe,
Phir khoṛ ke bich meṅ kaise parves ho jâe?

O mother, I have put away rule and power and wealth and goods and greed.
Now do I sleep at ease for the first time away from them all."

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"O my son, hear the words of thy bearing mother.
Why spend the nights in such trouble, my son?
O my son, why spend the nights (thus)? Very tender is thy body.
Seeing thee dwell on the (bare) ground, my son, my heart trembles.
O my son, thou didst rejoice as the ornament of the Court:
Still there is time to call the Minister,
O my son, and give up the saintship and come to us and sit on thy throne.
Hearken to my prayer; why destroy thy body?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O mother, hear me; if a man's (soul) die,
How can it again enter his body?

---

* For *utârâ*. † For *sawer*.

Kaise parves ho jâe? Kahûn, Mâtâ, sun lîjo.
Nikas bhaunwar uṛ jâe, ang phir kaise chhîje?
Paṛî rahe hai khoṛ, nahîn mantâ kare koî.
Tûn kyûn hûî hai nâdân? 'aqal tumhare kyûn khoî?
Chhoṛ diâ sab râj, sarb solâh sau Rânî.
Ab aisî mat kaho: bol mukh imrat bânî!"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Châr Khûnṭ ramte phiro, karo des kî sair.
Bangâlâ mat jâîyo, jo tû châhe khair.
Châho tum khair, terî barje hai mâî.
Bangâlâ ke des matî jânâ, re bhâî.
Dekhegî rûp terâ bhagwâ, jî, bânâ,
Bahinâ taj degî prân; hûâ kis bidh ânâ?
Chandan rukh chhoṛ, matî lâo, jî, berî.
Bigaṛe parlok; kahî mân le merî."

How can it re-enter? I tell thee, mother, hear me.
When the soul has fled away, can the body be still alive?
The dead body remains and none cares for it.
Why art thou then foolish? Why hast parted with thy sense?
I have given up all rule and all my sixteen hundred queens:
So speak not thus: say sweet words with thy lips."

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Wander over the Four Quarters, wander over the world.
(But) go not to Bengal as thou desirest thy welfare.
As thou desirest thy welfare, thy mother forbids thee.
Go not to Bengal, O my beloved.
She will see thy form and thy coloured (*jogî's*) dress,
And thy sister will give up her life (even) before (enquiring) how thou camest!
Do not sacrifice the sandal tree to plant the wild plum tree:
O thou wilt lose the life to come: hear thou my prayer."

Râjâ Gopi Chand.

"Jâ din se jogî bhae karke bhagwâ bhes,
Ghar solâh sai nâr thî, sab taj dî hamesh.
Sab taj dî hamesh, bahin kaisî mar jâgî?
Yeh hî sûrat ko dekh bahot sâ rudan karegî.
He Mâtâ rî, âvenge samjhâe, dhîr man meṅ dharegî.
He Mâtâ rî, tum lîjo bulâe, phir kyûṅ rudan karegî."

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Tu, betâ bholâ phire, maṅ samjhâûṅ toe.
Ghar kî tiriyâ hai bhalî, na ghar ghar dolat hoe.
Na ghar ghar dolat hoe, turt prân ganwâve.
Âp tire kul târ jagat nâm karwâve.
Ab bichharoge putr, phir kaun milâve?

Râjâ Gopi Chand.

"Since the day that I became a *jogî* and put on the coloured dress,
I gave up my house and the sixteen hundred queens and all for ever:
All for ever; (so) why should my sister die?
When she sees my plight she will (only) weep bitterly.
O my mother, she will be reasonable and have patience in her heart.
O my mother, send for her (here) and then why should she grieve?"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Thou art a simple fool, my son, I tell thee.
An honest wife is happy, she wanders not from house to house.
She wanders not from house to house and quickly she dies.
She gains salvation for herself and her name in all the world.
But if a son be separated who will call him back? †

---

* After her husband by *satî*.
† *i.e.*, a sister and a mother live on after separation.

Yeh chaṇḍâ tasvîr, mujhe phir nahîṅ pâve.
Baiṭho ghar, râj karo, putr piyâre.
Maiṅ kahtî kar joṛ, bachan mân hamâre."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ham jogî abdhût haiṅ, kareṅ des kî sail.
Mâtâ chhoṛî bilaktî, kareṅ Gauṛ Bangâlâ sail."

Râgnî.

"Sail hameṅ mulk kî karnî.
Kahûṅ kar joṛke, jananî.
Des chal bahin ke âe,
Dhyân Gurû charan se lâe.
Bâgh bistar diâ lâe.
Gagan meṅ bâdalî chhâî.
Mîg barsan lage bhârî.
Bhûl sidh budh giâ sârî.

It is a horrible picture that I meet him no more.
Come home (then) and be king, my beloved son.
I say it with joined hands; hear my prayer!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I am a holy *jogî* and I will wander the earth.
Leaving my mother weeping I will go to Gauṛ and Bengal."*

Song.

"I will wander the earth,
I tell thee my mother with joined hands."
He went to his sister's country,
And fell at his Gurû's† feet.
He brought his bed into the garden.
And clouds overshadowed the heavens.
The rain fell heavily,
And he lost his senses (for misery).

---

* Gauṛ, the old capital of Bengal. † Jalandhar Nâth.

Bît rajnî* gaî sârî.
Prabhû, taiṅ kyâ bipat dârî ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Târe gin gin kâḍhe maiṅ âj kî rain.
Utare, jî, kar bandagî Rabb ṭhâṛe ke bain !
Rabb ṭhâṛe ke bain ; uṭho, ab dhyân lagâûṅ.
Ab Râjâ ke mahil jâeke 'âlakh' jagâûṅ."

Khapar le lîâ hâth, Gurû kâ dhyân lagâyâ.
Jâ ḍeoṛhî ke bîch nâth ne 'âlakh' jagâyâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"De bhichhâ mohe ân, der itnî kyûṅ lâî ?
Sun, bândî kamzât, der itnî kyûṅ lâî ?"

Champâ Daî Rânî kahî, bolî bachan sambhâr.

He spent the whole night thus,
(Saying) "God, what misery hast thou brought upon me ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Counting the stars† have I passed the night.
O my heart, devote thyself to the service of God and He will save thee.
God will save thee ; I will up and meditate on Him.
Presently will I go to the king's palace and call '*âlakh*.'"

He took his bowl in his hand and meditated on his Gurû.
Going to the gate the *jogî* called out '*âlakh*.'

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Come and give me alms, why are ye delaying ?
Hear, thou wicked maid, why art thou delaying ?"

Said Rânî Champâ Daî‡ using cautious words.

---

* The night. † Metaphor ; with great impatience.
‡ Gopî Chand's sister.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Bhichhâ lekar jâîyo, nâth kharo darbâr.
Partî hai dhûp, kha â ang pasîje.
Bhar motîoṅ kâ thâl beg jogî ko dîje.
Jo bhojan kî kâj take âke dwârâ:
Woh khâve na âp us se dîje sârâ.
Yeh jogî ab dhûp kabhî khâlî na jâve.
Le bhichhâ de pâe, der pal kî na lâve."

Bhichhâ le bândî chalî Râjâ ke darbâr;
Deoṛhî pahunchî, ânke bolî bachan sambhâr.
Bolî bachan sambhâr.

Bândî.

"Bhîk maiṅ tum se lâe.
Le, jogî ke lâl."

Dûr se 'araz lagâe.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Go to him with alms, for the saint stands at the door.
Fierce is the sunshine, the sweat stands on his body.
Go and fill a platter with pearls quickly and give it him.
If he has come to our door for food,
Give him all that we have not eaten.
This *jogî* in the sun will never go away empty.
Go and give him alms, delay not a moment."

Taking the alms the maid went to the Râjâ.*
Reaching the gate she spake cautiously.
She spake cautiously:

Maid.

"I bring thee alms:
Take it, my *jogî*."

Standing apart she spake.

---

* Dressed up as a *faqîr*.

Bândî.

"He piyârâjî, terî sûrat ko dekh bahot man mâñ sharm âî.
Jis ghar janamen, Nâth, terî kyâ jîve mâî?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He bândî, tum se kahûñ, sun lijo man lâe.
Tû bândî ranwâs kî, merâ jog akârat jâe;
Jog akârat jâe; tere nahiñ bhichhâ leûñ.
Hamen Gurû ke ân bhîk tum se nâ leûñ.
He bândî rî, bole bachan khaṭor: hiâ larzâ nahîñ terâ?
Dhârânagar kâ Râo, nâm Gopî Chand merâ."

Bândî.

"Kyûñ, jogî, 'aqal gaî? bolo bachan sambhâr.
Jholî lûñgî chhîn ab, dhakke dûñ do châr.

Maid.

"My friend, seeing thy beauty I am much grieved.
My Lord, can the mother that bore thee be living?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"My maid, I say to thee, take it to heart.
Thou art a maid of the palace and my devotion will be fruitless.*
My devotion will be fruitless: I cannot take thy alms.
I am (a disciple) of the Gurû, I cannot take alms from thee.
My maid, thou speakest hard words:† doth not thy heart tremble?
I am the Lord of Dhârânagar and my name is Gopî Chand."

Maid.

"Where is thy sense gone, *jogî?* speak carefully.
I will seize thy wallet now and give thee two or three slaps.

---

* If I take from thee. † In asking me.

Dhakke dûṅ do chár, jog meṅ kaisî bânî bole ?
Tû jogî be-îmân hûâ hai ghar ghar mângat ḍole.
Aise kare jawâb, kharâ ḍeoṛhî mahârî bolî !
Mârûṅgî maiṅ bâṅs tere sir dharan par ḍolî !"

Nainoṅ bhar bhar rote sun Lâṅdî kî bât.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Ik lîe hai mol tû, râkhî jî kî sâth.
Râkhî jî kî sâth ; âj maiṅ lîe hî faqîrî.
Ai bâṅdî rî, tû mâre mere bâṅs, huî dil kî dilgîrî.
Râj pâṭ dîâ chhoṛ, tajâ maiṅ takht amîrî :
Yeh samjho man bîch : likhî mere karam faqîrî."

I will give thee two or three slaps : what is thy saintship saying ?
Thou art a scoundrel of a *jogî* and beg from house to house as a pretence.
Saying such things (to me) standing at our gate !
I will strike thy head with a cane and throw thee in the dust !"

His eyes were full of tears when he heard the maid's words.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Firstly thou wert purchased and the favorite of our hearts
The favorite of our hearts : to-day am I a mendicant.
O my maid, thou hast struck me with a cane and my heart is sad.
I have given up my rule and my power and parted with the honour of my throne :
Understand this in thy heart ; mendicancy was written in my fate."

Bândî.

"Jâ, jogî ke bâlke, jo tû châhe khair.
Ghar ghar bhichhâ mângtâ kartâ ḍole sair;
Kartâ ḍole sair, chhîn le nâr parâî.
Yeh chhal kî bât ang meṅ bhasham ramâî.
He jogî re, kab taiṅ lînî mol? Hameṅ, bândî, batlâî!
Jholî lûngî chhîn, kare tû bahot burâî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Dhârânagar asthân hai, kahûṅ tumhâre pâs.
Gangâjî kâ nahân hai; Gurû pûran kîjo âs!
Pûran kîjo âs, Gurûjî; yeh kumbh kâ hai melâ!
Sab parwâr chhoṛkar âyâ sab se bhalâ akelâ.
Yeh duniyâ matlab kî garjî; nahîṅ gurû, nahîṅ chelâ!

Maid.

"Go, thou *jogî's* spawn, if thou desire thy welfare.
Thou wanderest from house to house begging under a pretence:
Under a pretence, to steal wedded wives.
It is all for deceit that thou hast rubbed ashes on thy body.
O my *jogî*, when didst buy me? tell me, thy maid!
I will snatch away thy wallet, thou hast put me to much shame!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"My home is Dhârânagar I tell thee.
I am come to bathe in the Ganges: may the Gurû fulfil my hope!
Fulfil my hope, O Gurû! this is a grand festival!*
Leaving all my household I am come quite alone.
This world is wrapt up in its own desires: none is teacher, none is disciple!

---

* The *kumbh melá* is a fair held every twelve years while certain rivers are propitious. The scene shifts from time to time. Allahabad (Ilâhâbâd or Prâg) and Hardwâr have been the scenes of late of *kumbh melás.*

Ab lîjo âdes hamârî, mat na kaṛo.jhamelâ.
Chhoṛ dîâ sansâr âj maiṅ; yeh jag darshan melâ!
Is mâyâ se koî bache: hai pakke gur kâ chelâ!"

Sûrat sohnî dekhke roî paṛî tat kâl.
Kûk mâr mukh ro paṛî ho gaî ḥâl-beḥâl.
Ho gaî ḥâl-beḥâl rudan kartî bhârî.

Bândî.

"Tû sunîye man lâe, tujhe kah de sârî:
'Champâ Daî bahin mujhe jo mil jâe;
Yeh kahtâ hûṅ âp khaṛâ, mujhe dîjo batlâe.'
Khappar hai hâth, kân mundrâ ḍâlî,
Khaṛâ ḍeoṛhî ke bâr, nîr nainoṅ se jârî."

Sunke bândî ke bachan man meṅ hûâ sandes.

Take my blessing now and be not angry.
I give up the world to-day: this world is (transient as) a fair.
A few escape the illusion, the real disciples of the Gurû."

Seeing his beauty she began to weep.
Crying out and weeping she became very wretched.
She became very wretched weeping violently.

Maid.

"Listen with heart and soul and I will tell thee all.*
(Saith he) 'I would meet my sister Champâ Daî;
I tell thee standing here, show her to me.'
He hath a bowl in his hand and rings in his ears.
He standeth at the gate weeping."

Hearing the maid's words there was a doubt in her heart.

---

* To Rânî Champâ Daî.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Ab darshan karûṅ, kaisâ hai darvesh?
Kaisâ woh darvesh?"

Jab hî chalke ḍeoṛhî pe âî.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Lîjo bhichhâ, Nâth, ab kyûṅ itnî der lagâî?
Kaun des se bhî âûnâ? ham ko de batlâe.
Maiṅ pûchhûṅ hûṅ, Nâth: hameṅ ko dîjo sach batlâe.
Karke bhagwe kapṛe bhar jogî kâ bhekh.
Yo jogî kâ rûp hai! aise phireṅ anek.
Phirte hai anek rûp dharke moheṅ:
Koî maṛhîoṅ ke bîch âp baiṭhe soeṅ.
Yeh duniyâ sansâr phire matlab garjî?
Kyâ bolî mukh ân? nahîṅ chhâtî larzî!
Sun, bândî kamzât; kahûṅ tumharî tâîṅ.
De motîṅ kâ thâl; jâo bhichhâ pâî!"

Le bhichhâ bândî chalî bhar motîṅ kâ thâl.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"I will see him now, what kind of mendicant he is.
What kind of mendicant is he?"

She went to the gate at once.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Take the alms, my saint, why delay so long?
Whence comest thou? tell me.
I ask thee, my saint: tell me truly.
With coloured robes and the garb of a *jogî*,
This is a true *jogî's* appearance! many such wander.
Many wander about under various forms:
Some sleep in huts.
This world is ever taken up with its own desires.
What hast thou said? doth not thy heart tremble!
Listen thou wicked maid, I tell thee.
Give him a platter of pearls: go and give him alms.

The maid took the alms and the platter of pearls.

Bândî.

"Bhichhâ lîjo, Gur Nâthjî; kyûṅ ho rahe behâl ?
Kyûṅ ho raho beḥâl ? Nâthjî, maiṅ bhichhâ le âî.
Ḥukm dîâ Rânî ne mujh ko, bhîk den ko âî.
Kyûṅ karte ho soch, Nâthjî ? kyûṅ man soch lagâe ?
Lene ho, to leo, Nâthjî; nahîṅ, yehâṅ se ramjâe."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"In motîṅ ke bhîk ke nahîṅ mujhe darkâr.
Kankar pathar sab taje chhoṛ âyâ parwâr.
Sab chhoṛâ parwar, rî bândî, kahtâ mukh se bânî,
Yâ to merî bahin lagî hai jo mahiloṅ meṅ Rânî.
Maiṅ to faqîr hûâ, râj taj, bag gae qalam nishânî.
Dîje darshan karâe bahin kâ, yeh maîṅ mantar ṭhânî."

Itnî sun bândî chalî, huâ chit beḥâl.

Maid.

"Take the alms, my Lord Gurû, why art sad ?
Why art sad ? my Lord, take the alms.
The Rânî gave me the order to give the alms.
Why art grieved, my Lord ? why art sad at heart ?
It is to be taken, so take it, my Lord, or go away from here."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I want not alms of pearls.
I have given up my household and rocks and stones.
I have given up my household, my maid, I tell thee.
It is my sister that is the Rânî of this palace.
I am a mendicant, I have given up royalty, and blotted it out (of my life).
Let me see my sister, this is my desire."

Hearing this the maid went sorrowfully.

Bândî.

"Woh Gopî Chand Râo hai, ho rahâ hâl behâl!
Ho rahâ hâl behâl! Râo ne kânoṅ mundrâ pâî!
Mukh de râj-somâj, Nâth kî nâ upmâ kahî jâî!
'Yeh Champâ Daî bahin hamârî mujh ko de milâî,
Nahîṅ bhûlûngâ ahsân, rî Bândî; tujh ko Râm dohâî!'"

Itnî sunke bât jabhî Rânî pe ân sunâî.

Bândî.

"Is jogî ne apne mukh aisî bât sunâî."

Itnî sun Rânî chalî, nahîṅ lagâî bâr.
Jo dekhî hai âuke khaṛê Nâth darbâr.
Khaṛe Nâth darbâr; âuke chaṛnoṅ sîs niwâyâ.
Lînâ rûp pahchân Rânî ne, nainoṅ nîr bharâyâ.

---

*Maid.**

"He is Gopî Chand the king that is so wretched!
That is so wretched! The king hath put the (*jogî's*) rings into his ears!
Right royal his face, the saint is beyond praise!
(Saith he) 'Permit me to see my sister Champâ Daî,
And I will never forget the obligation, my maid: adjure by God!'"

As soon as she heard it she went and told the Rânî.

Maid.

"This is what the *jogî* said with his lips."

Hearing this the Rânî went without any delay.
When she came to the door she saw the saint standing there.
The saint was standing in the door: she went and bowed her head at his feet.
She recognized him and the Rânî's eyes filled with tears,

* A soliloquy apparently.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Kyâ tum ne kuchh bhîṛ paṛî hai? kyûṅ jogî ban âyâ?"

Itnî kahke paṛî dharan par, nahîṅ bol mukh âyâ.
Ḥâl beḥâl nahîṅ sûjî bisiyar ḍang lagâyâ.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Kaun kare Kartâr ân sukh mâṅ dukh pâyâ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He bahinâ, sun lîje; man meṅ râkho dhîr.
Kyûṅ man rudan lagâutî? kyûṅ sir phâṛe chîr?
Kyûṅ sir phâṛe chîr! rudan kyâ man meṅ bhârî?
Rowat zar bazâr, nîr ṇainoṅ se jârî?
Karam likhâ so hûâ, mân le 'araz hamârî.
Dasrath ne taj de prân Râm banoṅ bâs sidhârâ.
Ai bahinâ rî, kyûṅ hûî nâdân, rudan kartî din râtî?
Sun sun tere bain merî bharâve chhâtî!"

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Hath any sorrow come upon thee? why hast become a *jogî?*"

Saying this she fell to the earth and spake not with her lips.
She lay senseless as if a snake had bitten her.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"What hast thou done, O God, bringing sorrow in the midst of joy?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"My sister, hear me: have patience in thy heart.
Why art weeping? why art tearing thy hair?
Why art tearing thy hair? why art weeping so bitterly?
Weeping so bitterly with tears in thy eyes?
What fate hath written hath been, hear my saying.
Dasrath gave up his life and Râm went to live in the forests.*
O my sister, why art foolish, weeping day and night?
My heart is full hearing thy words!"

---

* Allusion to the well known scene in the *Râmâyaṇa.*

Rânî Champâ Daî.

" Ai bhâî, sun lîjîye, hûâ chit umang,
Nahîṅ hosh tan kî rahî, uṛâ rûp aur rang.
Uṛâ rûp aur rang, bîran mere, bhar-bharâve chhâtî.
Dekh-dekhke rûp tumhârâ, rahî tan kî sidh jâtî.
Wahî ghaṛî mere hâth na âve, us din pahchâtî,
Mujh birhan ko dukh hai bhârî, dekh surt mar jâtî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Rudan kare mat, bâwarî; kyûṅ hûî ḥâl beḥâl?
Dukh sukh hai saḥ Karam kâ, kyûṅ phâṛe sir bâl?
Kyûṅ phâṛe sir kî bâl, bahin? kyûṅ rudan lagâo?
Tum samjho man bîch bîran koî nâhîṅ.
Hai jhûṭhâ sansâr, banâ supnî ki mâyâ.
Chhoṛî mâmtâ prît, hâth kisî ke nahîṅ âyâ.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

" O brother, hear me! my heart is sad.
No pleasure is left in my body, flown are joy and delight.
Flown are joy and delight, my brother; my heart is full.
Seeing thy state, the joy of my heart hath departed.
Would that the hour had not come to me when I recognized thee!
Heavy grief hath come upon me in seeing thee, quickly will I die."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Weep not, foolish one: why art sad?
Joy and sorrow are of Fate, so why tear thy hair?
Why tear thy hair, sister? why weep?
Teach thy heart that I am no brother.
It is a false world, the illusion of a dream.
I have given my desire and love (for it): it is not of use to any one.

Jo dharte Harî dhyân mukat un kî ho jâî.
Yeh jhûṭhî hai prît, nahîṅ bahin, nahîṅ bhâî!"

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Ai bhâî, sun lîje, man meṅ karo bichâr.
Man dhîraj kaise dhare, roe zâr bazâr!
Roe zâr bazâr? Bîran mere bharâ nain meṅ pânî.
Kaṭhan jog; sadhne kâ nâhîṅ; kyâ le nischâ, jânî?"

Itnî kahke mukh Rânî kâ ṅikasâ bhaṅwar sîlânî.
Âp gaî Baikunṭh dhâm ko 'Râm, Râm,' kahe bânî.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

Gopî Chand Râjâ kahe, joṛ âgâṛî hâth.
Kâghaz ho jo meṭ dûṅ, karam na meṭe jât.
Karam na meṭê jât, nain bhar bhar Gopî Chand roe.

Who meditate on Harî will obtain salvation.
It is a false love (here): none is sister, none is brother!"

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"O brother, listen: ponder it in thy heart.
How can I have patience in my heart, weeping bitterly?
Weeping bitterly, my brother, my eyes are full of tears.
The saintship is difficult; thou wilt not accomplish it: why give up thy life uselessly?"

Saying this the noble soul of the Rânî took flight.
It went up to Heaven with '*Râm! Râm!*'* on her lips.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.†

"Saith Râjâ Gopî Chand with joined hands before thee.
Paper can be blotted out, fate cannot be blotted out.
Fate cannot be blotted out, Gopî Chand's eyes are full of tears.

---

* 'God! God!' † A prayer.

Bahin merî behâl parî hai ; jag meṅ ân daboe.
Jis din se lîâ jog hameṅ nain nahîṅ nînd bhar soe !
Ai Prabhû, kyâ karî ânke ? kûk mâr mukh roe !"

Kân bhiṅak Gur ke parî, kaṅwar kare udâs,
Chhâr gophâ jogî chale, ân khare hûe pâs.
Ân khare hûe pâs.

Jalandhar Nâth.

" Kaṅwar, tujh ko barje thî Mâî.
Kyûṅ thâre dilgîr hue ho ? Har châhe, so hûî.
Chalo marhî ke pâs, ai bachchâ ; ab kyûṅ der lagâî !
Yeh jhûthâ sansâr, jagat meṅ nahîṅ koî kisî kâ, bhâî !"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Tum Gurû dîn diyâl, ho, lajjâ tumhare hâth.

My sister lies senseless ; I am destroyed in the world.
From the day I became a *jogî* my eyes have known no sleep !
O Lord, why hast done this ? I cry out with my lips and I weep ! "

His cry reached the Gurû's* ears, (the cry of) the prince's prayer.
The Gurû left his abode and stood beside him.
And stood beside him.

Jalandhar Nâth.

" O Prince, thy mother dissuaded thee.
Why nurse thy sorrow ? It has been as God willed.
Come to my hut, my son ; why delay now ?
This is a false world, none careth for any in the world, friend ! "

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Thou art a compassionate Gurû, my honor is in thy hands.

---

* Jalandhar Nath.

Yeh merî bahin jiwâe do; nahîṅ, marûṅ bahin ke sâth.
Marûṅ bahin ke sâth: jog kanḍak kyûṅ kînâ?
Nek dard nahîṅ toe, jagat meṅ apjas kînâ?
Merî bahin jiwâe; bachan tum se kah dînâ:
Yâ tû aṭ srâp, nahîṅ jag meṅ merâ jînâ!"

Haṅske bachan sunâute ân Kaṅwar ke pâs.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Jog jugat jâne nahîṅ; ab kyûṅ bhae udâs?
Ab kyûṅ bhae udâs? Re bachhâ, ab kyûṅ soch lagâo?
Bhaj Alakh kâ Nâm, re bachâ; mat dil meṅ ghabarâo."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Apnî unglî chîr, Gurûjî, hamrâ sat rakhâo.

Bring this, my sister, to life, or I will die with my sister.
I will die with my sister: why hast disgraced my saintship?
Hast no pity that thou dost disgrace me in the world?
Bring my sister to life, I beseech thee:
Or receive my curse, (for) I will not live on in the world!"

He smiled when he heard the words and came to the Prince.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Thou knowest not the principles of devotion: why art sad now?
Why art sad now? My son, why art grieving?
Repeat the Immortal Name, my son, and grieve not in thy heart."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Cut thy finger,* Sir Gurû, and retrieve my honor.

---

* Allusion to the common notion that the blood of the little finger will bring the dead to life again under certain circumstances.

Champâ Daî kî prân phir ghaṭ bhîtar ân bâsâo "

'Râm Râm' karke uṭhî donoṅ bhûjâ pasâr.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Â bîran, mil lîjîye; ab kyûṅ kartâ bâr?
Ab kyûṅ kartâ bâr, bîran? ab kar milne kî tayyârî.
Ai Gopî Chand, bîr hamâre, nahîṅ hûngî tum se niyârî.
Gur kâ darshan kîâ hai âke, ham ne yeh hî bichârî.
Man ke maṭ gaî soch hamârî; khushî hûî nar nârî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Tum ghar râj aur pâṭ hai; ham jogî tere bîr.
Mere ang babhût hai, aur bigaṛe terâ chîr.
Ai bahinâ rî, bigaṛe terâ chîr, kahâṅ se phir mangâveṅ?
Wahî kare terâ piyâr, wahî tujhe neot jamâveṅ."

Bring Champâ Daî's life back into her body."

Saying '*Râm Râm*' she arose and stretched out her arms.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"My brother, come to me; why delay now?
Why delay now, my brother? I am waiting to embrace
thee.
O Gopî Chand, my brother, I will never be separate
from thee.
I thought thee a follower of the Gurû.
(But) I have given up my anxieties: let men and
women rejoice."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Thine is rule and power: I am thy poor brother.
I am covered with ashes and thy clothes will be spoilt
(by the embrace).
O my sister, thy clothes will be spoilt: whence will I
obtain them again (for thee)?
She (thy mother) will love thee, she will invite thee
(home) in due time."

Rânî Champâ Daî.

" Âg lago is chîr ko: gerûṅ sir se târ.
Phir, biran, tum se kabhî milûṅ na dûjî bâr.
Milûṅ na dûjî bâr, bîran? maiṅ terî sûrat pe wârî.
Tumheṅ dîâ updes: merî nâ Mainâwantî mâî!
Ghar solâh sau nâr taje haiṅ, rudan kareṅ haiṅ sârî.
Nok na rakhâ mohe, bîran; taiṅ mujh bahinar âj bisârî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Bin Sâhib kî bandagî terî gat nahîṅ hove.
Ab yehâṅ se ṭhairî nahîṅ, phir milne nahîṅ hove.
Milan nahîṅ hove, bahin: mâno bachan hamârâ.
Juṅ Gopî Chand milâ, bahin, milîyo jag sansâra.
Bahin setî bhâî milâ hai bahot kîâ hit piyârâ."

Rânî Champâ Daî.

" Fire burn these clothes: I throw them from my head?
My brother, shall I never meet thee again?
Shall I never see thee again, my brother? I am sacrificed to thy beauty.
She gave thee this advice: let Mainâwantî be no mother of mine!
All the sixteen hundred women thou hast deserted weep thee.
Thou didst preserve thy love (for me), brother; thou hast destroyed even me thy sister to-day."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Without devotion to the Lord salvation cannot be to thee.
I will not tarry here now, nor shall I meet thee again.
I will not meet thee again, sister: mark my words.
As thou hast met Gopî Chand again, sister, may this whole world meet.
Sister and brother met and great love passed (between them)."

Itnî kahke chale Nâthjî, nain nîr chûe niyârâ.
Ang beḍhang kîâ sab tan kâ, jab mahiloṅ se pag dhârâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Hath joṛke kahûṅ, Gurû, maiṅ, kar merâ nastârâ!"

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Â bachchâ, yehâṅ se chaleṅ, chhoṛ jagat se prît.
Yehâṅ apnâ koî hai nahîṅ, jhûṭhî jag kî prît.
Jhûṭhî jag kî prît, re bachâ; mâno kahî hamarî.
Â, Gangâ ashnân karenge: jaldî karo tayyârî.
Gyân tat kî selî leke wahî tere gal ḍârî.
Chalo bhekh kâ darshan kar lo: ho kâyâ amar tumhârî!"

Saying thus the Saint went away, dropping tears from his eyes.
His body changed greatly, when he put his foot without the palace.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I say to thee with joined hands, my Gurû, grant me salvation!"

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Come, my son, let us go from here, leaving the desire of the world.
None is for us here, false is the love of the world.
False is the love of the world, my son: mark my words.
Come let us bathe in the Ganges: come make ready quickly.
Taking the necklace of knowledge (unto salvation) I place it round thy neck.
Come let us visit the saints, and be thy body immortal!"

No. XIX.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ CHANDARBHÂN AND RÂNÎ CHAND KARAN.

AS SUNG BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[According to the bards this poetical legend belongs to the same cycle as the last and relates the loves of Râjâ Chatrmukaṭ of Ujjayinî, the grandson of the great Vikramâditya, being the son of that king's daughter, Chatrang Dai, and Chand Karan, the daughter of Râjâ Chandarbhân. Chandarbhân himself is generally described as the nephew of Gopî Chand Bhartarî, and so according to the usual legends he would belong to the same caste as Vikramâditya.]

[The legend, however, is pure folklore throughout, and for those that delight to see Solar Myths in such things, I would point out that the translated title of the tale would be "King Sun's-Rays and Princess Moonbeam," that Chatrmukaṭ means the Glorious Throne, and that his mother's name means the Lady of Glorious Form. The rest of the myth could be easily worked out.]

TEXT.

Qissa Râjâ Chandarbhân wa Rânî Chand Karan.

Jûṅ jûṅ châtar hûî siyânî,
Mâî báp ko chintâ thânî:
"Pânch mohar, nâryal kâ golâ!
Le Bâhmaṇ terê godî meṅ ḍâlâ."
Tîn Kûṇṭh Bâhman phirâe,
Chand Karan kâ bar na pâe.
Phir we Bâhman hûe udâs,
Hat Râjâ ke âe pâs.
Nain bhare-bhar Rânî roî:
Tere bag gaî qalam na meṭe koî!"
"Kyûṅ janî thî, hamrî mâî?
Hamrâ bar paidâ nâ lâe!"
"Jis Kartâ ne rûp dîâ thâ,
Tumharâ bar paidâ kîâ thá!"
"Is Rânî kî mahil banâo.

Hîrâ motî abaj* lagâo.
Is ṭâpû meṅ mahil chunâo.
Bîch bîch murîâṅ rakhwâo.
Laundî bândî sabhî mangâo,
Is Rânî kî tâba' karwâo."

Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambelî:
Mandar meṅ dukh bhar rahî akelî.
Pûrab des se haṅsâ âe.
Jhuk bâdal barsan ko âe.
Uḍkar haṅs mahil par âe.
Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe.
Bâl bâl motî purove.
Chatr haṅs dohrâ batlâve.
Us Rânî ko kah samjhâve:
"Hai koî dharmî dharm kamâve?
Mujh haṅsâ ko pânî pilâve?"
Itnî bât Rânî sun pâve:
Bhar gadwâ Rânî jal kâ lâve.
Dhanak bâl nainoṅ kâ mâre.
Ulṭkar haṅs jimmî† par âve.
Jhâṛ jhapaṭ chhâtî se lâve.
"Tum âo, haṅs, merî motî khâo.
Maiṅ chun chun kalîyâṅ chhej bichhâûṅ."
"Rânî, chog chûṅ terâ kuchh nâ khâûṅ.
Terî dekh sûrat uṭh kahîṅ na jâûṅ.
Aisâ rûp diâ Kartâ ne,
Uṛdî panchhî mar uthârî.
Rânî, aise rûp kâ garab na karîye:
Tû karanhâr Kartâ se darîye!
Rânî, solâh baras kî 'umar tumhârî:
Kis augan meṅ rahî kaṅwârî?"
"Syâbas,‡ re mere haṅsâ gyânî,
Taiṅ mere choṭ jigar kî jânî."
"Rânî, bar lâûṅ terâ Siyâm salonâ,

* For *'ajab*. † For *zamîn*. ‡ For *shâbâsh*.

Kâyâ dago jaisâ nirmal sonâ:
Hor bât kahne kî bahoterî;
Maiṅ janam janam ke naukar tere."
Tîn bachan haṅsâ ne lîe;
Tîn bachan Rânî ko dîe:
"Tere kâran, Rânî, chalâ samundar pâr.
Jîwandâ rahâ â milûṅ, nahîṅ, Narwar* koṭ jawâr."

Tab haṅsâ ne lîe uḍârî,
Dhartî chhoṛ agâs sambhâlî.
Bhûkh lagî parbat se bhârî.
Yâd kare Mahârâj ḍulârî,
"Isî waqt Rânî pe hotâ,
Hîrâ motî sab chug khâtâ!
Kahâṅ gaî merî birho Rânî?
Chugâve chog, pilâve pânî!"
Sîtal peḍ padam kî chhâyâ,
Jahâṅ haṅsâ ne derâ lâyâ.
Jain† Shahr se phandî âyâ,
Us phandî ne phand chalâyâ.
Dânâ dhar pânî dikhlâyâ.
Bhûkhe piyâse haṅs kâ dil lalchâyâ.
Ik chûnch pânî kî pîve.
Dûsrî chûnch chogî kî khâve.
Tîsrî chûnch bharnî nâ pâve,
Jhatak jâl haṅsâ lîe ḍabâve:
"Maiṅ kyâ jânûṅ, kapṭî, terî hâṅsî?
An paṛe mere gal meṅ phâṅsî.
Ai phandî, par merâ na tûte.
Hamrâ mûl hameṅ se chûke."
"Maiṅ tangṛî torûṅ, pâṅkh maṛorûṅ.
Tujh panchhî ko kadî na chhoṛûṅ."
"Maiṅ phaṅs gîâ, phandî, terî jâlî.
Mere bâṭ dekh de, Chand Kaṅwârî."
Phandî khainchî âp ko, aur haṅsâ khainche âp.

* Explained as the Day of Judgment, *Qiyâmat*. † For Ujjain.

Kaho "Kartâ kaise bane jo din se ho gaî rât!
Hai koî dharmî dharm kamâve?
Is pâpî se jân chhuṛwâve?"
Itni bât mâlan sun pâve;
Bharî Kachahrî Râjâ pe âve.
Â Râjâ pe araj lagâve:
"Tere Shahr meṅ kapṭî chorâ.
Us ne satâe jangal ke morâ."
Itnî bât Râjâ sun pâve:
Chaṛh ghoṛâ ban khaṇḍ ko lâve:
Â phandî se araj lagâve:
"Phandî, ghar ghar terâ bakrâ baudhâûṅ;
Jain Shahr meṅ hukûmat bi|hâûṅ;
Lâkh takâ swarran kâ leîye;
Is panchhî ko ham ko deîye."
"Râjâ, pîlî sî damṛî kyâ dikhlâve?
Yeh panchhî merî kuṛme kâ khâjâ."
Râj teg goh chaṛh gîâ bhârî.
Sût talwâr phandî kî mârî:
Donon hath qalam kar dîe:
"Uṛ jâ, re jangal ke bâse.
Maiṅ kâṭ deî tere gal kî phânsî."
Itnî sun haṅsâ ghabarâe;
Chatr Râjâ ko dohrâ sunâî:
"Hor Râjâ sab râj kareṅ, tu Râjâ sahbâj.
Panchhî kî band chhuṛâ dê; terî hoîyo 'umar drâj!
Râj, kahûṅ bât tumheṅ lagî piyârî.
Mere mulk meṅ aisî Rânî,
Mirgâne taj dî ghâns aur pânî!"
Itnî sun Râjâ ḍole,
Chatr haṅsâ se mukh se bole:
"Haṅsâ, merî yehâṅ haiṅ solah sai Rânî,
Jin kî dekh sûrat jal pîûṅ pânî."
"Un Rânîâṅ hameṅ dikhlâe,
Râj mulk sabhî chhuṛâve."
Apne mahil meṅ Râjâ hukm pahunchwâve;
Sabhî Rânîâṅ ko Râjâ bulwave.

Koi nâche, koî bhû batlâve:
Chatr hansâ ke man koî na bhâve:
"Jaisî terî solah sai Rânî
Merî Rânî kî bhase panihârî."
"Hansâ, apnî Rânî ko hamen dîkhlâe:
Râjâ mulk merâ sabhî chhudâe."
Chândnî rât, tilak rahî târî.
"Ab le chal, mere hansâ pyâre."
Chatr hans ne pankh pasârî:
Chatr-mukat ho lîe sawârî.
Tab hansâ ne lî uḍârî,
Dharnî chhoṛ agâs sambhâlî.
Tîn roz uṛdî ko bîte.
Jal aur thal nere na dîse.
Jis waqt Râjâ mahil se chhûṭe,
Sawâ man kanch mahil men phûṭe.

Â Rânî ke bâgh men baithe;
Uṛkar hans mahil par âe.
Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe:
"Â jâ, re mere hansâ gyânî:
Kahân chhoṛe piyâ, mere jânî?"
"Rânî, des mulk ḍhunḍâ jag sârâ,
Tujh chandrî kâ bar na pâyâ."
"Khâ katâr, hansâ, main marûngî:
Dhan joban kâ dher karûngî:
Us pardesî bin gharî na bachûngî!"
"Rânî, bar lâyâ terâ Siyâm salonâ,
Us kî kâyâ dage jaisî nirmal sonâ.
Châr gharî tab rain bihâve,
Wahî Kanwar tere mahilon âve.
Rânî, raug rang kî banât banâo;
Apnî badan ṭhorâ atar lagâo:
Chatr hanse ke âge ko âo:
Tîn sai sâṭh palang mahil men bichâo:
Patîlsoz tum sabhî jalâo;
Dîve setî araj lagâo:

'Sun, Swarran ke Dîve, sun merî ardâs :
Âj milâwâ mere piyâ kâ, jalîyo samag-rât !'"
Itnî sunâ hansâ chal âe ;
Chatr-mukaṭ se araj lagâî :
"Chândnî rât jhamak rahe târe ;
Ab le chal, tû hansâ piyâre."
Chatr hans ne pankh pasârî ;
Chatr-mukaṭ ho lie sawârî.
Tab hansâ ne lîe uḍârî.
Â baiṭhe Rânî kî aṭârî.
Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambelî.
Mandar meṅ dukh bhar rahî akelî.
"Hansâ, is Rânî kî tû kare baḍâî ?
Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhaî !
Rânî nahîn, koî hai panhârî !
Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhaî !
Maiṅ yûṅhîṅ chhoḍî solâh saî Rânî !
Mere navve kaṅwar, mere râj-dhârî ! "
Itnî sun hansâ farmâveṅ,
Chatr-mukaṭ Râjâ ko samjhâveṅ :
"He Râjâ, tum mat ḍolo.
Is mukh se jarâ pallâ kholo :
Hilîyoṅ hilîyoṅ hâth lagâo :
Rânî ke hâth kî chhallâ nikâlo."
Chatr chorî hânsâ karwâve :
Râjâ kî gûṇṭhî Rânî ko diwâve :
Rânî kî chhallâ Râjâ ko diwâve !
Baiṭh hans par Râjâ bhâge.
Bhâgat bhâgat dohrâ banâve,
Chand Rânî ko kah samjhâve.
"Ankhoṅ dekhâ ghî bhalâ, khâyâ bhalâ na tel :
Chatrâ se rû se bhale aur bhâṭ mukh kâ mel."
Bhawar bhaî jab birhan jâgî.
Le gaḍwâ mukh dhowan lâgî.
Sang kî sahelî sab charnoṅ lâgîṅ :
"Bât kahûṅ ik abaj anoṭhî,
Kis mard ke hâth kî gûṇṭhî ?

Le gayâ chhallî, de gayâ gûṇṭhî !"
Sab sakhîyon ne kar gayâ jhûṇṭî !
"Rânî, tere se pahile, ham par soîṅ,
Ham kyâ jâneṅ rât kyâ hoî ?"
"Hâî, jawânî rang lî, jâ tûṅ dî gaî pît,
Rang rang merâ pi gayâ, galiyoṅ rul gaî pîk."

Itnî meṅ haṅsâ chal âe ;
Â Rânî se araj lagâî :
"Maiṅ tujh kâ man kî karûṅ baḍâî,
Tujh chandrî ko nindrâ âî.
Maiṅ tere kâran mûṛakh kahâya.
Maiṅ hîrâ janam apnâ yûṅhîṅ gaṅwâyâ.
Jo jangal meṅ pânî pâûṅ.
Dûb marûṅ, muṅh na dikhlâûṅ."
"Haṅsâ, unglî tarâchhûṅ, namak rachâûṅ ;
Sârî rât maiṅ jâg rahûngî ;
Apne chor ko pakaṛ rahûngî.
Apne apne chor ko sab koî ḍâre mâr :
Hamrâ chor ham ko mile, jo maiṅ tan man wârûṅ jân."
Itnî sun haṅsâ chal âe.
Â Râjâ se araj lagâî :
"Râjâ, aise chhallî tum ne kaḍḍhî,
Rânî kî hâth meṅ chîre âî !"
"Ai haṅsâ, us Rânî ko milâo :
Hamrâ jîûrâ kyûṅ ṭarpâo ?
Chândnî rât tilak rahe târe !
Ab le chal, mere haṅsâ piyâre."
Châtr haṅsâ ne pankh pasârî :
Chatr-mukaṭ ho lîe sawârî.
Â Rânî kî chhej utârî.
Hilîyoṅ hilîyoṅ hâth lagâe.
"Chor chor" kar Rânî jâgî :
"Ai chorâ, tum kaun hai ?
Merî badan ke hâth lagâo ?"
"Chor nahîṅ, maiṅ chand hazârâ !
Tere kâran ghar bâr bisârâ !

Main Bîr Bikarmâñjît kâ potâ!
Chatrâng Daî kâ betâ, Chatr-mukat hai nâm hamâiâ."
Itnî sun Rânî ghabarâî;
Chatr hañs kî jamphî pâî:
"Syâbas, re mere hañsâ gyânî!
Tain merî choṭ jigar kî jânî."
Usî waqt khânâ pakâve:
Chatr-mukaṭ ko khânâ khilâve.
Âñkhoñ ḳî karî koṭhrî; paṭlî dî bichhâî;
Palkâñ kî chik gerke; sâjan lîe bithâe.
Râjâ Rânî khushî kareñ is mahiloñ ke mañh.

Bhawar bahî jab mâlî âyâ,
Le phûl Rânî pe âyâ.
Un phûloñ meñ tolan lagî thî,
Rânî phûloñ se badhan lagî thî.
Itnî sun mâlî chal âyâ:
Chandarbhân se araj lagâyâ:
"Ik chor tumhârî âve hawelî,
Is Rânî ko kar lîá akelî!"
Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ;
Us mâlî se araj farmâyâ:
"Kaun chor âve merî hawelî?
Tumheñ na mârûñ: mujhe Râm dohâî!"
"Rât ko âve, rât ko jâve:
Ik hañs Râjâ ko le âve.
Râjâ, gair samoñ dâ Phâg banâo,
Rang ke boṭalâñ* Rânî pe pahunchâo,
Usî chor ko pakaṛ mangâo."

Bolî Rânî, "sun, mere Râjâ,
Mere pitâ ne Basant manâyâ:
Gair samoñ kâ Phâg rachâyâ:
Rang ke botalâñ* mere pe pahunchwâî."
Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ;

* The English word 'bottle': very remarkable here.

Us Rânî se araj lagâyâ :
"Mere pakaṛne kî hikmat lâyâ."
Itnî kah Râjâ ne mukhṛâ moṛâ ;
Us Rânî ne rang Râjâ par ḍârâ ;
Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ :
Mahâ mahil meṅ rudan machâyâ :
"Is waqt na koî hamrâ,
Apne mahil meṅ tû kar rahî dâwâ."
"Râjâ, dhobî ko bulâûṅ ;
Kapṛe dhulwâûṅ, rât rât tere gal meṅ pawâûṅ."

Le kapṛe dhobî ghar ko âyâ,
Pahir kapṛe dhobî bajâr meṅ âyâ.
Nazarbâj ne pakaṛ mangâyâ :
Lath mukkâ dhobî par chalâyâ.
Darde dhobî ne Râjâ batâyâ.
Hâth bândh Râjâ laṭkâyâ.
Dekhan âve nar nârî :
Pakaṛanhâre ko deṅ sab gârî.
Pakaṛ chor ko Râjâ pe lâe.
Us Râjâ ne ḥukm lagâe.
"Is ko ham pe mat lâo.
Is chor ko phâṅsî diwâo."
Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ.
Us haṅs ko dohrâ sunâyâ :
"Kit merî solâh sai Rânî ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain ?
Chandar-karan, tere kârne yûṅhîṅ gaṅwâî jân !"
Itnî sun haṅsâ chal âe.
Â Rânî se araj lagâî :
"Terâ bâp yeh zulm kamâve :
Us Râjâ ko phâṅsî diwâve."
Itnî bât Rânî sun pâve.
Woh mahiloṅ meṅ rudan rachâve :
Ho dilgîr zamîn par âve :
Apnâ sîs palang se mâre.
Launḍî bândî Râjâ pe âve ;
Us Râjâ se araj lagâve :

"Râjâ, tumharî putrî maran lagî hai.
Apnî jindṛî khowan lagî hai."
Itnî bât Râjâ sun pâve;
Usî chor ko turt bulwâve:
"Ai chorâ, tum kaun kahâo?
Merî beṭî ke mahiloṅ âo?"
Itnî bât Râjâ sun pâve:
Râjâ Chandarbhân se faryâd lagâve:
"Kit merî solâh sai Rânîyâṅ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain?
Is Rânî ke kâran yûṅhîṅ gaṅwâî jân."
Itnî sun Râjâ khûsh hûe; Rânî lî bulwâe:
"Râjâ tumharâ â gayâ, aur khushî hûâ parwâe:
Ghar kâ Bâhman bulwâe lo aur phere deo diwâe."
Khushîâṅ Râjâ kar raho phere dîe diwâo:
Mahiloṅ meṅ rahine lag gae, hukm dîe batâe.

Râjâ Rânî do jane kar rahe man kî bât:
"Ab ure se chal paṛo, aur chalo apne ghar bâs."
Rowan lag gai bândîyâṅ aur rowan lage ranwâs:
"Rânî thî, ab chal paṛî, phir kab milne kî âs?"
Ḍolâ kaswâkar chal paṛe lambe raste jâe.
Haṅsâ Râjâ chal paṛe Jain Shahr ko jâe.
Tâpû meṅ ḍere lag gae, Rânî kare jawâb:
"Ure baiṭhe kyâ kareṅ? chalo apne ghar bâs."
Itnî kahkar â gae Jain Shahr ke pâs:
Jâ apne rang mahil meṅ karan lage do bât.
Khushîâṅ Shahr kar rahâ, "â gae hamâre bhartâr!
Ghane dinoṅ meṅ ghar âe; kirpâ karî Kartâr!"

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Râjâ Chandarbhân and Rânî Chand Karan.

As beauty grew
Her father and mother became anxious:
"These five gold pieces and the cocoanut,
Take, Brâhman, in thy arms."*

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* It is usual for rich or great people to send a Brâhman, as described, to arrange a marriage.

To the Three Quarters the Brâhman went
And found no match for Chand Karan.
Then the Brâhman sorrowfully
Came back to the Râjâ.
The Rânî was weeping her eyes out:
"What the pen (of fate) hath written for thee cannot be blotted out (my daughter)!"
"Why (then) didst thou bear me, mother?
He hath found no match for me!"
"The Creator hath endowed thee with beauty;
He hath (surely) created thy match (also)!"
(The Râjâ ordered), "Build the Princess a palace,
Give endless pearls and diamonds.
Build her a palace on an island,*
Put windows into it.
Give her countless maids and attendants,
Under the orders of the Princess."

The breezes were blowing and the jasmines blooming,
She was sitting in her palace very sorrowfully.
A swan† flew up from the Eastern Land,
And the clouds gathered for rain.
The swan flew to the palace.
Then the Princess adorned herself
And decked her hair with pearls.
The wily swan sang to her,
And said to the Princess:
"Is there any righteous one to do a good work?
And to give me a drink of water?"
The Princess heard these words,
And filling a pitcher the Princess brought him water.
And shot him a glance from the bow of her eyes.
The swan fell backwards to the earth.

---

* Probable reference to the islands in the lakes about several of the principal Râjpût cities on which palaces were built.

† It is usual to render *hańsa* by swan, but in reality it is a fabulous bird of indeterminate character.

She took him up and clasped him to her breast:
"Come, my swan, and eat of my pearls; *
I will pick blossoms (for thee) and make thee a bed."
"Princess, I will not eat of thy food.
Seeing thy beauty, I depart no more.
Such beauty has God given thee
That it casts its glamour even over a bird.
Princess, be not (too) proud of thy beauty,
But fear the Creator that made it!
Princess, sixteen years is thy age:
Whose fault is it that thou art not married?"
"Well done, thou wise swan of mine,
Thou hast guessed the sorrow of my heart."
"Princess, I bring thee thy match, beautiful as Krishna,
With body shining like untarnished gold.
To say more is to say too much;
I am thy servant through all my life."
The swan took an oath thrice; †
Thrice he gave an oath to the Princess:
"It is for thy sake, Princess, that I go across the ocean.
If I live, I return to meet thee, else I will meet thee at the Day of Judgment."‡

Then the swan flew off,
And leaving the earth went up into the heavens.
A mighty hunger seized him.
He thought of the Râjâ's darling (Princess):
"Were I now with the Princess,
I should be eating diamonds and pearls!
Where has my Princess gone in her separation?
I would at food and drink water!"
Cool was the lotus shade of the tree,
Where the swan took up his abode.

* It is a common belief that swans live on pearls.
† See *ante*, Vol I, Legend of Niwal Daî, *passim*.
‡ Note the Musalmân notions here.

There came a snarer from the City of Ujjain
And spread his net.
He placed the food and showed the water.
Hungry and thirsty the swan had no control over his mind.
He dipped his beak once into the water.
A second time he put his beak into the food.
The third time he could not fill his beak.
The snarer jerked the net and entrapped him:
"How was I to know thy tricks, thou scoundrel?
The noose is round my neck.
O snarer, break not my wings:
I will settle my price myself."
"I will break thy legs, I will ruffle thy feathers.
Never will I release thee, my bird."
"I am caught, thou snarer, in thy net.
Look my way, O my Princess Chand (Karan)."
The snarer dragged towards himself and dragged the swan to him.
Said (the swan) "What hast thou done, O God, that thou hast turned day into night!
Is there any righteous one to do a good deed?
And save my life from this sinner?"
A gardener's wife heard this,
And went to Râjâ as he was holding Court.
She went up to Râjâ and said:
"There is a rascally scoundrel in thy city,
Who is worrying the peacocks* of the forest."
The Râjâ heard her.
He mounted his horse and went to the forest,
And said to the snarer.
"Snarer, I will order thee a goat from every house;
I will give thee authority in Ujjain City;
Take a *lákh* of pieces of gold,
But give me this bird."

* These being sacred.

"Râja, why tempt me with golden coins?
This bird is for the food of my household."
The Râjâ waxed furiously wrathful.
He struck the snarer with his drawn sword
And cut off both his hands.
"Fly, thou dweller of the forest,*
I have cut the noose from round thy neck."
Hearing this the swan was astonished,
And spake unto Râjâ Chatr(-mukat):
"Other kings rule, but thou art a king beyond kings.†
Thou hast released the bird: may thy life be long!
Râjâ, I tell thee a pleasant thing.
In my country is a Princess so (beautiful) that
The deer have given up grazing and drinking (for love of her)!"
Hearing this the Râjâ grieved,
And said to the wily swan with his lips:
"Swan, I have here sixteen hundred queens,
Without gazing on whom (first) I cannot drink water."
(Said the swan), "Show me those queens,
I have no care for any rule or empire."
The Râjâ sent an order to the palace,
And called all the queens.
Some danced, some showed their charms,
But the wily swan's heart was not taken with any.
"Women, like thy sixteen hundred queens,
Are drawers of water for my Princess."
"Swan, show me thy Princess,
I care no more for all my rule and empire."
Moonlit was the night and the stars were shining.
(Said he), "Take me now, my beloved swan."
The wily swan spread his wings,
And Chatr-mukat rode upon them.
Then the swan flew up,

* To the swan.
† Apparently a pun on the word *sàhbâj* = *shâhbâz*, a hawk, and also *shâh bâgh* as translated.

And leaving the earth soared to the heavens.
Three days passed in flight.
The waters and the lands appeared afar.
(But) when the Râjâ left the palace
A *man* and a quarter* of bracelets were broken in the palace.†

They rested in the Princess' garden,
And the swan flew up into the palace.
Then the Princess adorned herself.
"Come, O my wise swan :
Where hast left my love, my darling ?"
"Princess, I searched the countries of all the earth,
And I found no match for thy beauty."
"I will stab myself, O swan, and die:
I will put an end to my wealth of youth:
Without my stranger I will not survive an hour !"
"Princess, I have brought thee a match, beautiful as Kṛishṇa,
Whose body shines like unalloyed gold.
When two hours‡ of the night have passed
The Prince will come to thy palace.
Princess, don robes of every hue:
Throw a little scent over thy body:
Come to the wily swan (when he calls):
Have three hundred and sixty beds laid in the palace:§
Light up all the candles,
And pray to the (gods of the) lamps, (saying),
'Hear, Golden Lamps, hear my prayer,
To-day I meet my love, burn (then) all the night!'"
Saying this the swan went away,
And told Chatr-mukaṭ: (said he:)
"Moonlit is the night, shining are stars,
Take me now, my beloved swan."

---

* 100 lbs. weight.

† In grief.

‡ *Lit.*, 4 *ghaṛîs* : *i.e.*, 96 minutes.

§ To make a fine show.

The wily swan spread his wings,
And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.
Then the swan took flight
And alighted in the Princess' lofty chamber.
The breezes were blowing and the jasmines were blooming,
Only she was full of grief in the palace.
(Said the Prince), "Swan, is this the Princess thou didst praise?
The beauty that is sleeping!
This is no Princess, it is some water-bearer:
This beauty, that is sleeping!*
For this have I forsaken my sixteen hundred queens!
My ninety sons and my kingdom!"
Hearing this said the swan,
Adjuring Chatr-mukaṭ:
"O Râjâ, grieve not.
Open the veil of her face a little,
Touch her with gentle hand,
And draw the ring off the Princess' finger."
The swan committed a wily theft.
He gave the Prince's ring to the Princess,
And the Princess' ring he gave to the Prince!
The Râjâ mounted the swan and fled.
As he flew (the swan) made a proverb,
And spake to Princess Chand (Karan in a dream):
"It is better to look at butter than to eat oil:
It is better to look at the wise than to keep company with fools."
It was morning and the lovely (Princess) awoke.
She took up a pitcher to wash her face.
The maiden with her fell at her feet:
"I would speak to thee of a wonderful curious thing:
What man's ring is that?
He hath taken tny ring and given thee his ring!"

* The meaning is, a true princess would be awake to receive her lover

All the maidens spake a false (charge)!
"Princess, we slept before thee,
What do we know of what passed in the night?"
(Said she), "Alas! thou hast taken the bloom of my youth and given me sorrow.
Thou hast destroyed my charms, and taken away the bloom of my beauty."

Meanwhile the swan returned,
And spake to the Princess:
"I praised thy beauty,
And, thou fool, thou didst fall asleep.
And for thy sake was I made a fool,
And thus have I lost the virtue of my life.
If I find water in the forests
I will drown myself and see thee no more."
"My swan, I will cut my finger and rub in salt,
And will remain awake the whole night,
And I will catch the thief (of my ring) myself.
Every one beats the thief of his (goods, but)
If I meet my thief I will sacrifice my life for him."
Hearing this the swan went away,
And spake to the Râjâ:
"Râjâ, thou didst so tear off the ring,
That thou hast torn the Princess' finger!"
(Said he), "O swan, take me to the Princess:
Why (thus) make my life miserable?
Moonlit is the night, shining are the stars!
Take me now, my beloved swan.
The wily swan spread his wings,
And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.
And (the swan) laid him at the Princess' bed.
Gently he touched her with his hand,
"Thief, thief," (said) the Princess waking.
"O thief, who art thou?
That thou touchest my body with thy hand?"
"I am no thief, but the lord of many thousands!

For thy sake have forsaken home and family !
I am the grandson of the warrior Vikramâditya !
The son of (his daughter) Chatrang Daî, and my name is Chatr-mukat."
Hearing this the Princess was astonished,
And caressed the swan : (saying),
"Well done, my wise swan !
Thou hast fathomed the wound in my heart."
She cooked some food at once,
And gave Chatr-mukaṭ to eat.
She made a chamber of her eyes, and opened her pupils ;
She drew down the curtain of her lashes, and seated her love within.
And the Prince and Princess were happy in the palace.

In the morning the gardener came,
And brought flowers to the Princess,
And began to weigh her against them,
And the Princess outweighed the flowers.*
Finding this the gardener went
And spake to (Râjâ) Chandarbhân :
"There is a thief in thy palace,
That hath taken the Princess apart !"
Hearing this the Râjâ was confounded
And spake to the gardener :
"What thief hath come into my palace ?
I will not harm thee,† as God is my protector !"
"Comes in the night, goes in the night :
It is a swan that is the (thief) Râjâ.
Râjâ, fix the Holî at the wrong time,
Send bottles of pigment to the Princess,
And you will catch the thief."‡

* Allusion to the well-known tale of Panjphûlârânî or Princess Five-flowers, who weighed only five flowers as long as she was chaste, but outweighed them at once on getting a lover. † If thou tell.

‡ At the Holî festival (*Phâg*) in the Spring the custom is for Hindus to throw a crimson powder over each other, hence if the Princess were to throw the Holî powder over the Prince at the wrong season his clothes would betray him at once.

Said the Princess, "Hear, my Râjâ,
My father is worshipping the Spring:
He hath fixed the Holî at the wrong season,
And hath sent me bottles of pigment."
Hearing this the Prince was confounded,
And said to the Princess:
"It is a trick to catch me."
Saying this the Prince turned away his face,
But the Princess threw the powder over him.
Bitterly wept the Prince,
Raising a cry of weeping through all the palace:
"Now is none my friend,
Thou art the ruler of thy own palace."
"Râjâ, I will call the washerman,
And have thy clothes washed, and in the night shalt
thou wear them."

The washerman took the clothes and went home,
Putting on the clothes* he went into the market.
The spies seized him,
And beat him with fists and clubs.
In his fear the washerman betrayed the Prince,
So they bound the Prince's hands and hanged him up
(by them).
Men and women came to see him,
And abused his captors.
They took the thief (Prince) to the Râjâ,
And the Râjâ ordered:
"Bring him not before me, (but)
Hang this thief."
Bitterly wept the Prince,
And spake unto the swan:
"Where are my sixteen hundred queens: where my
City of Ujjain?
O Chand Karan, for thy sake is my life thus lost!"

* Such borrowed plumes are very common in India among washermen

Hearing this the swan went,
And spake unto the Princess:
"Thy father hath done this wickedness,
That he hath hanged thy Prince."
The Princess hearing this
Raised a cry in the palace;
And fell in her sorrow to the ground,
Beating her head against her couch.
The maids and attendants came to the Râjâ
And spake unto the Râjâ;
"Râjâ, thy daughter is dying,
And throwing away her life."
When the Râjâ heard this
He sent for the thief at once: (saying),
"O thief, what art thou called?
That camest into my daughter's palace."
Hearing this the Prince
Spake unto Râjâ Chandarbhân:
"Where are my sixteen hundred queens? where my City of Ujjain?
For this Princess' sake have I lost my life."
When he heard this, Râjâ Chandarbhân was pleased and called the Princess at once: (saying),
"Thy Prince hath come and thy household rejoiceth.
Send for the house priest and perform thy marriage."
With rejoicings the Prince performed the marriage,
Dwelt in the palace and began to rule.
The Prince and Princess, the pair had their hearts' desire.
(Said she), "Let us depart hence now and go to thy home."
All the maids began to weep and all the palace wailed:
"A Princess there was that hath fled now, when shall we meet her again?"
Preparing a palanquin they commenced the long road
The swan and the Râjâ went to Ujjain City.
They dwelt in an island and the Princess said:

"What shall we do dwelling here? let us go to thy home."
Saying this they went to Ujjain City,
And going into the palace they began dwelling together.
All the city rejoiced, saying, "Our lord hath come:
Coming home in these great days: for the Lord hath had mercy!"

No. XX.

TWO SONGS ABOUT NÂMDEV,

AS SUNG BY TWO BARDS FROM AMRITSAR.

[These are two well known songs about the celebrated Bhagat and Marâṭhî poet Nâmdev or Nâmâ. They are sung constantly in the Darbâr Sâḥib or Golden Temple at Amṛitsar, and are known to every Sikh.]

[Nâmdev flourished in the time of the Emperor Bahlol Lodî, 1468-1512 A.D., and evidently vastly influenced the founder of the Sikh Religion, for we find whole poems of his incorporated into the *Âdi Granth*. These particular legends are not in the *Âdi Granth*, but in the *Granth* (as I am told) that Gurû Gobind Singh started in opposition to it. They are therefore very likely to be apocryphal.]

I.

TEXT.

Sat Gur Parshâd. Sabd Nâmâ, Rag Bhairoṅ: Ghar Do.

Sultân pûchhe, "Sun, be Nâmâ,
Dekhûṅ Râm, tumhâre kâmâ."
Nâmâ Sultân ne bâdh lâ;
"Dekhûṅ terâ Har baṭhîlâ.
Bismal goû deo jiwâe,
Nâ, tirû gardan mârûṅ ṭhâe?"
"Pâdshâh, aisî kyûṅ hoe?
Bismal kîâ na jîve koe.
Merâ kîâ kuchh na hoe:
Kare Râm hoe hai soe."
Pâdshâh chaṛhio hankâr.
"Gaj hastî dînûṅ chamkâr."
Rudan kare Nâme kî mâ:
"Chhoḍ Râm ke, bhajan Khudâ."
"Nâ hûṅ terâ pûṅghṛâ, nâ tû merî mâ:
Piṇḍ paṛe to Har gun gâ."
Kare Gajend sûṇḍ kî chot:

Nâmâ ubre Har kî oṭ.
Qâzî mullâṅ kare salâm:
"In Hindû merâ maliyâ mân.
Pâdshâh, bentî sunîyo,
Nâmâ sar bhar sonâ leîyo."
"Mâl leûṅ tâ Dozakh paṛhûṅ.
Dîn chhoḍ duniyâ kon bharûn?"
Pâwoṅ berî, hâthoṅ tâl;
Nâmâ gâve gun Gopâl.
"Gang Jaman jo ulṭî bahe,
Tâ Nâmâ 'Har Har' kardâ rahe."
Sât ghaṛî jab bîtî sunî:
Aj hûṅ na âio Tirbhawan Dhanî.
Pâ kanthan, bâj bajâelâ,
Garuṛ chaṛhe Govind âelâ,
Apne bhagat par kî prit-pâl.
Garuṛ chaṛhe âe Gopâl:
"Kaheṅ, tâ Dharan akoḍî karûn!
Kaheṅ, tâ le kar ûpar dharûṅ!
Kaheṅ, tâ mûî goû deûṅ jiwâe,
Sab koî dekhe patiyâî!"
Nâmâ parnâve sîl masail:
Goû duhâî, bachhrâ mel.
Dûdh-doh jab maṭkî bharî,
Le, Pâdshâh ke âge dharî.
Pâdshâh mahil meṅ jâe:
Aughaṭ kî ghaṭ lâgî âe.
Qâzî Mullâṅ bentî farmâî:
"Bakhsh, Hindû, maiṅ terî gâî!
Nâmâ kahe, "suno, Pâdshâhe!
Eho kuchh patiyâ mujhe dikhâî.
Is patiyâ rahe parwân,
Sâch sîl châlo, Sultân!"
Nâmdev sab rahiâ samâe.
Mil Hindû Nâme pe jâe:
"Jo ab kî bâr na jîve gâî.
Tâ Nâmdev kâ patiyâ jâe."

Nâme kî Kîrat rahe sansâr,
Bhagat janâṅ le udhâre Apâr.
Sagal kalîs nindak bahiâ khed.
Nâme Nârâyan nahîn bhed!

II
TEXT.
Tuk.

"Rukhrî na khâîyo, Swâmî merâ! Rukhrî na khâïyo!
Hâth hamare ghirat kaṭorâ, apnâ bâṇṭâ lekar jâîyo.
Ḍauṛe ḍauṛe jât, Swâmî, roṭ lie mukh mâhîṅ.
Tum bhâge, ham pahunch na sâke, mel leîyo, Gosâîṅ!
Ghaṭ ghaṭ ke Prabh antar-jâmî!" Pal meṅ rûp baṭâyâ.
Kûkar se Thâkur ban baiṭhe: Nâmdev darshan pâyâ.

I.
TRANSLATION.

By the favor of the Holy Gurû: The Song of Nâmâ, in the Râg Bhairoṅ: Part Two.†*

Said the Sultân,‡ "Hear, O Nâmâ,
I would see (this) Râm,§ thy servant."
The Sultan bound Râmâ.
Saying, "I would see Hari,§ thy patron.
Raise this dead cow to life,
Or I will cut off thy head!"
"King, why should this be?
None hath ever raised the dead to life.
My deed will perform nothing:
It is as Râm (God) wills."
The king waxed wrathful, (saying)
"I will rouse my elephant to fury."
Nâmâ's mother began to weep:

* Gobind Singh.

† Allusion to the part of Gurû Gobind Singh's *Granth* in which the text is said to be found.

‡ Probably Bahlol Lodi. § God according to the *Hindûs*.

(And said),* "Leave Râm's praises for God's (Khudâ)."†
(Said he), "I am no son of thine, thou no mother to me:
If my body perish (still) will I sing of Hari."
The chief of the elephants thrust at him with his trunk,
But Nâmâ was safe by Hari's protection.
The Qâzis and Mulla's saluted (the king, saying),
"This Hindû hath slighted our (Musalmân) faith.
O king, hear our prayer:
Take our gold and give us Nâmâ's head."
"If I take the gold I shall go to Hell.
Who will enjoy the earth, if he give up his faith?"
(He put) shackles on his feet and fetters on his feet,
But Nâmâ sang the praises of Gopâl.‡
"Gangâ and Jamnâ may flow backwards,
But Nâmâ still sings, 'Hari, Hari.'"
Seven hours passed away,
But still the Lord of the Three Worlds§ came not.
Wearing a (holy) necklace and with songs and rejoicings,
Govind|| came mounted upon Garuṛ,¶
The protector of his own votary.
Mounted on Garuṛ came Gopâl, (and said)
"Say, and I will upset the world!
Say, and I will raise it on my hand!
Say, and I will raise the dead cow to life,
That all may see the miracle!"
Nâmâ prostrated himself
And made the cow suckle her calf.
He then milked and filled a pail,
And took and laid it before the king.
The king went into his palace
And his heart was very sore.
The Qâzîs and Mullas besought (Nâmâ):

---

* To her son. † God according to the *Musalmâns*.
‡ = Kṛishṇa = God. § God. || = Kṛishṇa = God.
¶ Garuḍa, the miraculous bird and vehicle of Kṛishṇa.

"Hindû, forgive us; we are thy cow's!"*
Said Nâmâ, "Hear, O King!
Thus much miracle have I performed.
Let the miracle remain proved.
Do thou dwell in truth and virtue, O King!"
Nâmdev's honor was greatly increased.
All the Hindûs went to Nâmâ:
(Saying), "Had he not restored her this time,
The virtue of Nâmdev had gone."
Nâmâ's glory shall remain in the world.
God ever protecteth his saints.
May the backbiters suffer all troubles.
There is no secret (difference) betwixt Nâmâ and Nârâyan!†

II.

TRANSLATION.

Refrain.

"Eat not dry bread, my Master! eat not dry bread!
The plate of butter is in my hand, take thy share.
Running away, my Master, with the bread in thy mouth.
Thou runnest, and I cannot reach thee, I would meet thee, my Holy One!
Thou art the Lord that knowest the heart!" In a moment the body changed.
The dog became the Lord, and Nâmdev beheld him.‡

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* Conventional phrase: the cow being the most sacred of all things in the Hindû's eyes, to be treated as his cows is to be well treated by him.

† God.

‡ The point of this is that a dog ran away with Nâmdev's food, and instead of beating him the saint addressed him as above. Thereon the dog turned into God and so Nâmdev beheld God. The moral is obvious.

No. XXI.

SAKHÎ SARWAR AND JÂTÎ,

AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI IN THE LÂHOR DISTRICT FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL.

[This story relates a miracle performed by Sakhî Sarwar for a Brâhman follower in the Gujrânwâlâ District. The scene is laid at Emanâbâd near the town of Gujrânwâlâ, and in the tale the Brâhman, Pherû, the son of Jâtî, is made governor of that place in the time of Akbar (1556-1605 A.D.)]

[Emanâbâd is an old town in the district, said to have been a hunting ground of Śâlivahâṇa. The present town was founded by one Emana, a nurse of the Emperor Fîroz Shâh Khiljî (1282-1296 A.D.) Under the Musalmân rulers and before the Sikh times (say up to 1750 A.D.) it was a very important place and the headquarters of a *mahâl*. The legend here recorded may possibly relate the temporary possession of power by some local Brâhman, whose name has not been preserved in general history.]

[The prose portions of the legend being in ordinary Urdû have not been given in the original.]

Sakhî Sarwar and Jâtî.

Sâîn Sachhe! yâ Rabb!
*Terî dhano pârjâ!**
Jat thal Maullâ tûî hai!
Rabb, tero nâm dhiâîye!
Kiâ kiâ qudrtân thâpdâ?
Berangî Sâhib jâpdâ!
Sâje Dhartî te âsmân!
Bâjh thamân kalâ ṭikâie!
Dhartî dâ kitâ joṛ hai,
Unwajâ lâkh karoṛ hai.
Aṭhârâ bhawan banâs, jî,
Rabb qudrat bâgh banâie!
Bhawan te bishrâmî,
Râm Chand, Kishn jawânî.

---

* For *upârjâ*.

Nawâñ Budh laṭakdâ,
Phir dase autâr khiḍâie.
Bhagat pare to pare, jî!
Terâ nâm jape so tare, jî!
Kughṛâ paiṇḍâ bhagat dâ,
Gur bardiâñ ho vikâiye!
Pír Bâî núñ gâwandâ,
Nit eho kâr kamâwandâ.
Dâyam díve bâldâ,
Nit ghare salâm karâie.
Jâtî kardâ seo, jî;
"Sarwar, miṭṭhâ meo deo, jî!
Miṭṭhâ meo deo, jî!"
Múñh mangiâ dân diwâie!
Jâtî de ghar jamdâ,
Pherû, bahote karm-jaram dâ;
Sayyidpurâ saloia,
Jithe Pherû paidâ hoiâ,
Châkar Bâî Lanj dâ,
Nit ghare salâm karâie!

O True Lord! O God!
Blessed be thy creation!
Thou art Lord of the land and sea!
O God, let us meditate on thy Name!
What wonders hast thou performed?
O Lord, appearing in many forms!
Thou hast ordered the Earth and Sky,
Upraising the sky* without pillars!
He hath reckoned up (all) the Earth,
Forty-nine *lâkhs* of *karoṛs* (of miles in area)†!
The eighteen loads of herbage
Made God into a garden of his power!
The dwellers in ease in heaven,
Râma Chandra and Kṛishṇa the youth,

* *Lit.*, the machine. † 49 billions.

And the nine *Buddhas* flourished,
And then He made the ten incarnations.*
The saintship is unfathomable, Sir!†
(Only) he that worships Thy Name shall be saved, Sir!
Steep is the path of the saintship,
Let us become servants to our teachers.
(Jâtî) sang of the Saint and Bâî,‡
This duty did he perform,
Keeping the lamps§ ever lighted,
Ever worshipping them at home.
Jâtî did service: (saying)
"Sarwar, grant me sweet fruit‖ (of my prayer),
Sweet fruit grant me!"
(Sarwar) gave him his desire in charity.
In Jâtî's house is born
Pherû, the most fortunate.
In beautiful Sayyidpurâ,¶
Where Pherû was born,
The servants of Bâî and Lanjâ (Sarwar),
Worship them every hour!

When Jâtî was at the point of death he admonished his son Pherû, saying, "My son, you were born to me solely through the favor of Sakhî Sarwar, therefore it is incumbent on you to ever worship at his shrine." So Pherû in obedience to his father's behest attended regularly at Sakhî Sarwar's shrine and worshipped him, and although at one time he became very poor he never failed in his devotion. One day he said to himself that if Sakhî Sarwar give me the government of Emanâbâd I will build him a splendid shrine, whereupon the holy Bhairoṅ** was ordered by Sakhî Sarwar to appear to the Emperor Akbar in a dream and frighten him. Bhairoṅ accord-

* The modern Brahmanical mythology is referred to here!
† Addressing the audience.
‡ Sarwar and his wife: see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 96.
§ *i.e.*, of the shrine.
‖ The invariable form of prayer for a son.
¶ Sayyidpurâ Salonâ is the old name of Emanâbâd.
** See Vol. I., p. 75.

ingly did so and Akbar asked him what he wanted. Bhairoñ replied, "Make my freind Pherû governor of Emanâbâd to-morrow, or I will worry you." To this Akbar agreed, and in order to refresh his memory he made a knot in his coat. Accordingly, next day, when sitting in his Court, the knot reminded him of his promise, and he issued orders through his minister appointing Pherû the Brâhman governor of Emanâbâd.

A horseman was therefore sent with the order and suitable robes who arrived in due time at Emanâbâd and made enquiries after Pherû. But he, fearing that the man had come about the recovery of certain debts of his father, hid himself in the house of one Mâttî, an old woman. At last, however, thinking it over in his mind that there is no escape from the will of gods or of kings, and that if he escaped for to-day the horseman would catch him to-morrow, he gave himself up. To his astonishment the horseman (according to orders) treated him with the greatest respect, bathed him, dressed him up in the robes of honor and gave him the letters patent (*parwánâ*) investing him with the power of a governor of Emanâbâd. After which the horseman went away.

Jo kuchh Pherú loṛ dá ;
Lákh miliá mulk karoṛ dá,
Paṭṭá, ra'iyat, parganá :
Muṛ ghare salâm karâie.
Ghoṛe chaṛhke chaldâ,
Pherú já Kachahrí maldâ.
Qábú páve ḥukm dâ
Phir iksí mat dahâie.
Ḥâkim nál chabútre
Pherú bahke majlis láie.
Lashkar kaṭak barámí,
Naqqâre nâl nishâní.

Whatsoever Pherû desired
He obtained, a land of boundless wealth,*
Title-deeds, tenants and lands:

---

* *Lit.*, worth of a billion of rupees.

Going home he gave thanks (to Sarwar).
Riding on his horse
Pherû went frequently to Court.
Taking the opportunity of power
He made (every one) of his faith.
With nobles in his Palace.
Pherû sat and held his Court.
Splendid his cavalcade and retinue
With drums and standards.

Now since Pherû was a Brâhman and Sakhî Sarwar was a Muhammadan the people of Emanâbâd were much displeased at his following Sarwar, and once it so happened that one of his own caste brethren refused to permit him to attend at a marriage, because of his being Sarwar's disciple. Finding at last that it was a question of losing the fellowship of his caste or of giving up Sakhî Sarwar, he deserted the latter and joined his caste.

"Aiṛ chele ditiá,
Phir chele hoe mitthiá!
Gurâṅ Pîrâṅ to mukaṛe
Sidh âpî âp sadâiye!"

"I gave my disciple a flock,
And my disciple hath become faithless!
Denying his Saint and Teacher,
He hath made himself into a saint!"

(Spake Sarwar) and was very much enraged against Pherû for whose punishment he sent the holy Bhairoṅ.*

Bhairoṅ qamchî márdá,
Bráhman nûṅ jhuthiárdá!
Oh dî dehî rang wiṭáiá,
Adh vichoṅ hî laṭkáie!
Dard kalîjâ pharkdá
Pherû ṭangâṅ báhwâṅ khaṛkdá.
Chhâle bhîme pai gae,
Dehî dá rang wiṭáie:
Kul qabîlá ṭarkdá,

* See Legends about Sarwar, *ante, passim*

"Ih nūṅ thāoṅ diwāo faraq dā.
Jis dā sidqa bhog de,
Muṛ use to sukhāiye."
Rang mahlāṅwāliā,
Phir kakkhāṅ vich sowā liā.
Phir jhuṅgī vich bahā liā,
Phir istar heṭh vichhāie.
Pīundā dudh piāliāṅ,
Phir pānī ṭiṇḍ sawāliāṅ,
Challī bhojan jīwandā.
Phir tukṛe nūṅ tarsāie.

Bhairoṅ struck him with his club,
Calling the Brâhman a liar.
He changed the color of his body.*
And hanged him by his waist (to the roof).†
Pain tore his heart,
Pherû (hanging) kicked about his arms and legs.
Great blotches came over his body.
And the color of his body changed.
(Said) his family trembling,
"Let us give him a place apart;
Whose favor he enjoyed
Let him again relieve him."
From a gorgeous palace
They made him sleep in a hut.
They made him dwell in the hut,
And spread a bed of straw beneath him.
He that drank milk from (brass) cups,
Drank water from earthen cups.
The liver on sumptuous food
Craved for crumbs.

When Pherû the Brâhman got leprosy and his brethren gave him a detached hut to live in, one day everybody forgot him except an old female servant, who recollected that no one had

* i.e., made him a leper.
† i.e., severely punished him: allusion to a favorite Sikh punishment.

sent him any food since the previous day, and thinking that if he was neglected much longer he would soon die, she made up her mind to supply him daily with four loaves out of her own allowance of food. That very day she went to Pherû with the bread and an ewer of water, who ate two of the loaves and gave the remainder to the birds. Finding that he only ate two loaves she restricted his allowance to that number and kept the rest for herself. She went to him daily before eating any food herself, because she was obliged to bathe after coming in contact with a leper and also, by the custom of the Hindûs, before breaking her fast. In this way some time passed.

Now Sakhî Sarwar had made Pherû a leper in order to force his relatives to desert him, so that when he felt the pangs of hunger he might return to his old allegiance. But finding that that the old woman kept him well fed, he ordered Bhairoṅ to prevent her. Accordingly, next day Bhairoṅ met her on the road to Pherû's hut and asked her who she was and where she was going. She replied "For the grace of God and out of pity for my old master I give him daily two out of my allowance of four loaves and I am taking them to him now." "But," said Bhairoṅ, "when your master is so bad with leprosy that none of his own relatives will go near him, why do you go? Suppose you got the disease: who would look after you, when even so great a man as Pherû is totally neglected? If you must look after your master take my advice and tie the bread to the end of a bamboo and throw it to him from a distance." Next day the woman took his advice, and when Pherû saw what she was doing he was vexed and told her that she had served him well enough so far, but that if she meant to treat him like this in future she had better cease bringing him food. Being thus rebuffed the woman stopped bringing him food.

So Pherû began to starve and in the misery of his heart he remembered Sakhî Sarwar and said:

> "*Sab jag bhulanhâr: bhuliâṅ Sîtâ jehiâṅ Rânîâṅ, Sultânâ,*
> *Bhûle Râm te Lachhman Deote, Sultânâ.*
> *Maiṅ tere dîve bâlsâṅ,*
> *Maiṅ tere nâm chitârsâṅ.*

Bahaṛe, Sarwar Auliá,
Dukh merá dard gawáiye!"

"All the world errs: even as the Queen Sîtâ erred, O Sultân (Sarwar),
Erred also Râm and Lachhman, O Sultân.*
I will light thy lamps,
I will call on thy name.
Come, O Saintly Sarwar,
Relieve me of my agony and pain."

When Pherû began to cry out and acknowledged his guilt Sakhî Sarwar had pity on him. So mounting his mare and taking Bhairoṅ with him he went to Pherû's hut and asked the road to Kâbul. "What do you want in Kâbul?" said Pherû. "We are physicians from Dehlî," said they, "sent to teach the king of Kâbul medicine." "If you will but treat me," said the leper, "I will remember you all my days." "But if we treat you, what will you give us?" said the physicians. "Alas!" said he, "I have nothing to give!" "*Something* we must have," returned the physicians, "at any rate a pound of flour for our horses." Pherû promised anything in his power if they would only cure him. Whereupon

Chashmá† kaḍḍh nikália,
Pherú Báhman nún ghol piá liá.
"Sítal jhole, Sáhibá,
Dehí nún thaṇḍ pawáiye!"

They took out some of the holy soil,
And mixing it (in a cup of water) they gave it to Pherû the Brâhman.
(Said Pherû), "O Lord, as a breath of cool air,
Hast thou cooled my (burning) body."

As soon as Pherû had drunk up the dissolved earth he was cured at once. The rapid cure made him doubt the real character of the physician, and so he laid hold of Sarwar's

* Allusion to the well known story in the *Râmâyana* of Sîtâ's disobedience of Râma's instructions not to go out of the charmed circle (*kár*), while their error was in leaving her alone.

† Sacred soil from Makkâ, but here from Nigâhâ, the shrine of Sakhî Sarwar.

mare and said, "You are concealing yourselves, your are not physicians. You are Sakhî Sarwar and Bhairoṅ, the holy."

"We are indeed physicians," replied they, "it is your will to call us Sarwar and Bhairoṅ. However, bring us the grain you agreed to give us."

"I will not move a yard" replied he, "for you may gallop off, while I go for the grain."

At last finding that he would not leave them they dropped their whips and asked him to pick them up, and as he stooped to do so, they galloped off, leaving him staring after them.

Changá karke ghaliá,
Pherû Báhman ghar núṅ chaliá.
Bahutá sukh ánand nál,
Ghar sukhí sándí jáie.
Pahiláṅ waṛe muqám, jí:
Phir niú-niú kare salám, jí:
Hatthíṅ búhá kholke
Já andar pairí páie.
Roshan húe chirágh, jí.
Báhman de waḍḍe bhág, jí.
Pairíṅ paindí Lachhmí,
Man andar khushí wadháie.

Having cured him they sent him away,
And Pherû, the Brâhman set out for home.
With great rejoicings
He reached home safe and sound.
First he went to the shrine, sir:
And made his lowly salutations, sir:
Opening the door with his own hands
And prostrating himself within.
There was a lighting of the lamps, sir.
Very fortunate was the Brâhman, sir.
Lachhmî* fell at his feet,
Happy in her heart.

Returning home Pherû went on to serve Sakhî Sarwar as heretofore. After a while it occurred to him that he should

* His wife.

go to Nigâhâ and be fed from the hands of the revered Bâî* and obtain some boon from Sarwar. So he went towards Nigâhâ and getting as far as the Trimmût† ferry he sat down by the banks of the Râvî. Here Bhairoṅ appeared to him in the form of a groom and asked Pherû why he was there. Pherû replied that he was going to Nigâhâ.

"But who goes to Nigâhâ at this season," said the groom, "when the river is so swollen? It is no easy matter to cross at this season. Better go back and come again with the regular company of pilgrims (*sang*)."

"I will never go back," replied Pherû, "I have made my vow and go I will."

On this the groom was very pleased and said, "Very well, if you must go across, sit on this grass mat and shut your eyes."

Pherû did so and immediately found himself across the river, but neither the mat or its owner could he see anywhere.

When he reached the Satluj, Bhairoṅ the holy visited him in the form of a shepherd and told him that if he wanted to cross he could take him over on a reed mat. Pherû sat on it and was taken across in a moment, but the shepherd disappeared. Then Pherû knew that it was the same man that had helped him over the Râvî.

At length he reached Nigâhâ and there Sakhî Sarwar visited him assuming the form of an Aroṛâ and asked him to take food in his house, saying that there were no Brâhmans in the village. He offered him eleven gold pieces in return for the honour. Pherû could not resist the temptation, saying to himself that he would visit the shrine afterwards. So he accompanied the sham Aroṛâ to his house.

Lílí Báí rang vitáiá;
Kar chauṅká bhâṇḍá páiá;
Kar bhojan bhalá jimáiá.
Pírâṅ ditti dakhná,
Jyûṅ dharm saháie.

* Sakhî Sarwar's wife. † Towards Multân.

The Lady Bâî changed her form,*
She made a cooking place and placed the vessels,
Preparing the food in plenty.
The Saint gave him his (Brâhman's) fee,
As though bound by religion.

After Pherû had been fed by Bâî, whom he supposed to be the wife of the Aroṛâ, and had received the customary present from the sham Aroṛâ, he returned to the shrine, buried the remainder of the food and sat down expecting that Bâî would give him bread with her own hands and Sakhî Sarwar himself the usual present. Knowing this Sakhî Sarwar appeared to the shrine attendant, Chhattâ, in a dream and told him to ask Pherû why he was sitting there, for that what he wanted had been accomplished. "If he says he has received nothing, then tell him that the supposed Aroṛâ was Sakhî Sarwar, and that the food he had eaten was prepared by Bâî. If he does not believe you then tell him to put his little finger to his chest and the food that he ate will come out of his mouth and the food that he buried in golden utensils will be found to be in brass ones, and that the gold pieces he had as a present will be turned into brass also. So Chhattâ, the shrine attendant, went to Pherû and said, "Why don't you go home since you have got what you came for?" But Pherû rejoined, "I have got nothing as yet." On this the attendant told him that the food he had eaten had been prepared by Bâî and that the present he had received was from the hands of Sarwar himself. But the Brâhman would not believe him. So then the attendant prayed that the gold pieces presented him might turn to brass, that the golden utensils might also become brass, and that the food he had eaten might come out of his mouth. All this came literally to pass. On seeing this the Brâhman was very much ashamed and cried out to Sakhî Sarwar, "I cannot return home disgraced in this wise." Then a voice called out, "Let the vessels and gold pieces become golden," and behold! it was so, and the Brâhman took them home.

* i.e., became an Aroṛâ's wife.

Changâ karke ghalliâ;
Pherû Bâhman ghar nûṅ chaliâ,
Bahutâ sukh ânand nâl
Ghar sukhî sandî jâie.
Majlis tambû tânadâ,
Phir oh khushîâṅ mânadâ.
Jedâ agge tul sî, mur
Osî tul charhâie.

Curing him they sent him (home);
Pherû the Brâhman went home,
With great rejoicings
Reaching his home safe and sound.
They pitched his camp in the Court,
And then rejoiced.
Even as he was before, again
They placed him in his former state.

No. XXII.

THE MARRIAGE OF SAKHI SARWAR,

AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI OF THE LAHORE DISTRICT FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL.

[This legend gives in detail what has been already alluded to in previous ones about Sakhi Sarwar. It is valuable as showing his thoroughly Indian character and descent. The purely Hindû cast given to all the ceremonies connected with the marriage is remarkable.]

[It should be noted that the governor of Multân marries his daughter to an ordinary *faqîr*. Though there is no evidence, as far as I know, to show that there ever was such a governor as that mentioned in this legend, such marriages were by no means unknown in former days: *e.g.*, the marriage of the daughter of the Emperor Bahlol Lodî, in 1452 A.D., to Shekh Sadar Jahân of Kotlâ-Mâler.]

[The prose parts, being in ordinary Urdû, have not been given in original.]

Jal thal ik Allâh, jî!
Rabb qudrat dâ Bâdshâh, jî!
Terâ, Allâh, Nabbî gawâh, jî!
Lenâ nâm Rasûl dâ,
Phir ummat de Sarband dâ.
Dhol Dhartî dhârdâ;
Rabb Chandâṅ Tabaq sawârdâ;
Pânî pave jhalâr dâ;
Ashṭam târe laṭakde;
Chânan bâle chand dâ:
Âdam Ḥawwâ paindâ,
Rabb duniyâ sishṭ wadhaindâ,*
Rabb ṣir sir dhande laindâ.
Jo jo ḥukm, Nihâliâ,
Karo kamâo dhand dâ.
Sat Jugî Multânî;
Koî Shahr bhalâ pîrânî;
Shahr 'ajab sohnâ; mân
Sakhî, 'Âlam Nau Khanḍ dâ.

* For *sarishṭ*, creation.

Piû Zainu'l-'âbadîn nit nâm
Lâiye khair wand dâ.
Ghar Sayyidân de jammiân,
Sultânâ, pîr karamiân,
Díwânâ ubbhiân lammiân.
Dhan jane Mâî 'Ayshân,
Wadhâwâ waje anand dâ.
Sarwar, 'ajab jâwânî,
Nâl bhâî Dhodâ Khânî,
Piû Zainu 'l-'âbadîn, nit nâm
Lâiye khair wand dâ.

One God of the land and sea!
God is the king of power!
The Prophet (Muḥammad) is thy witness, O God!
First call on the name of the Prophet,
Then on the Leader of the Sect.*
Dhavala† supports the earth;
God has created the Fourteen Regions,‡
Water He gives to the wells;
The stars He hangs in the sky; §
He lights up the glory of the moon.
He produced Adam and Ḥawwâ (Eve);
God gave increase to the creatures of the world;
Appointed his place unto each.
O Nihâlâ,|| whatever be His order,
Do thou perform thy duty
Multân belongs to the Golden Age
A city blessed by the Saints,**

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* *i.e.*, Sakhî Sarwar.

† Explained to be a cow: but was there ever any such Hindu notion?

‡ Musalmân notion.

§ *Ashlam*, apparently a pure misapprehension of the word *âsmân* or *akâs*.

|| The composer of the poem.

¶ *i.e.*, is a very old city.

** Allusion to the descendants of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, Shams Tabrez and other very celebrated saints, still found in large numbers in Multân.

A city very beautiful; believe
In Sakhî (Sarwar), Lord of the Nine Quarters.*
Ever the name of his father Zainû'l'-âbadîn,
Full of virtue, take.
Born in the house of Sayyids,
Was Sultân (Sarwar), full of good fortune,
Lord of the East and West:
Happily did Mother 'Aeshân† bring forth,
When the drums of rejoicing were sounded.
Sarwar, the glorious youth,
With his brother Dhoḍâ Khâṅ,
And Zainu'l'-âbadîn; ever their names,
Full of virtue, take!

Now Sakhî Sarwar while grazing goats in the pastures had read the Qurân from his childhood. He had four brothers, of whom three were the sons of Rustam Khâtûn,‡ his stepmother, *viz.*, Sayyid Dâûd, Sayyid Maḥmûd and Sayyid Sahrâ. His father Zainu'l'-âbadîn dwelt at Gaṛh Kot§ about twelve miles from Multân, and after Rustam Khâtun's death he married 'Aeshâṅ|| there. She bore him two sons, Sayyid Aḥmad (Sakhî Sarwar) and Khâṅ Jatî or Dhoḍâ Khâṅ. The saint's grandmother's name was Sâḥibzâdî, who had a sister married to one Râîbâ of the Rihânâ Tribe, by whom she had five sons, *viz.*, Âbû, Dûdhâ, Sahan, Makkû, and Abu'l-khair. But the saint had no maternal uncle.¶

When his mother's father died his brethren came and wanted him to divide the land owned by the grandfather among themselves, to which partition Sakhî Sarwar agreed, but they took all the good land and gave him only the bad. However, as he had paid no attention to agriculture, he was none the wiser, and taking his share proceeded to cultivate it. So he

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* *Hindû* belief. † Mother of Sarwar.

‡ Observe the Mughal form of the name.

§ Shâhkoṭ, 12 miles from Multân according to the usual account.

|| She was a Khokhar.

¶ To perform the marriage for him. *Hindû* custom.

sowed it with seed and prayed to God, and by the blessing of the Almighty his fields flourished and were ten-fold better than his brethren's, and they, being astonished, took counsel among themselves. So they went to him and told him there must have been a mistake in the partition and wanted to set up the pillars afresh. "Never mind about altering the pillars," said he, "you collect the whole harvest and give me my share." So the brethren collected the harvest and winnowed the grain, and when it was ready for distribution, they sent round to all the beggars of the neighbourhood to beg alms of grain from Sarwar so as to ruin him, and gave them instructions that if he refused them in any way they were to give him a bad name in all the villages round. Accordingly, when the division commenced, they all crowded round Sakhî Sarwar and begged grain of him in the name of God. Before long he had given all his own grain and commenced distributing that of the fields adjoining. His brethren, however, were quite pleased, "for," said they, "now that he has given away all his grain how will he pay the land revenue? As soon as the tax collector comes he will run away and we shall be rid of him and get all the land." With these notions in their heads they suggested his accompanying them to the Governor to pay the revenue, and his father, too, asked him to go in his place, as he was getting too old to walk. So all the brothers went off to Ghanû, the Paṭhân,* the ruler of Multân. On the road, being entirely innocent of such matters, the saint asked what land revenue was and they explained it to him. "But," said he, "I have nothing to pay with." "You must take your chance," said they, "the Governor may remit, or he may punish." Sakhî Sarwar felt very frightened on hearing this, for who could tell what the Governor would do to him, and so he determined to show him a miracle.

No sooner had he determined on this, when behold he was joined by a huge multitude which filled Multân, till there was hardly standing space. Seeing this vast concourse the Paṭhân

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* A name apparently not known to history.

asked his minister to go and enquire about them. The minister came and saw that it was a saint on a mare that had come. So he reported that it was only a *faqîr* and no enemy that had come, and that the concourse had been created by him merely for his own amusement. This made the Governor feel very uneasy. But to try the saint's powers he sent him an empty tray and a pitcher, to see if he had miraculous power enough to fill them, and asked for food and water. The servant, who carried them, however, became afraid that if the saint should find them empty he would think that he himself had done it for a joke and would be wrath with him. So on the road he prayed to God not to disgrace him in the eyes of the saint, and God heard the prayer and filled the tray with rice and milk and the pitcher with water. Now Sakhî Sarwar knew by his miraculous knowledge what had happened, and said to his friend Faqîr Ḥussain Ghâî,* "look, the Governor wants me to show him a miracle." So when the servant came they both partook of some of the food and drink, but left some in the vessels to show the Governor that food had been put miraculously into them. When the Governor saw this, he became sure of the miraculous power of Sakhî Sarwar and, being afraid of what he had done, made up his mind to apologize. But Faqîr Ḥussain Ghâî told him that there was no need to do that, as he was justified in testing the power of a saint, and that Sakhî Sarwar would pardon him if he would behave himself in future!

The Governor, in his gratitude, gave Sakhî Sarwar a fine horse, a dress of honor and a *lakh* and a quarter of rupees† but he imprisoned his five brethren for having forced him to come to Multân. Sakhî Sarwar took his presents and went straight to the Jail. On seeing him there the Governor of the Jail asked him why he came there, and Sarwar replied he was there because of his brethren, who were imprisoned. The Governor of the Jail asked him which among the prisoners

* *Ghâî*, apparently a tribal name; but habitat and origin unknown.
† Rupees 1,25,000.

were his brethren. "Every man in the Jail is my brother, and I have no intention of moving until they are all released," replied the saint. So the poor Governor went to Ghanû, the Pathân, who had perforce to release all the prisoners.

After this Sakhî Sarwar spent his *lâkh* and quarter of rupees in shaving and dressing decently all the beggars in Multân, for the large numbers of which the place has always been famous, and then he proceeded on his way home to Gaṛh Koṭ riding on his horse in his new clothes. On the road he met 360 *faqîrs* who begged for food, as they had been starving for twelve years. So the saint, having nothing else, gave them his horse and his clothes to buy food with in Multân. But no one would buy either horse or clothes for fear of incurring Ghanû's displeasure. The *faqîrs*, therefore, returned disappointed to Sakhî Sarwar. The saint asked them which they really wanted, money or food. "Food is all we want," said the *faqîrs*. "Then slaughter the horse and eat it," said Sarwar, "and make up the clothes into breeches and necessary clothing." So the *faqîrs* did accordingly.

Now the saint's brethren still nourished great enmity against him, and when they saw this they rejoiced greatly, as they thought that when the Governor of Multân heard of it he would surely punish the saint. So they filled pitchers with the blood of the horse and took them to Ghanû, the Pâṭhân.

Khorâṅ dî pakkî wâdî!
Khor jâ karan faryâdî;
Khale kûkan Bâdshâh te:
"Kyûṅ nahîṅ niyâṅ karandâ?"
It is always the way of the wicked!
The wicked went and complained;
And stood crying out to the Governor:
"Why dost thou not do justice?"

When Sakhî Sarwar's brethren showed the pitchers full of blood and explained how the present had been treated, Ghanû, the Pathân, became furiously angry and ordered his messengers to demand the horse and clothes from the saint. With great

fear and trembling the order was carried out. The messengers went to Gaṛh Kot and sat down in Sakhî Sarwar's house, but said never a word. At last Zainu'l-'âbadîn asked them what they wanted, to whom they replied that they were very perplexed; the order they had received was a very shameful one, but as it was the Governor's they felt obliged to carry it out. "The fact is," said they, "the Governor wants back the horse and clothes he presented to Sakhî Sarwar, and has sent us for it." Sakhî Sarwar and his friends heard of this and said naturally, "If the Governor be an honest man, how can he possibly want back what he has given away?" However, they went off to where the bones of the horse lay to see if God would help them by a miracle out of their dilemma. There were the Governor's messengers and some fifty other persons present. On reaching the bones Sakhî Sarwar desired the messengers to stand aside, as the miracle to be performed was one of God's mysteries and not fit for vulgar eyes. So they went aside and then Sarwar's friends and the *faqîrs* present threw a sheet over the bones and prayed—

Ralke Sayyid karan pukârâ;
"Suneṅ, Muhammad, Chârc Yârâ!
Kamm sawâreṅ, Parwardigârâ!
Oho ghorâ âve sûrâ!"
** 'Ibril ne ândî jindṛî,*
Sâbit ghorâ turiâ.
Sarwar âkhe, "wâh, wâh, Saîṅiâ!
Ghanû Paṭhân kare aṅiâiâṅ!"

Together the Sayyids prayed;
"Hear us O Muhammad and the Four Companions.†
Perform our desire, O Cherisher of the Poor (God)!
May the horse become whole!"
Jibrâîl brought him to life,
And the horse stood up whole.
Said Sarwar: "Hail, hail, Lord!
Ghanû the Pathân hath done injustice!"

* For Jibrâîl = Gabriel.

† These are Abu Bakr, 'Umar, 'Usmân and 'Ali.

When the horse was restored to life and the clothes resuscitated Sarwar proceeded with them to the Governor. Ghanû saw him coming from his window and was much astonished and fully convinced that Sakhî Sarwar was a great saint. It followed that he himself was a very foolish man and a great sinner, as he had thwarted and worried Sarwar, so he became very much afraid of what he had done. Seeing that Sarwar was fast approaching he took his minister aside, explained to him all that had happened and asked his advice. The minister suggested that the best way out of the difficulty was to offer the saint a daughter in marriage. To this the Governor agreed, and when Sarwar came into the presence, Ghanû, the Paṭhân, very humbly begged forgiveness for his roughness and disbelief, and offered him his daughter as an atonement. Sakhî Sarwar replied that it was a very wicked act to annoy *faqîrs*, but that as far as he himself was concerned he would overlook everything, except that he would not now accept either the horse or the clothes. As for the girl he himself thought he ought not to marry her, being only a poor *faqîr*, while her father was a great Governor, but he would be guided by his own father's wishes entirely. And so Sakhî Sarwar went away home.

In a few days Ghanû, the Paṭhân, sent a Brâhman, a Ḍom, and a Barber in the regular (Hindû !) fashion to Zainu'l-'âbadîn with a proposal for Sakhî Sarwar's betrothal to his daughter and many apologies for his conduct.

Bhânâ hoiâ Rabb dâ
Ghore de sabab dâ !
Bîbî Bâî, Ghanû dî dhî,
Bâdshâh Pîrâṅ thîṅ mangdâ.

Glory was to God
On account of the horse!
The Lady Bâî, Ghanû's daughter,
The Governor betrothed to the saint.

When the three messengers told Zainu'l-'âbadîn what the Governor proposed, he replied that it was not a correct thing for a *faqîr* to marry a Governor's daughter, but that as the

proposal had been made it could not be well refused. So the proposal was accepted and Zainu'l-'âbadîn sent back by the hands of the servants a magnificent present of pearls, a horse and splendid robes to the Governor, such as he could accept. He found no difficulty about this, as the great Saint Sakhî Sarwar always found whatever he wanted on his praying carpet (*musallá*).

Ralke gandhî pâwande,
Pîrâṅ nûṅ pîr sadâwande.
Ae Pîr samâule,
Dîwânâ, khûsh rang dâ.
Gandhî leke chaliâ wadhâwâ,
*Ghar Sayyidâṅ waje wadhâwâ.**
Mele âwan Pîr Farîdâ,
Tere utte karam Nabbî dâ!
Pîr Bannoî dieṅ dhôî,
Pîr Sunnâmôṅ charhîâ.
Degî khâne pakde
Musâle ajab mahkde:
Langrîâṅ te chhanîâṅ
Pîrjî thâl bharandâ.
Nafar khâ uṭhâîoṅ,
Sab hove kamm anand dâ.
Neûṅ de moharân paindîâṅ
Zar, sonâ, anand dâ!
Satrâṅ andar sawâniâṅ
Ral gâwan bîbiâṅ rânîaṅ:
Tâîâṅ, phuphîâṅ, mâsîâṅ,
Sab hove kamm anand dâ.
Sarwar Sayyid nahâwandâ;
Awwal tahmat chaukî âwandâ.
(Nihâlâ bahâr ban gâwandâ,
Kahinâ kahe Rasûl dâ.)
Kappaṛ wal pahindâ.
Dhoḍâ Khâṅ nahwâlie,

* There is a pun here—*wadhâwâ* is a hanger on, a servant, and also a drum.

Pahin, bághán vich bahálie.
Donon bhái baiṭhde
Sarbálá takht buland dá,
Zainu'l-'ábadín naháwandâ ;
Kappaṛ rang saháwandá,
Bahishtí joṛá pahinke,
Á beṭián kol bahandâ.
Janj chaṛhí Sultán dí :
Kul joṭ zamín asmân dí.
Ziârat kare jahân, jí ;
Viyâh si adambar rang ba-rang dá.
Bhairon Deví nál hai,
Nál mohar nuqârâ bamb dâ.
Together they tied the marriage knots,
Saints calling Saints.
Glorious Saints came there,
Careless and happy.
The servants took the marriage knots,
And drums were beaten in the Sayyid's house.
Shekh Farîd* joined the marriage party.
The blessing of the prophet is on thy (Sarwar's) head !†
Pir Bannoî gave thee protection,
Coming from Sunnâm.‡
Food was cooked in the caldrons,
With savoury spices ;
With small cups and saucers
The Saint filled a platter.
The servants ate it up
And were all pleased.
(The Saint) obtained the marriage presents ;
The golden coins of delight !
Behind the curtain were the matrons
Singing with the ladies and maidens :

* The celebrated Saint of Pâkpaṭṭan.
† That such great men should be present.
‡ A well known Saint from Sunnâm, near Paṭiâlâ.

Aunts and cousins
All rejoiced.
Sarwar the Sayyid was bathed;
First they brought him towel and stool.
(Nihâlâ sings it beautifully,
Giving the praise to the Prophet.)
They clothed him splendidly.
Dhoḍâ Khân bathed (Sarwar);
Dressed and seated him in a garden;
Both brothers were sitting
On a lofty throne.
Zainu'l-'âbadîn (also) bathed (Sarwar);
Clothes of beautiful colours
And heavenly raiment wearing,
He sat down beside his sons.
Sultân's (Sarwar's) marriage procession started,
And the earth and heavens were lighted up.
The whole world came to see, sir;
For the marriage was a scene of beautiful colours.
Bhairoṅ and Devî were present
With drums beaten before them.*

A *lákh* and a quarter of visible and a *lákh* and a quarter of invisible *faqîrs* attended Sakhî Sarwar's wedding procession. The Governor was afraid that, as he was marrying his daughter to a *faqîr*, the bridegroom's procession would consist of ragged beggars, and would be a source of permanent annoyance to him, so he sent his minister out to see what kind of procession it really was, that he might have time, if necessary, to arrange something suitable. Expecting to see something very mean the minister was astonished at finding a most magnificent procession approaching, attracting enormous crowds to itself, and so he went and reported that the procession was so large that there would be no finding food and drink for them. When it

* These verses apparently refer to the well known *Hindû* sacred song (*rág*) of the marriage of Śiva and Pârbatî, in which Bhairoṅ and Sanichar are made to play a prominent part in this manner.

arrived it had to be accommodated outside the city, and when all the tents and canopies were pitched the space covered was found to measure twelve *kos* (miles) round the town.

Now the Governor had ordered the confectioners not to charge anything for their supplies, which he engaged to pay fo on the completion of the marriage. Bhairoṅ the Holy an Devî, who had accompanied the procession, had a mind to view the city. As they were wandering about they saw a confectioner giving a farmer a large quantity of sweets for nothing and asked him why he did so. He replied that it was the Governor's orders to supply whatever the procession wanted without payment. When they heard this they were very pleased.

It so happened that the Governor's invitation to the marriage feast fell on the day that was a fast both to Hindûs and Musalmâns, so the Hindû Gods and Muhammadan Saints refused to attend.* Consequently there was a very large quantity of food wasted; however, as Bhairoṅ the Holy and Hanwant (Hanumân) the Holy were mere children† and not affected by the fast, they were requested to eat some of the food. So they began and very soon ate it all up and asked for more! Thus it turned out to be quite true as the minister had said, the procession was so great that there would not be enough food and drink for them. The Governor asked the gods to forgive him, as it was not his fault that there was not sufficient food. On this Bhairoṅ the Holy and Hanwant the Holy took their departure.

Now the Governor erected a long bamboo on the top of which he placed six more and the top of all he put a brass cup (*kaṭorâ*) and asked Sakhî Sarwar to see if he could hit it with an arrow, saying that it was a necessary ceremony in his family, before giving away a daughter.

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* The marriage feast fell on the fast of Ramzân which also happened to be an *ekâdshî*, or turn of the moon, occurring every 15 days and is a fast with Hindûs.

† A mythological point probably worth following up.

Ghanû kuppî uḍwáwandá,
Sultán Sayyid azmáwandá:
Pahlá wár Paṭhán dá
Tír jándá pás ghûmdá.
Pher wár áiá Pírán dá:
Joṛ Kakkí, azmat khán dá,
Pír máre tír kumán dá;
Soñ kaṭorí jhaṛ páe;
Pír pahlî chot uṛandá.
Sayyidáñ liá maidání:
Shakr hoiá núrání:
Pír hawelî utare,
Pachkárá kare anand dá.
Qâzí Ghanû sadáwandá;
Rát Juma' dí áwandá:
Bíbí Bâí núñ samjháiá,
Paṛhiá 'aman to bi'llah' khush rang dá.
Qâzí paṛhe nikáh, jí,
Kol saddio vakíl gawáh, jí:
Sabhí shartáñ kítiáñ:
Paṛhiá 'aman to bi'llah' khush rang dá.
Zainat Khátun boldí
Sandúk lakkháñ de kholdí:
Bíbí Bâí núñ pahnáwandí,
Kappaṛ man pasand dá.
Pippal patrewáliáñ,
Phûl kaṛiáñ te ḍanḍiáñ,
Chhalle, mundre, ársí,
Vich phumman bâzûband dá.
Lâl samundaroñ áiá,
Hírá chaunk puráiá,
Joṛí jaṛe jawáhiráñ,
Koî lál matthe dhalkdá.
Pahin nath soháy dí,
Putreṭí waḍḍhî bhág dí;
Do motî vich lábṛî
Pásî sone tand dá.
Sarwar le salámiáñ
Sauhre thîñ widiá mang dá.

Niyat khair paṛhan jawán, jí,
Khás Musalmán, jí,
Wája wajje nihálíá,
Pír dharan moháná piṇḍ dá,
Mái 'Aesháñ páni pherdí,
Kítá núh sas piyár chum dá.
Lassí mundrí páwandá,
Sarwar te Báí khaḍwáuná
Donoñ barábar khaḍḍe,
Kíá sar pásá panch rang dá.
Dúm jo áe chalke,
Darwázá bahande malke:
"Deñ, Sarwar Sayyidá,
Pher jí asáḍá mang dá."
Kanak jawár ubálde,
Bái te Lanj sambhálde:
Ghunghaniáñ ṭhaṇḍelke
Chádar pallú pawandde.
Dhoḍí mangan doá, jí;
"Pilúñ kare Khudá, jí."
Pilúñ áin, Nihálíá,
Kíá sawád ik rang dá.
Pher jo áíá chalke,
Darwázá bahandá malke,
"Deñ, Sarwar Sayyidá,
Jí asáḍa mang dá"
"Is khiyál ná páo, jí,
Joṛe ghoṛe le jáo, jí."
"Bharde thailí asáñ di"
Jehṛá láiá kingdá.
Wan hoe hariáule,
Chhaḍḍ kaliáñ ae búule,
Won lan pilúñ lagiáñ;
Chun khá paḍánoñ pand dá.
Gít hai ajab khiyál dá,
Híre, motí, lál dá.
Mere Rabb, namaṇe Púlda.
Teriáñ túí jauná hai,
Terá pár na wárá páidá.

Ghanû made (him) shoot down the cup,
To test Sultân the Sayyid :
First (Ghanû) the Paṭhâṇ's
Arrow flew past it.
Next came the Saint's turn ;
Placing Kakkî,* the Lord of power,
The Saint shot an arrow from his bow ;
The golden cup fell down ;
The Saint shot it down at the first shot.
The Sayyid won the field :
The City was lighted up :
The Saints went to his (Ghanû's) home
And alighted with joy.
The Qâzî sent for Ghanû ;
Friday night came†
They taught the Lady Bâî,
And she repeated 'God's peace on thee'‡ with joy.
The Qâzî performed the marriage,
And summoned the representatives and witnesses:
Made all the settlements :
And they repeated : 'God's peace on thee' with joy.
Zainat Khâtun§
Opened the chest of a *lâkh's* worth (of clothes),
And put on the Lady Bâî
Garments that she desired.
Earrings like *pîpal* leaves,
Flower-like rings and earrings,
Rings and mirrored rings,
And tasseled armlets,
Rubies from the sea,||
Diamonds set for the hair,
Jewelled bracelets,

---

* His mare. † The marriage day amongst Mussalmâns.
‡ The completion of the marriage. § Bâî's mother.
|| The superstition is that rubies spring from the sea.

And put the red spot on the forehead.*
Put on the nose-ring of wifehood
On the lucky girl;
And two pearls
Suspended by a golden thread (from her nose).
Sarwar received the presents
And took leave of his father-in-law.
Having repeated the blessings the young man (Sarwar),
A true Musalman (Sir),
With music of rejoicing,
Set out for his home.
Mother Aeshân drank the water.†
The mother kissed her son's wife lovingly.
Putting the ring into milk and water,‡
Both Sarwar and Bâî drew the augury,§
Both tried together
As though they were playing at chess.||
The bards came
And sat together at the door:
(Saying), "Give us, Sarwar Sayyid,
What our hearts desire."
They boiled the wheat and millet,
And gave it to Bâî and Lanjâ (Sarwar):
Cooling the millet
They put it into their kerchiefs.¶
The bards prayed,
That God would give them *pîlû* fruit.**
Pure *pîlûs*, O Nihâlâ,
They desired immediately.
Again they came

---

* *Hindû* sign of wifehood.

† *Hindû* ceremony of circling a cup of water round the heads of the newly wedded pair and drinking it.

‡ *Hindû* custom. § Of which was to be the better in life.

|| Eagerly to see which would draw out the ring first.

¶ Purely *Hindû* custom.

** See Vol. I. pp. 96-7. These verses explain a miracle. Sarwar is said to have made the *pîlû* to fruit out of season to please his bards.

And sat together at the door
"Give us, Sarwar Sayyid,
What our hearts desire."
"Desire not thus, sirs;
Take clothes and horses from me, sirs."
"(No) fill up our wallets (with *pîlûs*),"
Said they obstinately.
The forest became green,
And the *pîlû* trees blossomed,
And *pîlûs* came on to the branches,
And the bards picked them up and ate eagerly.
This song is truly wondrous,
Full of diamonds, pearls and rubies.
O God, the cherisher of orphans,
Thou only knowest Thyself;
None can fathom Thee.

No. XXIII.

THE BALLAD OF CHÛHAR SINGH,

AS KNOWN TO THE SIDDHU AND BARÂṚ JAṬṬS AND AS RECORDED IN A GURMUKHÎ MS. COMMUNICATED BY SARDÂR ATAR SINGH OF BHADAUṚ.

[The Vâr (or Bâr), or Ballad, of Chûhaṛ Singh is one of the most famous popular poems of the Sikh Districts of the Panjâb. It relates a well known historical fact which occurred in 1793 A.D., *viz*., the treacherous burning to death of Chûhaṛ Singh and Dal Singh, his brother, in a small *burj* or tower, into which they had been invited for the night by Sajjan, a Baràṛ Jaṭṭ. Sajjan himself was soon after killed by Bîr Singh and Dîp Singh, the sons of Chûhaṛ Singh, in revenge, with the help of the Paṭiâlâ troops under Albel Singh Kâlekâ and Bakhshi (Commandant) Saide Khâṅ Ḍogar. See Griffin's *Râjâs of the Panjâb*, pp. 257-8.]

[The most important tribe in the Panjâb are the Jaṭṭs, and the most important branch of these are the Siddhûs. At the present day the chief families of these Siddhûs are those called Phûlkîâṅ or descendants of Phûl, a Chaudhrî, or Revenue Collector, and also chief local magnate, under the Emperor Shâhjahân. Phûl died in 1652 A.D., and from him are descended the Mahârâjâ of Paṭiâlâ, the Râjâs of Jînd and Nâbhâ, the Sardârs of Bhadauṛ and many minor families.]

[The Barâṛs or Siddhû-Barâṛs broke off from the main line of the Siddhûs apparently about 1350 A.D., and are represented now by the Râjâ of Farîdkoṭ.]

[Chûhaṛ Singh of Bhadauṛ was the great-grandson of Râmâ, the second son of Phûl, and the first great chief of the house of Bhadauṛ. Dal Singh was his youngest brother and was the ancestor of the Koṭ Dunnâ Sikhs. The present chief of Bhadauṛ is the great-grandson of Chûhaṛ Singh through Dîp Singh, the younger of the two sons who avenged his death. Râjâ Sâhib Singh of Paṭiâlâ, mentioned as having helped in the vengeance exacted for the death of Chûhaṛ Singh, was the great-grandson of Râjâ Âlâ Singh, the third son of Râmâ, from whose eldest son, Dunnâ, the Sardârs of Bhadauṛ are descended. The following genealogy will show the relationship of the various actors in the tale.]

Phûl *ob.* 1652.

- Tilokhâ *ob.* 1687, ancestor of the Râjâs of Nâbhâ and Jind.
- Râmâ *ob.* 1714.
  - Dunnâ *ob.* 1726.
    - Bighâ Singh *ob.* 1773.
      - Gurdâs Singh *ob.* 1748.
      - Chûhar Singh *ob.* 1793.
        - Bîr Singh *ob.* 1823.
        - Dîp Singh *ob.* 1822.
          - Kharak Singh.
            - Sardâr 'Atar Singh of Bhadaur
      - Mohar Singh *ob.* 1826.
      - Dal Singh *ob.* 1793, ancestor of the Koṭ Dunnâ Sikhs.
  - Sabhâ.
  - Râjâ Âlâ Singh of Paṭiâlâ *ob.* 1765.
    - Sardûl Singh *ob.* 1753.
      - Râjâ Amar Singh *ob.* 1781.
        - Râjâ Sâhib Singh *ob.* 1813.
          - and hence the present Mahârâjâs of Paṭiâlâ.

[Bararakkî or the Land of the Barârs consists of the parts about Mârî, Marâj, Mukatsar, Mudkî, Buchoṅ, Bhadaur, Sultân Khâṅ and Farîdkoṭ, and patches in Paṭiâlâ, Nâbhâ and Malaudh, *i.e.*, the greater part of the Firozpûr District, parts of the Lodiânâ District and of the Paṭiâlâ and Nâbhâ States and the whole of the Farîdkoṭ State.]

TEXT.

Bâr Chûhar Singhjî kî, jis ko Bararakkî men âm log gâte hain.

Vichch Bhadaur de Chûhaṛ Singh Bhîm Sain sadâve !
Baddhî te ralî kise de pasand mûl na lâve.
Likhke chiṭṭhî Dunne de Koṭ nûṅ chalâve :
"Taiṅ chaṛh âṅwanâ, Dal Singhâ, râj Bararakkî dâ thiâve ;
Ajj dîâṅ khaṭṭîâṅ bahke putt potâ vichch Bhadaur de khâve.
Bigaṛ gae rijjat* Ghanayye Bâje dî, ghar baiṭhe nûṅ Sajjan râj âpâṅ diwâve."

* Far ra'îyat

Vekhke parwâṅâṅ sikhar dupahre Dal Singh chaṛh âve.
Bhrâ dâ sadyâ juttî mûl nâṅ pâve.
Chaṛhde Dal Singh nûṅ sâṅun ho gaiâ mandâ: ik chûhṛâ lakṛâṅ dâ bharî laike darbajje nûṅ mohre âve.
Ganâṅ dâ gheriâ, ṭakor dhauṅse nûṅ lawâve.
Vichch Barnâle de Dal Singh patte Chûhaṛ Singh nûṅ bulâve:
"Kî mahimm paî, Chûhaṛ Singhâ, tainûṅ? kâh dî khâtar Dal Siṅgh nûṅ sadâve?"
Chûhaṛ Singh Dal Singh chaṛh Bhadauṛ nûṅ âe.
Donâṅ bhirâwâṅ matâ matâke sabh phauj Ghanayye Bâje nûṅ chaṛhâyâ.
Pahile ḍerâ vichch Bhâî-ke-Dyâlpure lâyâ;
Panjâh rupaie dâ karâh parsâd Mâî Rajjî de chulhîṅ bartâyâ.
Dusrâ ḍerâ chak ke vichch Ghanayye Bâje de lâyâ.
Bolyâ Sajjanâṅ "tûṅ kaḍḍh layâvîṅ maṭṭîâṅ, Raushanâ Kalâlâ, jehṛîâṅ sajdîâṅ tund dîâṅ tund kaḍhâîâṅ."
Akk te dhatûrâ jahar dîâṅ ganḍîâṅ vichch dârû ke Sajjan neṅ ralâîâṅ.
Iknâṅ ne bukkîṅ, iknâṅ ne ukkîṅ, iknâṅ ne chakk gaṛvîâṅ muṅh nûṅ lâîâṅ.
Jinhâṅ de piû dâde dârû akkhîṅ nâṅ ḍiṭṭhî, unhâṅ ne chakk maṭṭîâṅ muṅh nûṅ lâîâṅ.
Din chhipde nâl phaujâṅ ho gaîâṅ khîvîâṅ; auro aur de nâl Sajjan neṅ dholkî bajâî.
Mârke kambal dîâṅ jhumbâṅ bâhar Baraṛakkî dî âî.
Dhoke rohî* dîâṅ khittîâṅ bâṛ chubâre dî banwâî.
Udoṅ boliâ Chûhaṛ Singh, "Sajjanâṅ, dholkî kehî bajwâî?"
Kahandâ, "Jaṭṭ dâ gamâch gaî dhâṇḍî; tûṅ pâike sauṅ rahu, Phûl ke,
Âṅkul ke dîviâṅ, man vichch gam rakkhîṅ nâṅ kâî!"
Machâke pâthî use vele agg chubâre nûṅ lâî.
Jâṅ mach uṭṭhî murde-khânî bolyâ Chûhaṛ Singh, "Sajjanâṅ, masâl kâh nûṅ machâî?"

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* *Rohî* = *bâr*, the uplands, deserts.

"Tûṅ paike sauṅ rahu, Chûhaṛ Singhâ, man vichch gam rakkhîṅ naṅ kâî!"
Ghoṛâ te dusâlâ laike rijjat Baraṛakkî dî milan âî.
Jâṅ mach utṭhî agg murde-khânî kuchhak ḍig paîâṅ chubâre dîâṅ kaṛîâṅ; agg Chûhaṛ Singh de bambe dâhṛe aur mohanî gogâṛ nûṅ âî.
Chûhaṛ Singh boliâ, "Dal Singhâ, upar chaṛh chubâre de, kuchh mardângî dikhaîe!
Marnâṅ tâṅ ab sir pur â giâ, lâj kul nûṅ kâh nûṅ lâîe?"
Âp dî jân dî nâṅ banî, bharke retî dî dhâl Dal Singh de paiṛâṅ nûṅ ḍâhlî.
Mardâ hoyâ bolyâ, "Dal Singhâ, jamme the bâro bârî, maut katṭhîâṅ nûṅ âî!
Phûl Marâj dâ pichhâ sâḍâ, honîṅ hatth Jaṭṭâṅ de âî."
Bolyâ Chûhaṛ Singh, "Dal Singhâ, gharîk dî der thâu rakkh laîṅ, sânûṅ ḍer na kâî."
Bolyâ Chûhaṛ Singh Nainâ Singh Jhanjar ke nûṅ, "eh belâ hai, mardângî dikhâî."
Batherîâṅ chalâîâṅ Nainâ Singh Jhanjar ke neṅ pes chalî, nahîṅ kâî.
Tâṅ bolyâ Sajjan, "tûṅ phaṛâ de hathiâr, Chûhaṛ Singhâ, tainûṅ mârde naṅhî."
"Âke phaṛ lai hathiâr, Sajjanâṅ, nahîṅ bhej de Pardhânâ bhâî."
Mâr dittî Pardhâne nûṅ Sajjan neṅ, Chûhaṛ Singh de chubâre nûṅ chaṛh lâyâ Pardhânâ; bagṛâke tîrâṅ dî kânî Chûhaṛ Singh neṅ Pardhâne de mukhe nûṅ lâî.
Tîmî Sajjan dî bharke chhannâṅ duddh dâ liâî:
"Maiṅ sadke, we Chûhaṛ Singhâ te Dal Singhâ; mere deuro, jândî wâr dâ duddh dâ chhaṇnâ hatthoṅ merio chhakke jâṅî!
Tusiṅ âdî Barâṛ mudhâṅ de dhohe, basâhu karnâ nâṅhî."
Itne mar gayâ Chûhaṛ Singh: mare Chûhaṛ Singh dîâṅ khabarâṅ vichch Gurû-de-Kothe âîâṅ.
Likh laî chiṭṭhî Mâî Rajjî neṅ vichch Bhadauṛ de âîâṅ.
Vâch lai chiṭṭhîâṅ muharâṅ munsîâṅ: kehiâṅ kahar dîâṅ âîâṅ!

Saddke Lahaurî Dûm nûṅ chiṭṭîâṅ palle Lahaurî de âîâṅ.
Toṛke chiṭṭhîâṅ Paṭiâle nûṅ Mâî Râjkur ne khoh siṭṭîân mîḍîâṅ sajdîâṅ saj gudâîâṅ.
Mar gae Chûhaṛ Singh te Dal Singh unhâṅ dîâṅ khabarâṅ âîâṅ.
Thabbiâṅ de thabbe gahne lâh vichch patâre de pâîâṅ.
Rondî Mâî Râjkoṅwar Chûhaṛ Singh nûṅ kahke sir de sâṅîâṅ.
Tuṛîâṅ chiṭṭhîâṅ vichch Paṭiâle de âîâṅ.
Vichch Paṭiâle Saide Khâṅ Dogar Albelâ Singh Kâlekâ, jinhâṅ ne sabh nûṅ chiṭṭhîâṅ dikhlâîâṅ.
Chaṛhdîâṅ phaujâṅ Sabhar Dogar ne haṭâîâṅ;
"Garmîṅ dâ mahînâ phaujâṅ marangîâṅ tihâîâṅ."
Kaḍdke kâlîâṅ pîlîâṅ akkhâṅ gussâ khâeke Albel Singh Kâleke nûṅ phaujâṅ Ghanîe Bâje nûṅ chaṛhâîâṅ
Phaujâṅ Ghanîe Bâje nûṅ âîâṅ.
Pahilâ ḍerâ vichch Kuraṛchhâpe, dûjâ ḍerâ vichch Bhâî-ke-Dyâlpure, jitthe degâṅ kunke dîâṅ bartâîâṅ.
Bolyâ Bîr Singh Jalâl kâ, "merâ te bairî dâ ṭâkrâ, Devîe, tûn karâî."
Satîṅ sawârâṅ nâl kheḍdâ sikâr Sajjan, Phûlkîâṅ de dhauṅsiâṅ dîâṅ ṭakorâṅ sunke, ghoṛe dî bâg pachhâhâṅ nûṅ bharnâî.
Ûh Chûhaṛ Singh dâ garaṛâ ghoṛâ, hatth de utte bâj kare hawâî.
Dekhke Phûlkîâṅ dîâṅ phauj nûṅ ghoṛe te bâj ronde, thamdeṅ nâṅhî.
Bolyâ Sajjan, "lah laû pagṛîâṅ, Barâṛ bachyo, Sunâm te Paṭiâle dîâṅ bolîân chiṛîâṅ ghar baiṭhyân nûṅ Rabb nen phasâîâṅ."
Khâ gayâ gussâ Bîr Singh Jalâl ke nûṅ: "deh hukam, Râjâ Sâhib Singhâ, Jaṭṭ nûṅ jân dındâ nâṅhî."
De diṭṭâ hukam Râjâ Sâhib Singh nen, ghoṛî magar Jatt de lagâî.
Rûṛî chaṛhde nûṅ mil gayâ Bîr Singh barchî Sajjan de lâî.
Bâhî dî sâṅg vichch dharti de raṛ kâî.

Koloṅ ṭapp gayâ Lahauri Ḍûm waḍhke sir Sajjan dâ agg
dahṛî nûṅ lâî.
Mâr lîâ Sajjan Ghaniâṅ sunk basûgâ nâṅhî.
Â gaî andherî kise kahar dî, Jaṭṭâṅ dî jân Rabb neṅ
bachâî.
Údoṅ dâ ujâṛîâ Ghanîâ Bâjâ, uthe muṛ basiâ nâṅhî.
Muṛî phauj Paṭiâle nûṅ jândî vichch Bhadauṛ de âî.
Sabhnâṅ bhâîâṅ kaṭṭhâ karke Râjâ Sâhib Singh neṅ
majlas baṭhâî:
"Ḍhâî gaî hadd ajj Baraṛakkî dî, dhohî Barâṛ tikaṅge
nâṅhî.
Takṛe hoke raho, bhrâvo, âpo apnî thâṅî.
Jo bhânâ bartâyâ Gurû neṅ, so muṛdâ nâṅhî, Mâî.
Eh velâ kise de moṛan dâ nâṅhî, bâh chaldî nahîṅ âî."

TRANSLATION.

The Ballad of Chûhaṛ Singh as sung by the common people in the Barâṛ Country.

In Bhadauṛ they called Chûhaṛ Singh Bhim Sain.*
He gave no heed to any one's opinion or advice.
He sent a letter to Koṭ Dunnâ,†
"Come along, O Dal Singh, and rule the land of the
Barâṛs:
That our sons and grandsons may enjoy the gains of
to-day in Bhadauṛ.
The people of Ghanayyâ Bâjâ‡ are in revolt, and Sajjan
offers the rule to us at home."
When he saw the letter Dal Singh came on at noon-day.
(On receiving) his brother's message he did not (even)
put on his shoes (in his haste).
As Dal Singh advanced an evil omen befel him: a scavenger
carrying a head-load of wood met him at
his gate.

* That is Bhîma, the Pâṇḍava, the personification of strength and power.
† In the Paṭiâlâ State.
‡ In the Firozpûr district, now in possession of the Bhadauṛ family.

Encompassed by the messengers (of death) his death-drum was beaten.
In Barnâlâ* Dal Singh exchanged compliments with Chûhaṛ Singh:
"What difficulty has befallen thee, O Chûhaṛ Singh? Why hast thou called Dal Singh?"
Chûhaṛ Singh and Dal Singh went on to Bhadauṛ,
And the two brothers consulting advanced their whole force to Ghanayya Bâjâ.
Their first camp was at Dyâlpurâ of the Bhâîs,†
Where they distributed fifty rupees in sweets in honor of Mâî Râjjî.‡
The next camp was in Ghanayyâ Bâjâ.
Said Sajjan, "Do thou get out the flagons, O Raushan Kalâl,§ of which (the wine) is fresh and very strong."
Sajjan mixed the poisonous seeds of the asclepias and datura with the wine.
Some in both hands, some in one hand, and some drank it off in cups.
They whose fathers and grandfathers had never set eyes on wine, brought flagons to their lips.
At nightfall the army were drunken, and when it was dark Sajjan beat the drums.
Making masks of their blankets the men of the Baràṛ country came in.
Collecting the thorns of the deserts they made a fence round the house.
Then spake Chûhaṛ Singh, "O Sajjan, why didst thou beat the drums?"
Saith he, "Some husbandman hath lost his cow; go thou to sleep, thou son of Phûl.

---

* In Paṭiâlâ State.

† Dyâlpura is in Paṭiâlâ State. The Bhâîs or Bhaikîâṅ family are Siddhû Jaṭṭs claiming senior descent to the Phûlkîân families, with whom they are intimately connected.

‡ Wife of Chûhaṛ Singh.

§ The Kalâls are the caste that make and sell spirituous liquors.

O thou light of thy race, have no fear in thy heart."
Lighting cowdung (fuel) he set fire to the house.
When the corpse-destroying flame arose said Chûhar Singh, "O Sajjan, what torch hast thou lit?"
"Do thou sleep, O Chûhar Singh, and have no fear in thy heart."
The people of the Barâr country took a horse and a shawl and came to meet (the conqueror Sajjan).
When the corpse-devouring flames arose some of the beams of the roof fell down, and the fire reached the handsome navel and the fine beard of Chûhar Singh.
Said Chûhar Singh, "O Dal Singh, go up on to the roof of the house and show them some spirit!
Since death hath come upon our heads, why should we disgrace our family?"
He cared nothing for his life, and threw his shield full of sand on the feet of Dal Singh.*
Dying he said, "O Dal Singh, born at different times, our death has come to us together!
Phûl and Marâj are our homes† and we meet our death at the hands of Jatts."
Said Chûhar Singh, "O Dal Singh, keep thy life a moment, I will make no delay (in dying with thee)."
Said Chûhar Singh, "O Nainâ Singh, thou Jhanjar,‡ this is the time to show thy spirit."
Many an effort did Nainâ Singh, the Jhanjar, make, but none availed
Then said Sajjan; "Give up thy arms, O Chûhar Singh, and we will not kill thee."
"Come and take the arms, O Sajjan, or send thy brother Pardhânâ."

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* To protect them.

† Phûl in the Nâbhâ State and Marâj in the Firozpûr district are the original homes of the Phûlkîân and Mahârâjkîân Sikhs.

‡ A police officer or *thânâdâr* under Chûhar Singh.

Sajjan signed to Pardhânâ, and Pardhânâ went up into the house to Chûhaṛ Singh, and Chûhaṛ Singh threw a burning arrow in Pardhânâ's face.
The wife of Sajjan filled a cup with milk and brought it.
"I am your sacrifice, O Chûhaṛ Singh and Dal Singh.
O my kinsfolk, drink this cup of milk at the time of your death from my hands and go.
Ye real Barârs were treacherous from the beginning: there is no trust in you."
And then Chûhar Singh died, and the news of Chûhar Singh's death reached Gurû's Kotha.*
The Lady Rajjî wrote letters and sent them to Bhadaur
The clerks and officials read the letters: and how terrible was the news!
They sent for Lahaurî the Bard and the letters† were given to Lahaurî.
Sending the letter to Paṭiâlâ the Lady Râjkur tore the locks that she had (but) lately dressed.
The news that Chûhaṛ Singh and Dal Singh were dead reached.
Heaps of jewels were taken off and put away into boxes.
Weeping the Lady Râjkonwar‡ called out, "O Chûhaṛ Singh, O my Lord!"
The letters journeyed and reached Paṭiâlâ.
In Paṭiâlâ were Saide Khân Ḍogar§ and Albelâ Singh Kâlekâ‖ who showed the letter to all.
Sabhar the Ḍogar¶ kept back his force from advancing; (saying)
"The army will die of thirst in this month of heat."

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* In the Farîdkoṭ State. † Bards were the postmen of the old days.

‡ *i.e.*, Râjjî the wife of Chûhaṛ Singh.

§ He was the Commandant of the Paṭiâlâ troops. The Ḍogars are Musalmâns that claim Râjpût descent in the Firozpûr district.

‖ Sardâr Albelâ Singh Kâlekâ was the Minister of the Paṭiâlâ state under Sâhib Singh and a powerful man at the time. His sister was married to Chûhaṛ Singh.

¶ Another Commandant of Paṭiâlâ troops.

With eyes black and red from anger Albel Singh Kâlkâ advanced his force to Ghaniâ Bâjâ.
The army reached Ghaniâ Bâjâ.
The first camp was at Kuraṛchhâpâ,* the second at Dyâlpurâ of the Bhâîs, where caldrons full of sweets were distributed.
Said Bîr Singh of Jalâl,† "O Devî, do thou confront me with my enemy."
Sajjan was hunting with seven horsemen, and hearing the drums of the men of Phûl, he turned his horse.
He had with him the grey horse of Chûhaṛ Singh and his hawk on his hand.
Seeing the army of the men of Phûl the horse and the hawk began crying out, and ceased not.
Said Sajjan, "bring me three turbans, O sons of Barâr.
These are but chattering birds of Sunâm‡ and Paṭiâlâ, God hath brought them to us at our homes."
Said Bîr Singh of Jalâl in great wrath, "give me the command, O Râjâ Sâhib Singh, and I will not let the Jaṭṭ go alive."
Râjâ Sâhib Singh gave the order and he set his mare after the Jaṭṭ.
As he was passing the dunghill§ Bîr Singh's spear reached Sajjan,
And he struck the straight spear (through him) into the ground.
And when Lahaurî the bard passed by him he cut off the head of Sajjan and set fire to his beard.
Now that Sajjan is dead, Ghaniâ Bâjâ cannot live in peace.
A storm came over it in great violence, and (only) God can spare the lives of the Jaṭṭs (now).
Ghaniâ Bâjâ has been deserted from that day and no inhabitant has gone back again.

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* In the Paṭiâlâ State. † The son of Chûhaṛ Singh.
‡ A large, ancient and well known town near Paṭiâlâ itself.
§ *i.e.*, just as he was entering the village.

The army returned to Paṭiâlâ going by way of Bhadauṛ.
Râjâ Sâhib Singh collected all the brotherhood together and held a council:
"The honor of the Barâṛ country has died to-day and the Barâṛs will not let go their revenge.
Have a care, O my brethren, each in his own place.
What fate the Gurû (Nânak) hath ordained cannot be avoided, O my Lady (Rajjî).
Such a time cannot be avoided, for strength avails not."

No. XXIV

SANSÂR CHAND OF KÂNGṚÂ AND FATTEḤ PARKÂSH OF SARMOR

AS SUNG BY TWO *MIRÂSÎS* FROM JAMMUṄ.

[This song purports to relate a war between the famous Râjâ Sansâr Chand, the Kaṭoch of Kâṅgṛâ, and Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh of Sarmor, and is interesting as showing how rapidly facts become distorted into mere tradition in India. According to the song Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh married Râjâ Sansâr Chand's sister and the war between them, ending in the death of the former, was caused by a foolish quarrel between Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh and his wife]

[Sansâr Chand died as a very old man in 1824 A.D., while Fatteḥ Parkâsh was not born till 1805, and was placed on the throne of Sarmor by the British Government in 1815, and died after a prosperous and well spent life in 1850. According to a MS. history in Urdû I have of the Sarmor Rajâs, Fatteḥ Parkâsh's uncle, Râjâ Dharm Parkâsh, was killed in 1793 in a personal encounter with Râjâ Sansâr Chand in this way. Sansâr Chand *more suo* had attacked Râjâ Mahâṅ Chand of Kuhhiâr on the Satluj, who, in his extremity, implored the aid of Dharm Parkâsh, agreeing to pay a *lâkh* of rupees as indemnity. Dharm Parkâsh, with his barons and Râjâ Râm Singh of Hiudûr or Nâlagaṛh, awaited Sansâr Chand at Jarârtokâ, where he was killed in the battle that ensued by Sansâr Chand himself. Neither this MS., nor a similar one I have about the Kaṭoch family, says a word about Sansâr Chand's sister. Dharm Parkâsh left no issue and was succeeded by the incompetent Karm Parkâsh, his brother, and father of Fatteḥ Parkâsh.]

[The prose portion of the narrative being in Urdû has not been given in original.]

Râjâ Sansâr Chand of Kâṅgṛâ and Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh of Sarmor, *alias* Nâhan, were related through the sister of Râjâ Sansâr Chand, who had married Râjâ Fatteh Parkâsh. One day Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh went to his wife and told her to play at chess with him, the stake to be her brother's head. Said he, "if you lose I will go and bring Sansâr Chand's head here." "Very well" said the Rânî, "and if you lose my brother will come and fetch your head." On this the Râjâ became very angry and threw the pieces in the Rânî's face and said, "How will your brother take my head? I have a large army

and many allies, and your brother is but a dancing boy. How should he wield the sword?" "My brother's slaves are as many as your whole army," said the Rânî, and wrote the whole story to her brother Râjâ Sansâr Chand. Whereon he attacked Sarmor and slew Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh and took his sister back with him to Kângṛâ.

JANG RÂJÂ SANSÂR CHAND. WÂLÎ KÂNGṚÂ.

Achal Sansár Chand, Rám Rájá, karat ashnán, ot dhyán púrá, jape Nám Náráyan se dhyán lagí.
Dharmí Dhyán Singh Jai Singh ke mán pár, "pakaṛ kábú, karo bát sárí."
Geṇḍá Dhaḍwál jab uṭhá sambhálke japhí jawán ki lagí bhárí.
Chhuṭí jab kard Dhyán Singh ke háth se lagí Dhaḍwál ke ghậúkárí.
Bhuj balítán sapúran Katoch ká sis soṅ pakṛá jab kesdhárí.

Karí maslihat Khushhál Chand Sansár Chand tegh bíṛe dhare pán darbár,
Líá jab bíṛá Fatteḥ Chand Mahárάj ne sáya Sarmor par bándhí talwár:
Baiṭh darbárá Bhúp Mahárάj ne sárí fauj ká líá ikhtiyár.
Milí Suket, Kahlúr, Kolá milá, milá Goler sab karí ik tár.
Húá aswár Tegh Chand ke chakarwe sáya Sarmor ke hil gae dhár.
Bhút baitál kul khet rísen, khaṛe Kálká kalak Rání judh láyá.
Bhajeṅ jambú, aur garj ujhal kareṅ, bigas Nárad ran rág gáyí.
Baje bandúk aur tír tartar chaleṅ, garj bádar bareṅ Indar puháṛ
Pilid sipáh, nakíb bingárdá, házirí bherdá sár sarsár.
Dúsrí taraf Dayya Rám lalkárdá, wohar padmoṅ phireṅ kareṅ hathiyár.
Jítá hai jang Mahárάj, Mahárάj Sansár Chand ne jang ko jít báji ṭadháí:
Márá Sarmor, aur Rání se mel kíá, fauj Satluj ko sudháí.
Pitá Tegh Chand sapút sujhal kíe; atal Mahárάj Bhúp bhae

THE WAR OF RÂJÂ SANSÂR CHAND, LORD OF KÂNGRÂ.

The powerful Sansâr Chand, (like) the Lord Râma, was bathing, and was absorbed in meditation, and turned his to the worship of the name of Nârâyan.*
A bitter complaint (arose) against Dhyân Singh, (who was) under the protection of Jai Singh, "seize him so that he escape not."
Then up gat Gendâ the Ḍhaḍwâl† and seized him in his arms.
When Dhyân Singh used his dagger he inflicted a severe wound on the Ḍhaḍwâl.
(Then) the whole of the strong men of the Kaṭoches seize the long-haired one‡ by his hair.§

Khushhâl Chand and Sansâr Chand held a consultation and placed the sword and the betel-leaves in the assembly.||
And Fatteḥ Chand,¶ the great, took up the betel leaves and girded on his sword for the land of Sarmor.
Sitting in the assembly the mighty monarch (Sansâr Chand) mustered his forces.
Suket, and Kahlûr, and Kolâ and Goler all joined together and stood in a line.**

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* Vishnu.

† The Koṭwâl of Kângṛâ. Ḍhaḍwâls are Râjpûts.

‡ *i.e.*, Dhyân Singh, in allusion to his uncut hair as a Sikh.

§ These five lines have no connection with the rest of the story and evidently refer to quite another matter, probably belonging to another song. In 1774 Saifu'llah (or Saif 'Ali) Khân, the Muhammadan Governor, under the Dehli Emperors, of Kângṛâ Fort died, and Sansâr Chand invoked the aid of Sirdâr Jai Singh Kanhayyâ in recovering it for himself. Jai Singh sent his son Gurbakhsh Singh who procured the surrender, not for Sansâr Chand, but for his father. Afterwards in 1784-5 Sansâr Chand joined Mahân Singh Sukarchakiâ in defeating Jai Singh at Batâlâ and so recovered Kângṛâ. The Dhyân Singh of the song was probably an official sent to govern the fort for Jai Singh.

|| See Vol. I., pp. 43, 479, etc.

¶ Brother to Sansâr Chand.

** Various hill states in the Kângṛâ and Simlâ districts.

All the followers of Tegh Chand* mounted and made
the hills of the land of Sarmor to shake.
The ghosts and devils were rampant over all the field,
and Queen Kâlkâ† raged furiously.
The jackals ran about and kites wheeled (overhead), and
Nârada sang songs of joy.‡
The guns went off and the arrows flew incessantly, the
air resounded as when Indra sends down heavy
rain.
Yellow (dressed) were the soldiers and the herald was
shouting, and the men were fighting with crossed
swords.
On the other side was Dayyâ Râm taunting, the warriors in front were crossing swords.
The great king won the fight, the great king Sansâr
Chand winning the fight finished his work (game).
Killing Sarmor and meeting the Queen, he took back
his army to the Satluj.
The dutiful son of Tegh Chand distinguished himself;
may the great king remain (ever) a monarch!

* The father of Sansâr Chand.

† *i.e.*, Durgâ, the goddess of death and murder.

‡ The Indian Orpheus, and also the "maker of strife."

No. XXV

RÂJÂ JAGAT SINGH OF NÛRPÛR,

AS RECITED BY TWO *MÎRÂSÎS* FROM JAMMUṄ

[The facts related here are meant to be historical, and the story is valuable as showing how the mountaineers of Kângṛâ and the neighbouring tracts have kept the tradition of the doings of this illustrious leader, whose deeds are recorded in sober history and have excited the admiration of real historians.]

[It need hardly be said that the bards have got most of the history and all the geography wrong. The real facts seem to have been as follows: taking advantage of internal troubles Shâhjahân made an attempt to recover Balkh and Badakhshân and sent the famous 'Ali Mardân Khân to conquer them in 1644 A.D., but he was not as successful as the Emperor had hoped, and so in 1645 Râjâ Jagat Singh was sent with 14,000 Râjpûts, who performed great things, but did not apparently reduce the country, as that was accomplished afterwards by 'Ali Mardân Khân working under the nominal guidance of the Imperial Prince Muhammad Murâd Bakhsh. The whole affair ended tamely in 1647 by the relinquishment of the country to its original owners.]

[The story being recorded in Urdû has been given here in translation only.]

The Story of Râjâ Jagat Singh, Paṭhânî, Lord of Nûrpûr in the Kângṛâ District.

Râjâ Jagat Singh, Paṭhâniâ Râjpût, of Nûrpûr in the Kângṛâ District, took service under the Emperor Akbar* of Dehlî, who had granted him territories yielding a revenue of six *lâkhs*.† One day Akbar laid the betel leaves and naked sword of challenge‡ for an expedition to Kâbul, but though there were two and twenty Râjâs in the Court at the time no one would take up the challenge. So at last the Emperor turned to Râjâ Jagat Singh who accepted the challenge. The Emperor was

* Really under Shâhjahân.
† Rs. 600,000.
‡ See Vol. I., p. 43, etc.

so pleased at this that he told him to demand whatever he pleased, and all that the Râjâ asked for was an army. As he had 30,000 men* of his own the Emperor doubled them, but pressed him further as to his wants; whereon the Râjâ replied that he, who had an army, wanted for nothing, neither in treasure nor territory. In the end the Emperor gave him 40,000 men with whom he started for Kâbul. With him were the Nawâbs 'Izzat Khâñ and Parzat Khâñ and the Dîwâns Kâsî Nâth and Toḍar Mall.†

On the road to Kâbul there is a fort called Shahr Shafa' built by Nawâb Shafî' Shâh,‡ who had been harrassing the Emperor's territory, burning down his hunting-boxes and imprisoning his officials. Râjâ Jagat Singh therefore attacked him with 30,000 men, but did no more than surround the place. It was a habit of Nawâb Shafî' Shâh to leave his fort at night and go hunting. On one of these expeditions he was caught, and Râjâ Jagat Singh, putting silver fetters on his feet, sent him to Dehlî, where he was tortured to death by being hanged at the palace gate and having nails driven into him.

After this Râjâ Jagat Singh enquired of the people of Shahr Shafa' where the other marauders were to be found, and they showed the way to where nine *lâkhs* (900,000!) of spears of the Yûsafzai Paṭhâns§ were congregated. This force belonged to Hamîd Khâñ,|| king of Khurâsân, and was commanded by Nawâbs Saifu'llah Khâñ, Raḥmatu'llah Khâñ, 'Abdu'llah Khâñ and Aḥmad Khâñ. A great battle ensued, lasting eight days, during which all the commanders, except Nawâb Aḥmad Khâñ, were killed. On the last day the Nawâb and Râjâ Jagat Singh met each other in battle and the Nawâb managed to wound

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* Really 14,000.

† Toḍar Mall died in 1589, so it is clear that he was not present. Who the others are meant for I cannot say.

‡ Probably meant for Shâh Safi, 8th Safvî king of Persia, *ob.* 1642, to avoid whose tyranny 'Ali Mardân Khân, then governor of Kandahâr for Persia, seceded to Shâhjahân in 1637.

§ These belong to the Peshâwar valley.

|| The persons, who really opposed Shâhjahân's forces, were Nazar Muhammad Khâñ of Balkh and his son 'Abdu'l-'azîz Khâñ.

Jagat Singh in the face over his shield, which made Jagat Singh so furious that he struck the Nawâb with such force as to cut him in half down through the saddle and wound the horse under him. After this the Râjâ occupied the territory and posted the Imperial garrisons over it.

The people then pointed out to him the fort occupied by Nawâb 'Ali Mardân Khâṅ* still further in the territory of Khurâsân, whom the Râjâ found to be a most powerful man. However the Râjâ proceeded onwards and sent his messenger (*vakîl*) to declare war. "He had better go his way," said 'Ali Mardân Khâṅ, "or I will drown him in the fords of Aṭak and Nîlâb."† Finding him very strong the Râjâ resolved on treachery. He caused 500 *mans*‡ of poisoned sweetmeats to be prepared, as he ascertained that such things were much valued in those parts, and loaded them on 500 bullocks, which he had driven past the fort at night with torches tied to their tails. The Paṭhâns in the fort at once concluded that they were being attacked and rushed out and finding only a quantity of bullocks laden with sweets seized them as booty. The poison, however, soon killed them off either on the spot or in their houses. Jagat Singh thereon attacked the remainder of 'Ali Mardân Khâṅ's forces and after eight days routed them. 'Ali Mardân Khâṅ then fled for refuge to the Chief of the Bangash (Paṭhâns§), who imprisoned him.

The Chief of the Bangash sent Raḥmat Khâṅ with 18,000 men against Râjâ Jagat Singh, but the Râjâ overcame him and entered the Bangash territories. On this the Chief collected all his forces, 40,000 men, and faced Jagat Singh, but in 28 days he was killed and his territories annexed.

The Râjâ next proceeded to Kâbul, where 'Ali Mardân Khâṅ was king,|| and opposed him. But the Paṭhâns had only daggers

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* The whole of this is of course all nonsense historically.

† Both over the Indus near Aṭak. The hopelessness of the geography is becoming apparent.

‡ Over 20 tons.

§ Near Balkh and Bukhârâ says the bard! really this tribe lives in the Kohât District of the Panjâb.

|| The bard is now utterly regardless of sequence, *more suo*.

and Jagat Singh's men had guns, and so after many days the king of Kâbul was killed and the Imperial authority was established.

Then the Râjâ went on to Khurâsân and was opposed by the Wazîr Sâus Khân with 18,000 men of his own and 40,000 men of the king. A tremendous battle ensued in which the Râjâ lost 10,000 men, but one of the Râjâ's men speared Sâus Khân. After which the battle lasted 76 days till the king fled and the Râjâ overcame his leaderless army. Having got possession of the kingdom, he placed his right foot on the throne and wrote news of the victory to the Emperor at Dehlî.

On his return to Dehlî the Emperor Akbar rewarded him with territories yielding two *lâkhs* of rupees, which with his previous income of six *lâkhs*, gave him a total revenue of eight *lâkhs*.*

KABIT.

Jab dayyá kar, buláve táre jal ságar ko. Dárad ko dúr kare; yeh hí tero kár hai.

Námhoṅ kí lajjá tú pále qaul apne ko, sangaṭ ko niwáre; Har, tú hí rachpál hai.

Bhukhe ko bhare, súkhe ko hare kare, ḍúbe ko táre; terí qudrat ápár hai.

Chaudah hí tabaq meṅ sab base jív jete jape nám terá ik; tú hí nirankár hai.

Bájní ke jáe báj, láj ná lukáe lúkeṅ; murghí ke jáe báj hot ná ghajáeke.

Mánní ke jáe madh máte matwáre phireṅ; singhní ke jáe sher más ke khiláe se.

Gaúṅ ká bachhá achhá ḍhoṛe lipṭáná hot, gadhá bhí na hot bachhá Gang ke nhaláe se.

Kahit Kabí Gang, "Suno, Dindiyál, baglá na hot hans motí ke chugáe se.

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* Say £80.000

VERSES.

By thy kindness (O Hari) we can cross the ocean. Thou art the remover of pains: this is thy doing.

For thy name's sake thou dost perform thy word, and relievest us of pain; Hari, thou art our protector.

Thou dost feed the hungry, and makest green the dry (places), and savest the drowning; unfathomable is thy power.

In the fourteen quarters of the world all the people worship only thy name; and thou art without form.

The falcon bears the falcon, he cannot hide his dignity if he try; the chick of the hen becomes not a falcon by teaching.

The son of the great wanders drunken with his pride and glory, the whelp of the lioness is fed with prey.

The calf of the cow is born from a fine bull, but an ass cannot become a calf by washing with Ganges water.

Saith the poet Gang, "Hear, Cherisher of the Poor,* the heron doth not become a swan by eating pearls."†

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* The king.

† Refers to the common legend that the swan (*hansa*) lives on pearls only.

No. XXVI.

A HYMN TO 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR JÎLÂNÎ,

AS SUNG BY A BARD FROM THE MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[This very spirited song relates a miracle attributed to Ghausu'l-'Âzam or 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, who may be called the greatest Muhammadan Saint in India. But it is much more likely that the story was originally told of his descendant Shekh Muḥammad Ghaus Jîlânî of Ûchh in the Multân district.]

[Pirân-i-Pîr, Pîr-i-Dastagîr, Ghausu'l-'Âzam, Ghausu-'s-Samdânî, Maḥbûb-i-Subhânî, Mîrân Muḥayyu'ddîn, Sayyid (or Shekh) 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, Ḥasanu-'l-Ḥussainî, the founder of the Qâdiriâ order of mendicants, was born in Gîlân or Jîlân, but properly Kîl-o-Kîlân, a western district of Persia in A.H. 471 or A.D. 1078, and died at Baghdâd in A.D. 1166, where his tomb is still held in great reverence. He had two sons Sayyid 'Alî Muḥammad and Shekh 'Abdu'l-Waḥhâb. Ninth in descent from the latter was Shekh Ḥâmid Jahân Bakhsh, better known as Ḥazrat Shekh Muḥammad Ghaus Jîlânî, who settled at Ûchh in the Multân district about 1394 A.D. in the time of Taimûr (1336-1405 A.D.), and is still the patron saint of the Dâûdputras of the Bahâwalpûr State. His descendant, Pîr Mûsâ Pâk Shahîd, a saint of great renown, was buried at Multân in 1593 A.D., and from him are descended the Makhdûms of Multân. The descendants of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir's eldest son also settled later in the Sarâî Siddhû *tahsîl* of the Multân district. These facts are sufficient to account for the celebrity of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir in the Panjâb and India. Sayyid Muhammad Qâsim of Dânâpûr published a work in 1855 called *'Ajâs Ghausiâ* in Urdû, giving full details about 'Abdu'l-Qâdir.]

TEXT.

MADAḤ ḤAZRAT 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR 'URF PÎRÂN PÎR.

Tûṅ pîr tamâmî pîrâṅ dâ!
Tûṅ sarwar kul amîrâṅ dâ!
Gham dûr karo dilgîrâṅ dâ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Tûṅ dost pâk Ilâhî dâ!
Tûṅ vich Ḥazûrî châhîdâ!
Ṣar-chhat julandâ Shâhî dâ!

Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Terâ waḍâ buland sitârâ, jî!*
Tujhe seveṅ 'âlam sârâ, jî!
Terâ kul chaukoṭ nuqârâ, jî!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Tûṅ Shâh Mardân dâ potâ haiṅ!†
Tûṅ Nabbî Sâḥib dâ dohtâ haiṅ!
Vich nûr Ilâhî de dhotân haiṅ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Tûṅ Sayyid pâk Gîlânî haiṅ!
Tûṅ zâhirâ qutub Rabbânî haiṅ!
Tûṅ roshan doheṅ jahânî haiṅ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Jag hûe bahut azârî, jî:
Jo châ parheṅ madaḥ tumhârî, jî:
Oh dî bhî turt kar denâ kârî, jî!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Jag hûe bandîwân, pîrâ,
Oh de mushkil kare âsân, pîrâ!
Oh nûṅ bah waṛh har maidân, pîrâ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Ik jo buḍhî mâî, jî,
Us teri yârhî châî, jî,
Tûṅ oh dî murâd pahunchâî, jî!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî.
Us buḍhî ghar farzand hûâ:
Sûrat wâgoṅ chand hûâ:
Oh sohanî qad buland hûâ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Buḍhî kuram te ghar sadâ, jî:
Woho sâun din ṭakâî, jî:
Woho maulî gaḍh pawâî, jî:
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!

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* *Jî*, sir: addressed to the audience, left out in the translation: see Vol. I., p. 421.

† These are mere figures of speech, but the saint was descended on the father's side from Hasan, and the mother's from Ḥussain, hence his title of Ḥasanu'l-Ḥussainî.

Buḍhî nîngar turt mangâiâ, jî;
Oh de gânâ dast bandhâiâ, jî:
Sâyâṅ mil mil khûb nahâiâ, jî,
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Oh de âge thâl takâiâ, jî:
Ohnâṅ nânak dâdak âiâ, jî:
Oh nâṅ neudrâ sab ugharâiâ, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Laṛke nûṅ mehndî turt lagâî, jî:
Oh nûṅ chaṛhâ rang Ilâhî, jî!
Oh de shukar kare hai mâî, jî!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Buḍhî ne ghoṛî turt mangâî, jî:
Oh de mukh lagâm diwâî, jî:
Sab velâṅ dinde bhâî, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Laṛke pair rikâbe pâiâ, jî,
Un barse nûr sawâyyâ, jî.
Jo kuchh likhâ hai so pâiâ, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Unhîṅ bahin jo pakaṛe wâg, jî,
De bahinâṅ dâ lâg, jî:
"Tainûṅ Allah lâiâ bhâg, jî!"
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Us ditta sî ûcherâ, jî:
Us ûṭh, ghoṛâ, wichherâ, jî:
Us gâîṅ, mahîṅ lawerâ, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Laṛkâ janḍî jâ namdâr hûâ:
Oh bhâîâṅ nâl tayyâr hûâ:
Sab sâun te shagun vichâr hûâ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Tâ janj pattan te âî, jî:
Un beṛî turt mangâî, jî:
Sab mâl matta' bharâî, jî:
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Râtî jâ namdâr nue:

Sab sâun te shagun vichâr hne !
Sab 'âlam nâl takrâr hûe !
    Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Oh aglâ âhâ fardâ, jî :
Oh bhûkâ mâl nâ zar dâ, jî :
Us jo kuchh dit'â sardâ, jî :
    Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Janj kartî eh salâhâṅ, jî :
Wanj pakaṛe ân mallâhân, jî :
Beṛâ turke hûî agâhâṅ, jî.
    Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Uthe ghulî miṅh hanerî, jî :
Uthe bhul gaî terî merî, jî :
Uthe pesh na jâe dilerî, jî.
    Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Vichoṅ to laṛkî boli, jî :
" Mainûṅ kâh nûṅ pâiâ ḍolî, jî ?
Sad shagun to merî jholî, jî : "
    Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
" Rabbâ, mainûṅ kâh nûṅ paidâ kîtâ, ai !
Mere kanth kharâ chip kîtâ, ai !
Sas wâr nâ pânî pîtâ, ai ! "
    Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Uthe ghullâṅ te chawâiâṅ, jî !
Dariyâ lahar vich âiâ, jî !
Us beṛâ chak ulṭâiâ, jî !
    Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Beṛâ laṭṭhâ jâe dughâtî, jî :
Janjî gharq hûe jâ pânî, jî :
To ḥukm Ilâhî Wâlî, jî !
    Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Tâṅ buḍhî aisî khushî vich âî, jî :
Agge khabar dittî jâ râhî, ji,
Jo wartî khol sunâî, jî :
    'Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Oh budhî huṛî nit vichhâ dhare :
Oh nûh dekhan dâ châh kare :

Oh qudrat Oh dî nûṅ wâḥ kare!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Buḍhî â khaṛî dariyâe te;
Jithe beṛî buḍhî so jâe te:
Us badhâ lakkh do'âe se.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Buḍhî nâ kuchh pî khâî, jî:
Oh dam dam pîr manâî, jî:
Oh din rât kurlâî, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Ik roz pîr shikâr âe:
Oh pâro lang urwâr âe:
"Kyûṅ ronî hâl wanjâṅ, Mâî?"
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
"Maithe iko pût vichârî dâ:
Oh bûḍh mûâ hatiârî dâ:
Koî aur nâ augun hârî dâ."
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Uthe do'â to mângî pîr, jî:
Us nadî kâ wagge nîr, jî:
Beṛâ kaḍḍhâ ṭor zanjîr, jî:
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
"Abû Sâliḥ ke tum bans bahâdar!
Jodhâ baṛâ sipâhan nar!"
Mîrâṅ qudrat eh dikhâî nîṅgar ḍolî 'âm bhar!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Dholak tâṅ tambûrî waj kar,
Shâdî ho gâî vich shahar;
Mîrâṅ qudrat eh dikhâî, nigar ḍolî 'âm bhar!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!

TRANSLATION.

A Hymn to the Holy 'Abdu'l-Qâdir, known as Pirân Pîr.

Thou saint of all the saints!
Thou head of all the holy ones!
Put away the sorrows of the sorrowful!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!

Thou friend of the Holy God!
Thou beloved of the Court (of God)!
The royal canopy is waved (over thee)!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân.
Thy star is exalted on high!
The whole world follows thee!
The drums (of thy fame) are beaten in all the four quarters (of the earth)!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Thou art the grandson of Shâh Mardân ('Ali)!
Thou art the grandson of the Holy Prophet!
Bathed in the light of God!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Thou art the Holy Sayyid of Gîlân!
Thou art the visible pillar of God!
Thou art the light of both worlds!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Who is much afflicted in the world,
If he sing thy praises,
Thou dost relieve him early!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Who hath become a prisoner, O Saint,
His distress dost thou relieve, O Saint.
To him thou dost appear in any place, O Saint!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
There was an old woman,
She vowed to observe thy feast.*
And thou didst fulfil her desire!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
In the old woman's house a son was born,
In beauty as the moon.
Tall and beautiful was he!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman invited her kith and kin,

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* The *yárhí* or *yáhrí* is the *gyárvín*, or chief feast in honor of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, held on the 11th *(gyárvín)* of Rabî'u's-sânî, a full description of which is to be found in Herklots' *Qanoon-e-Islam*, p. 155 ff.

And fixed an auspicious day,
And put on the marriage knots.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman sent for her son quickly,
And (wound) the marriage bracelet round his wrist,
And the matrons bathed him well.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The platter (of presents) was placed before him:
His father's and mother's kindred came,
And he received all their gifts.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The *mehndí** was quickly put on the boy,
The dye was put on him (in the name) of God!
And his mother gave thanks.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman at once procured a mare,
And put the bit into its mouth.
The kindred made the sacrifice.†
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The boy put his foot into the stirrup,
And the light (of God) was shed upon him,
And he obtained what was written in his fate.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
His sister held the reins,
And he gave her her dues.‡
(Said she), "God grant thee fortune!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!"
He gave her a camel;
He (gave) a camel, a horse, and a colt;
He (gave) a cow and a milch buffalo.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!

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* *Mehndí* or *hiná* is myrtle powder for colouring red the nails, etc., of bride and bridegroom.

† *Belán dená*, is to wave a *taká*, copper coin, over the bride and bridegroom's heads by their respective relatives as a sacrifice, and to give it to the bards. It is a Hindû custom.

‡ This present is obligatory in Hindû marriages.

The boy went to the *jaṇḍî* tree,*
And his brethren went with him,
And all the propitious omens were observed!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Then the procession went to the ferry,
And demanded a boat at once,
And loaded up their goods and chattels.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
At night they reached (the bride's house),
And all the propitious omens were observed!
And all the world collected there!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Her father was well-to-do,
He had no lack of goods and money,
And he gave according his wealth.
O G ausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The procession were enjoying themselves,
And the boatmen seized the poles,
And the boat went forward.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
A storm of rain came on,
And they could not recognize each other,
And no resource was of any avail.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
From within said the bride,
"Why didst thou put me in the *ḍolî*, (O God),
The marriage sheet is in my wallet."†
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
"O God, why was I born!
My bridegroom stands silent!
His mother has not yet waved the water‡ (over me)!"

* *Acacia leucophlœa*—The bridegroom in Hindû marriages must cut off a branch himself.

† The marriage sheet is that by which the bride and bridegroom are tied together at the wedding and is kept by the bride as long as she is a virgin; hence reference in the tale. The child-brides of India are of course virgins for years after their marriage.

‡ A ceremony, the bridegroom's mother has to wave water over the bride's head, and then drink it.

O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
(Then) the whirlwinds blew there,
The river broke into waves
And the boat upset.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
And the boat sank deeply;
And the procession was drowned in the water:
It was the order of God!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Meanwhile the old woman was very happy,
Until a stranger came and told her
And explained what had passed.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman had kept her mat spread,*
As she was very anxious to see her son's wife.
And she cried out at the power of God!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman came to the river:
The old woman went to where the boat had sunk,
And vowed a thousand vows!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman could neither eat nor drink,
And invoked the saint with every breath,
And wept and wailed day and night.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
One day the saint went a-hunting
And came across the river (to her):
"Why weepest so bitterly, mother?"
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
"I am the helpless (mother) of an only son;
The miserable (mother) whose (son) hath been drowned,
The sinful (mother) that hath no other"
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
She prayed then to the saint:

* For the bride and bridegroom to sit on when they return.

"Kaunse mulk se âwanâ? kaunsî vilâyat ko jân?"
"Makkâ Sharîf se âwanâ; Shahr Baghdâd ko jân."
Itne kahke chal pare, aur raste meṅ ho gaî rain.
Rain ko dekhke Rode Shâh hûe be-chain.
Rode Shâh Faqîr ne jangal kî ghâs ukthî karî; ghâson se kareṅ sawâl:
"Sawâ hathî deo bistarâ, phakar nûn parhnî namâz."
Itnî sunkar ghâs boldî phakar se kareṅ sawâl:
"Hamâre par bistarâ nahîṅ, dekho koî thaur."
Itnî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr dil hûe udâs.
Gandî ghâs boldî, Rode Shâh se kareṅ jawâb:
"Dhâî bhâr, Hasrat, badh lo, bistar lo jamâe."
Itnî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr ne ghason se kareṅ sawâl:
"Aur ghâs sab jal jâenge, tere se mâregî khushbû.
Gawwâṅ chugeṅ, dûdh deṅge, aur duniyâ men rahegâ terâ nâm.
Aisâ nanhâ ho chalîye bande, jaisî nanhî dûb!
Aur ghâs sab jal jâegî, harî rahegî dûb!"
Itnî kahke Rode Shâh Faqîr chal parâ, âyâ mallâh ke pâs:
"Larke re mallâh ke, sun merî ardâs.
Ik berî Allah nâm kî phakar ko lakhâ de pâr."
Itnî sun mallâh boldâ; "sun, phakar, merî bât;
Hukm hûâ Lohârî Jalâlî kâ: tumheṅ kaise lakhâve pâr?"
Itnî sun phakar boldâ; "sun, mallâh, merî bât;
Auroṅ se lendâ paishâ, phakar se le le do châr:
Ik berî Allah nâm kî phakar ko lakhâ de pâr."
"Je tum phakar auliâ âpoṅ se langh jâo pâr."
Itnî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr ke tan meṅ lag gaî âg.
Kishtî kî berî banâe, sotî kî balî lagâo:
B'ismi'llah karke phakar baith gae, langh gae parle pâr.
Apne dil men mallâh sochtâ, "phakar nahîṅ, koî darvesh."
Jâkar qadam darvesh ke pakar lîe, shâhjî se kareṅ sawâl:
"Main nâ jânon tum aise auliâ, chashmoṅ par lendâ bithâe.
Koî aisî do'â mangîyo merâ berâ kar jâîyo pâr."

Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh boldâ, mallâh se kareṅ jawâb:
"Bahutâ khaṭîyo, bahutâ kamâîyo, thâre khaṭe meṅ barkat ho lîyo nâh!"
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr kî mallâḥ huâ udâs.
Itnî kah Roḍe Shâh châl pare Shahr Baghdâd ko jân:
Lohârî Jalâlî ke bâr men detâ 'âlakh' jagâe.
Itnî sun Lohârî Jalâlî ne Kamâlî bahin lîe boldî:
"Jâîye, bahin lâḍlî, bhichhâ de pâo."
Lekar bhichhâ chal paṛî, âî phakar ke pâs:
"O phakar, bhichhâ lo, khaṛî Kamâlî tere pâs."
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr ne Kamâlî se kareṅ jawâb:
"Ham ne bhichhâ kyâ karnî? Jalâlî kâ len dîdâr."
Itnî sun Kamâlî chal paṛî, âî Jalâlî ke pâs:
"Kâlâ kâlâ bhunḍ sâ, paṛ rahâ sâḍe khiyal.
Motîoṅ kî bhichhâ nahîṅ lendâ lenge terâ dîdâr!"
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr Lohârî se kareṅ jawâb:
"Kâlâ kâlâ kis ko batâutî? kâlâ hai burî bulâo.
Kâlâ sir ke bâl haiṅ: yeh mardoṅ ke singâr.
Kâlî âṅkhoṅ kî pûtlî, mohe kul sansâr.
Kâlâ Pachham kî bâdalî, barse kul sansâr.
Itne kâloṅ ko mârke, phir phakar se karîyo jawâb!"
Itnî sun Jalâlî Kamâlî se kare jawâb:
"Jis phakar se maiṅ darûṅ, wahî âyâ sâde pâs!"
Hâth joṛ Jalâlî boldî, "sun, Kamâlî bahin, merî bât:
Bâbal mere se kah de, 'yeh phakar nahîṅ, koî badma'âsh.'"
Itnî sunkar chal paṛî, âî bâbal de pâs:
Hâth joṛ kah rahî, "sun, Bâbal, merî bât;
Phakar nahîṅ koî maskhrâ, mange terî beṭî kâ dîdâr!"
Itnî sunkar chal paṛâ, âyâ beṭî ke pâs:
"Ḥukm, beṭî, de de, jo châhe, so hove."
"Is phakar ko nikâl do, dhake do do châr."
"Jâîye, phakar, haṭ jâ: yeh hai Lohârî kâ farmân."
Itnî sun boldâ phakar, kare sawâl:
"Turtoṅ Makkâ se â giâ, dekhan terâ dîdâr."
Itnî sunkar ghussâ ho gaî woh chanchal sî nâr.
Ghar ke jallâd lîe bulwâo, mangwâe apne pâs:

"Is phakar ko pakaṛ lo, mashkân deo âj.
Yâ tû kah do phakar ko 'haṭ jâ,' aur nahîṅ, ṭukre kar do châr."
Itnî sun phakar boldâ, aur Lohârî se kare jawâb:
"In batoṅ se nâ ḍarûṅ; lûṅgâ terâ dîdâr!"
Itnî sun Lohârî Jalâlî ne ḥukm dîâ, chaṛhâo:
"Jaldî maskan bandh lo, tukre kar do châr.
Itnî ṭukre banâe do, aur kambal ke bândho piṇḍ."
Itnî sun jallâd ne bahâ dîe talwâr,
Phakar bhî na boldâ, ḥukm hûâ Dargâh.
Châr châr ungal ke ṭukre kar dîe, lîe samundar ko jân.
Jâkar samundar ger dîâ aur machhlîoṅ ne baḍh lîâ mâs.
"Sârâ mâs tum khâe lo, do nain deîyo chhoṛ.
Mujh ko piyâ milan kî âs." Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se Khwâj Khizar darmiyân:
"Is phakar kî deh sampûran kar do: is ko piyâ milan kî âs."
Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se sampûran ho gaî deh.
Jalâdoṅ se pahile chal paṛâ, âyâ Lohârî ke bâr:
"Lohârî Jalâlî, Allah kî piyârî, phakar nûn deîyo didâr!"
Bolî Jalâlî, "kyâ kahe? sun, Kamâlî, bât!
Kaisâ phakar boldâ is ḍeoḍhî darmiyân?"
Dekh Kamâlî ro paṛî, âî bahin ke pâs:
"Bahin, phakar nahîṅ, koî auliâ, aur phakar bure bulâe
Jis phakar nûṅ tû mâriâ; oh phakar khaṛâ tere darbâr!"
Itnî sun ghusse hûî aur nain lîe bhartâr:
"Ai phakar, tû na haṭâ, tere ṭukre kar dûṅgî châr!"
"In batoṅ se nâ ḍaruṅ, lûṅgâ terâ didâr!"
"Sunkar â gayâ, Jalâlî, terâ bâp."
"Bâp, taiṅ is phakar ko mâr do; nahîṅ, marûṅ kaṭârâ khâe."
Itnî sunkar boldâ jhaṭ us kâ bâp:
"Jo kahî so karûṅ is ghaṛî woh bât."
Lohe kâ tandûr gaṛwâ de, aur lakṛoṅ kî kar dî ânch.
Bandh mashkân, ger de us tandûr darmiyân.
Tandûr jhaṭ gaṛwâ dîâ aur lakṛoṅ kî kar dî ânch.
Surkh tandûr ho gayâ aur phakar se kare sawâl:

"Jâ, be phakar, haṭ jâ: nahîn, jal bal ho jâegâ râkh!"
"Dhur Makkâ se â gayâ len terâ dîdâr."
Itnî sunkar jal gaî, tan man lag gaî âg.
Bandh mashkân ger dîâ us tandûr darmiyân.
Sârâ shahr ro rahâ, Lohârî se kare sawâl:
"Ai, Lohârî, tain kyâ karâ, phakar dîâ marwâe?"
Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se dhûen ko waṭ dîe charhâe.
Kajlî Ban men so rahe Roḍe Shâh Faqîr.
Lohârî Jalâlî boltî, "Sun, Bâbal, merî bât;
Is sârî râkh ko samundar men deîyo bahâo.
Ab is phakar kî chuk lîe kaise legâ dîdâr?"
Itnî sun kûṇḍî soṇṭâ boldî Lohârî se kîe jawâb:
"Tû kaisî nâhîn kar rahî? phakar legâ dîdâr."
Itnî sunke boldî Lohârî karî jawâb:
"Râkh thî bahâ dî, ab tîjâ dûn karwâe."
Usî waqt Lohârî ne degân de charhwâe.
Shahr men ḍhanḍhora de dîâ, aur faqîr lîe bulwâe.
Satranjîân bichhâ dîe, faqîr baiṭhe âe.
Kuṇḍî soṇṭâ sochde rahe, na âe Roḍe Shâh Faqîr.
Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se, Roḍe Shâh ke khul gae ânkh:
"Tum, phakar, kyâ so rahe? thârâ tîjâ ho rahâ âj!"
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh chal paṛe, âe Lohârî ke pâs.
Majlis lag rahî darbâr men: â Roḍe Shâh kare sawâl:
"De dîyo, Lohârî Jalâlî, Allah kî piyârî, phakar nûn do dîdâr!"
Itnî sunkar Lohârî Jalâlî kare sawâl:
"Dekhîyo, phakar nahîn, koî auliâ: phakar bure bulâe.
Merâ singâr le jâ, aur phakar nûn de dîdâr."
Pahin singâr Kamâlî nikal paṛî, âî phakar ke pâs:
"Â, phakar, dîdâr le, khaṛî Jalâlî tere pâs."
Itnî sunkar phakar boldâ Jalâlî se kare sawâl:
"Je tû Mâî Jalâlî hai, to tere chhere par barsîyo nûr:
Je tû phakar nûn ṭhag rahî, terî ho jâ rûh se be-rûh."
Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se, ho gaî rûh se be-rûh.
Rondî pâṭdî âwandî, âî Jalâlî ke pâs:
"Bhalî châhîye dîdâr de: aur nahîn, ho jâegî rûh be-rûh."

Dekh sûrat Jalâlî ro paṛî, nath bhajke â gaî us phakar
ke pâs:
"Â, be phakar, dîdâr le le, khaṛî Jalâlî tere pâs."
"Yûṅ to dîdâr nâ leûṅ; yeh hai phakar kâ jawâb.
Mahil par apne chaṛh jâ, aur sir se sâhî târ.
Denâ dîdâr, Bîbî, aur sifat karûṅ terâ jag mân."
Itnî sunkar ro paṛî, kare phakar kâ sawâl:
"Aisî bateṅ mat kaho; rakho paṛdâ tum âp."
"Iṅ bâtoṅ se na haṭûṅ: ye phakar kâ sawâl:
Chhaje ûpar khaṛî ho, dekhe kul sansâr."
Itnî sunkar charh gaî woh châtar sî nâr.
Rode Shâh boldâ, "suno, Shahr ke log,
Jalâlî chaṛh gaî mahil par, sir se sâhî dîâ târ."
Duniyâ ke log dekhde, Roḍe Duldul lîe singâr.
Jhat sawâr us Duldul par âp:
"Sûrat terî bahut hai aur tû châtar sî nâr:
Ham chale Makkâ Sharîf ko, tû rahe âbâd!"
Itnî sun Lohârî ne ûpar se mârî chhâl;
Jhatde se Duldul pakaṛ lîe, aur phakar kare sawâl:
"Yâ tû mujh ko le chal; nahîṅ, khâkar marûṅ kaṭâr."
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr Lohârî se kare sawâl:
"Ham phakar darvesh haiṅ, terâ hamârâ kyâ sâth?"
"Chîṭak, Phakar, lâ chalâ, ab jîne kî kyâ âs?
Yâ chalûṅ tere sâth; nahîṅ, khâkar marûṅ kaṭâr."
Itnî sun phakar ne jhaṭ le lî apne sâth.
Lekar phakar chal paṛe, paṛî lambî râh.
Râh-meṅ phakar jangal â gae, ḍere dîe lagâe.
Is jangal ke bîch meṅ baiṭhe dono â.
Jalâlî ke le âe Makkâ ke darmiyân.

TRANSLATION.

The Tale of Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's Daughter.

Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, was born in the City of Baghdâd, and Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr in Makkâ. Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, appeared to Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr

in a dream and Rode Shâh Faqîr fell in love with her at once. Likewise Rode Shâh the Faqîr appeared to Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, in the City of Baghdâd.

Seeing this (dream) Rode Shâh the Faqîr mounted his (mule) Duldul,*
His gourd in his hand, his beads round his neck, his Qurân under his arm.
Saying "*Bi'smi'llah*"† he spurred on Duldul: on the road he met the Four Friends.‡
Said the Four Friends to Rode Shâh:
"'From what country comest thou? To what land goest thou?'
"I am come from the Makkâ the Holy and I go to Baghdâd."
So saying he went on, and the night came upon him on the road.
Seeing the night Rode Shâh became miserable.
Rode Shâh the Faqîr took up the grass of the wilderness and said to the grass:
"Make me a bed of a span in length,§ for the *faqîr* must pray."
Hearing this the grass said to the *faqîr*;
"Thou canst not make thy bed on me, seek some other place."
Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr was grieved.
Then said the *dûb* grass‖ to Rode Shâh the Faqîr.
"Take two and a half (mule) loads of me and spread thy bed."

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* Really the name of the mule of 'Ali: here merely a fine mule.

† "In the Name of God:" the Musalmân invocation on commencing anything.

‡ Abû Bakar, 'Umar, 'Usmân and 'Ali: the "four friends" of Muhammad.

§ A half bed used as a penance by *faqîrs* on account of its extreme discomfort.

‖ *Kusa*, the *cynodon dactylon* or sacred grass of the Hindûs: it has a fresh sweet smell.

Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr said to the grasses :
"The other grasses shall be burnt up, but thou shalt give forth a sweet smell :
And the cows shall eat thee and give milk and thy name shall live in the world.
Let the servants (of God) be humble as the lowly *dúb* ! *
The other grasses shall be burnt up, but green shall remain the *dúb* !"
Saying this Rode Shâh the Faqîr went on and came to a boatman :
"O son of the boatmen, hear my prayer.
See the *faqír* across (the river) in a boat in the name of God."
Hearing this said the boatman ; "Faqîr, hear my words.
I have the orders of Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter : I cannot see thee over."
Hearing this said the *faqír* ; "Boatman, hear my words :
From others thou hast one *paisá*,† take two or three from the *faqír*,
And see the *faqír* over in a boat in the name of God."
"If thou be a (true) *faqír* and saint take thyself across."
Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr's body was aflame (with wrath).
Making a boat of his gourd and an oar of his staff,
And saying "*Bi'smi'llah*" the *faqír* sat in it and went across.
Thought the boatman in his mind, "He is no *faqîr*, he is a saint ?"
He went and fell at the saint's feet and besought the saint :‡
"I knew not that thou wert so great a saint, or I would have served thee well.§

* Allusion to its low spreading character.
† One-third anna or a half penny nearly.
‡ *Sháhjí* is one of the extravagant titles assumed by *fakírs*.
§ *Lit.*, sat thee on my eyes.

So pray for me that my boat may safely cross over (into the next world)."
Hearing this said Rodẹ Shâh to the boatman:
"Labour much and earn much, but let not thy labour prosper thee!"
Hearing these words of Rodẹ Shâh the Faqîr the boatman became sorrowful.
Saying this Rodẹ Shâh went on to the city of Baghdâd:
And called '*âlakh*' at the door of Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter.
Hearing him Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter said to her sister Kamâlî:
"Go, sweet sister, and give him alms."
She went with the alms to the *faqîr*.
"O Faqîr, take the alms, Kamâlî stands beside thee."
Hearing this said Rodẹ Shâh the Faqîr to Kamâlî:
"I came not for alms. I came to see Jalâlî."*
Hearing this Kamâlî went to Jalâli:
"Black, black as a beetle, hath fallen in love with thee.
He will not take the alms of pearls, he would see thee!"
Hearing this Rodẹ Shâh the Faqîr shouted to the Blacksmith's daughter:
"Who is she calling black? blackness is a deep stain.
Black is the hair of the head, the adornment of man.
Black are the pupils of the eyes, beloved of the whole world.
Black are the clouds of the West, that water the whole earth.
Destroy these black things ere thou answer the *faqîr*!"
Hearing this Jalâlî said to Kamâlî:
"The *faqîr* I dreaded has come to us!"
With joined hands said Jalâlî, "Sister Kamâlî, hear my words:
Go and tell my father, this is no *faqîr*, but some scoundrel."

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* To say that he had come to see a *paṛdânishîn* woman was, of course, to insult her grossly.

Hearing this she went to her father;
And said with joined hands; "Father, hear my words.
He is no *faqîr*, but some jester and would see thy daughter!"
Hearing this he went to his daughter:
"Give thy commands, my daughter: it shall be as thou wilt."
"Turn out this *faqîr*, thrust him away."
"Go, thou *faqîr*, go away: this is the command of the Blacksmith's daughter."
Hearing this said the *faqîr*:
"I came walking from Makkâ to see her (face)."
Hearing this the silly woman became angry.
She called the household executioner!
(And said); "Sieze this *faqîr* and bind his arms behind him at once
Either induce the *faqîr* to go away, or cut him to pieces."
Hearing this said the *faqîr* to the Blacksmith's daughter:
"I fear not thy words; I will (assuredly) see thee!"
Hearing this Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter gave orders to proceed:
"Quickly bind his arms behind him and cut him to pieces.
Cut him into many pieces and tie up his body in a blanket."
Hearing this the executioner flourished his sword,
But the *faqîr* said never a word, (as) it was an order from the Court (of God).
He cut him into little bits and took them to the river.*
Going to the river he threw them in and the fishes divided the flesh.
(Said the *faqîr*) "eat up all the flesh, but leave the two eyes;

* Hindû custom.

I would meet my beloved." An order went from the Court (of God) to Khwâjâ Khizar: *
" Make whole the body of this *faqîr*, (for) he would see his beloved."
The order went from the Court (of God) and the body became whole.
He went on before the executioners and came to the door of the Blacksmith's daughter:
" O Jalâlî, thou Blacksmith's daughter, beloved of God, show thyself to the *faqîr!*"
Said Jalâlî, " what saith he? Kamâlî, hear my words!
What *faqîr* is he that is talking in the doorway?"
Kamâlî went to see and came weeping to her sister:
" Sister he is no *faqîr*, but some saint, and (that too) a powerful saint.
The *faqîr* that thou didst slay is the *faqîr* (now) standing at thy door!"
Hearing this she was wroth and her eyes grew stern:
" O *faqîr*, if thou dost not go, I will cut thee in pieces."
" I fear not these words, (but) I will see thy (face)!"
" Hearing this, Jalâlî, hath thy father come."†
" Father, slay this *faqîr*, or I will stab myself to death with a dagger."
Hearing this her father said quickly:
" I will do as thou sayest this moment."
He made an iron oven and lighted wood within it.
Binding his arms behind him he threw (the *faqîr*) into it.
Quickly he made the oven and lighted the weed.
The oven became red-hot and the (Blacksmith's daughter) said to the *faqîr*:
" Go, O Faqîr, go away or be burnt to ashes!"
" I came from far Makkâ to see thy (face)."
Hearing this she was aflame (with wrath), and the fire (of wrath) caught her body and soul.

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* See Vol. I., p. 416, &c.
† Jalâlî's father says this.

Binding his arms behind him they threw him into the oven.
All the city wept and said to the Blacksmith's daughter:
"O thou Blacksmith's daughter, what art thou doing, slaying this *faqir*?"
It was the order of the Court (of God) and the smoke went up in circles.*
And Rode Shâh the Faqîr slept in the Kajalî forest.†
Said Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter; "Father, hear my words:
Throw all these ashes into the river.‡
Now that we have finished this *faqîr* how shall he see (my face)?"
Hearing this his pestle and mortar§ said to the Blacksmith's daughter:
"How wilt thou deny (thy face) to the *faqîr*?"
Hearing this said the Blacksmith's daughter:
"The ashes have been sent afloat, now will I hold the funeral ceremonies."||
And that very moment the Blacksmith's daughter put the cauldrons on (the fire).
She sent a cryer through the City and called all the *faqîrs*.
She spread carpets and the *faqirs* came and sat on them.
The pestle and mortar began to grieve because Rode Shâh Faqîr came not.
It was the order of the Court (of God) and Rode Shâh opened his eyes.
"Why art thou sleeping, *faqîr*? They are holding thy funeral ceremonies to-day!"
Hearing this Rode Shâh went to the Blacksmith's daughter.
The company were all assembled when Rode Shâh came and said:

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* Through which Rode Shâh escaped.
† Brought in merely as a famous name: see Vol. I., p. 520.
‡ *Hindû* custom.
§ Kept by *faqîrs* for making *bhang*.
|| *Tîjâ* or *soyam*, the ceremonies on the third day after death held by Musalmâns.

"Show (thy face), Jalâlî, thou Blacksmith's daughter, beloved of God, to the *faqîr!*"
Hearing this said Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter:*
"Behold, this is no *faqîr*, but some saint: and (that too) a powerful saint.
Put on my clothes and show thyself to the *faqîr.*"
Putting on the clothes Kamâlî went out to the *faqîr*:
"Come *faqîr*, behold me, Jalâlî standeth beside thee."
Hearing this the *faqîr* said to Jalâlî:
"If thou be the Lady Jalâlî, then let thy face glow with light:
But if thou art deceiving the *faqîr* may thy beauty vanish."
It was the order of the Court (of God) and her beauty vanished.
Weeping and wailing she went to Jalâlî:
"If thou seek thy good show thyself (to him), or thy beauty will vanish.
Seeing her Jalâlî wept and ran quickly to the *faqîr*:
"Come, Faqîr, behold me, Jalâlî standeth by thee."
"I will not see thee thus: this is thy *faqîr's* reply.
Go upon the palace roof, take the veil from off thy head.
Show thyself, Lady, and let the world praise thee."
Hearing this she wept and said to the *faqîr*:
"Say not such words; keep my honor!"
"I will not go back upon my words: this is the *faqîr's* request:
Stand on the roof and let the whole world see thee."
Hearing this the wise woman went up (on to the roof).
Said Rode Shâh, "hear, ye people of the City,
Jalâlî hath gone up on to the roof of her palace, and taken the veil from off her head."
All the world was looking (at her) while Rode (Shâh) saddled his (mule) Duldul.

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* To her sister.

Quickly he mounted him:
(Said he) "great is thy beauty and thou art a wise woman:
I go to Makkâ the Holy, do thou dwell (here)!"
Hearing this the Blacksmith's daughter leapt down from above;
And quickly she seized Duldul and said to the *faqîr*:
"Either take me with thee, or I stab myself to death with a dagger."
Hearing this Rode Shâh Faqîr said to the Blacksmith's daughter:
"I am a *faqîr* and a saint, what connection can there be twixt me and thee?"
"Thou hast enchanted me, O Faqîr, and how can I live now (away from thee)?
Either I go with thee or stab myself to death with a dagger."
Hearing this the *faqîr* took her at once with him.
The *faqîr* took her, and they went a long road.
On the road they arrived at a desert and made a halt.
They both settled in that desert.
And he (at last) took Jalâlî to Makkâ.

No. XXVIII.

THE LEGEND OF 'ABDU'LLÂH SHAH OF SAMIN,

AS TAKEN DOWN IN THE BALOCHÎ LANGUAGE FROM THE NARRATIVE OF GHULÂM MUHAMMAD BALACHÂNÎ MAZÂRÎ, AND TRANSLATED BY M. LONGWORTH DAMES, ESQ.

['Abdu'llâh Shâh belonged to a Sayyid family living at Samîn, a village some miles south of Derâ Ghâzî Khân. He enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity, which is maintained by his family, now represented by a grandson of the original 'Abdu'llâh Shâh. The story is chiefly remarkable for the introduction of the heroes of the very favorite Panjâbî tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ in the after-world. Rânjhâ is represented as still following his original occupation of a buffalo-herdsman, and as supplying milk to the Prophet.]

[The story of Hîr and Rânjhâ is of world-wide celebrity in the Panjâb, and will be given in full later on in these volumes. Hîr was the daughter of Chûchak, a Syâl of Rangpûr, in the Muzaffargarh District. Rânjhâ's true name was Dîdho; he was by caste a Rânjhâ Jaṭṭ, and is known almost exclusively by his caste name, which also takes the diminutive forms Ranjhuâ, Rânjheṭâ, and Ranjheṭrâ. His father Manjû was a Chaudhrî or Revenue Collector, and local magnate at Takht Hazâra, in the Gujrânwâlâ District].

[The Syâls are of Râjpût origin, and claim higher rank than the surrounding Jaṭṭ tribes, to whom they will not give their daughters in marriage, although they may marry Jaṭṭ women. Thus, though Hîr and Rânjhâ were both Muhammadans, their love was illicit, and ended disasterously. The pride of the Syâls is illustrated by another celebrated love story, "Sâhibâṅ and Mirzâ," which will also be given in full later on, the scene of which is at Khîwâ near Jhang. It is even now an insult to a Syâl to mention either Hîr or Sâhibâṅ, and no Syâl will remain present, while either of those stories is being recited. They are, however, celebrated in the Panjâb as the types of constant lovers, much in the same way as Abelard and Héloïse in Modern Europe, or as Lailî and Majnûn in Arabic, and Farhâd and Shîrîn in Persian story. Hîr's tomb is about half a mile from the civil station of Jhang, and is marked on the survey map as "Mookurba Heer," which stands for "Maqbara-i-Hîr," or Hîr's monument. It is a brick building, resembling in style the ordinary Musalmân tomb of the 16th century, with the exception that instead of being covered by a dome it is open to the sky. There are niches or windows on the four sides. That on the west is closed, while the other three are open, the reason assigned

being that the wind should blow on Hîr from every direction except that of her home Rangpûr, where she had been murdered. The tomb stands close to an old bed of the Chenâb, and it is related that at the time of Hîr's death the river was still flowing in this old bed, and that Hîr appeared in a vision to a merchant who was travelling past in a boat, telling him to build her tomb in this place, and to build it so that the rain of heaven should always fall on it. This was done after Hîr's body had been placed in the tomb, but before it was closed Rânjhâ appeared, and, entering the the tomb alive, was buried with her. This is not in accordance with the poem, but is the account given by Bhuṭṭâ Vais, an old Jaṭṭ in charge of the tomb. A *melâ* or fair, of some local celebrity, is held at the tomb in the month of Mâgh (February). Hîr and Rânjhâ are commonly said to have flourished 700 or 800 years ago, but others assign them to Akbar's time (16th century A.D.), and the architecture of the tomb is in accordance with this supposition].

[The first poem in their honour is said to have been composed by Namodar Paṭwârî, of Jhang, but the most celebrated is the poem of Wâris Shâh, a native of Takht Hazâra in Gujrânwâlâ, Rânjhâ's native place. It even now forms a favourite subject for local bards. Wâris Shâh is supposed to have flourished 150 to 200 years ago].

[It should be remembered that the letters printed in the following text as *ṭh* and *ḍh* are pronounced in Balochî as the *th* respectively in 'breath' and 'breathe'].

TEXT.

Abdu'llâh Shâh Saiḍh nishtaghâ Samînâ. Ravâṅ bîṭha ḥajjâ, shuṭho jahâzâ chaṛiṭha. Ravâna ravâna shuṭha, jahâz oshtâṭha bîtha. Jahâz mardâṅ hîlâ khuṭha, jahâz na bokhta.

Samundar khargha murgh-galo nishtagheṭh. Guḍâ jahâz-wâzhâ gwashta. "Banda eṅ choshen bi, ki wâstâ Huḍhâîâ waṭhî sarâ dâṭh, azh jahâzâ er-khafîṭh, baroṭh, hawâṅ murghâṅ bâl dâṭh? Murgh bâl girant, guḍâ jahâzâ gwâṭh mâṅ-khâiṭh, jahâz ṭilhîṭh." 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta, "Maṅ deâṅ waṭhî sarâ wâstâ Huḍhâîâ." Er-khaptaî nazh jahâzâ, shuṭho hawâṅ murgh bâl dâṭhaghant murgh bâl giptaghant; gwâṭh mân-âkhta, jahâz ṭilhiṭha.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Samundar pahnâḍhâ dighârâ rawâṅ bîṭha. Jâho ki âkhta, gindî gwâmeshânî rand eṅ. Zurtha-î hawâṅ rand, zîrâna zîrana shuṭha; baroṭh gindî duhoṅo dukhagheṅ, gwâmeshânî jhok eṅ hamoḍhâ. Suhr-sareṅ zâlo nishtîyeṅ. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh ki nazî âkhta, phâḍh-âkhto hawâṅ zâl, gwash

ta-î, "B'ismi'llâh 'Abdu'llâh Shâh Samînewâlâ, biyâiṭhe!" Phol-khuṭhaî ki, "Mâî, tha khai e?" Zâlâ gwashta ki, "Mañ Mâî Hîr âñ; Mîâñ Rânjhâ go mêhîân eñ. Makhta tho khush bî nind, begahâ Mîâñ Rânjhâ dî khâiṭh." Begahâ gwâmesh âkhta pha jhokâ, suhr-rîsheñ mardo phedhâgheñ. Phol-khuṭha 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ ki, "Haweñ mard khai eñ ki phedhâgheñ gwameshânî randâ?" Mâî Hîrâ gwashta ki, "E Mîâñ Rânjhâ eñ." Añ ki âkhta 'Abdu'llâh, Shâh phâḍh-âkhta. Añ mardâ gwashta, "B'ismi'llâh, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh, biyâ durr sh'âkhtaghe!" 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta, "Mahaîrâ, Mîâñ Rânjhâ." Mîâñ Rânjhâ ch'eshiyâ ḥâl gipta. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh waṭhî ḥâl thewagheñ dâṭhaghant. Mîâñ Rânjhâ gwashta, "Thaî ḥajj azh dargâhâ qabûl eñ, mañ begahâ shîre barâñ phujainâñ ma Huzûrâ."

Guḍâ maṭî shîrâ phur khuṭho sar chakhâ zurtho, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh dastâ gipt-î, gwashta-î, "Waṭhî chhamâñ bûṭ." Chhamâñ bûṭṭhaghantî. Guḍâ gwashta Mîâñ Rânjhâ, "Nî chhamâñ phaṭ" Nî ki chhamâñ phaṭṭhaghantî dîṭha-î ki Rusûlu'llâh nishtagheñ waṭhî takht sarâ. Rusûlu'llâh salâm dâṭha-î, ḥajj qabûl bîṭha-î.

Gindî ki ya kumbhâr Samîn-nindokheñ, âñhî chakhâ chyârgist rûpîâ chaṭîâ khapto bastha-ieh. Guḍâ Rusûlu'llâh pharmainṭha ki, "Mîâñ Rânjhâ tharâ hukm eñ ki 'Abdu'llâh Shâh waṭhî shahrâ rasain dai." Dar-khapto âkhtaghant jhokâ. Mîâñ Rânjhâ gwashta ki, "Do rosh nind hamedhâ shîrâ bawar gwâmeshânî, guḍâ tharâ waṭhî handâ rasainan." Do rosh nishta hamoḍhâ; saimî roshâ Mîâñ Rânjhâ gwashta ki, "Nî dastâ manâñ dai, guḍâ chhamâñ bûṭ." Dast dâṭho chham bûṭṭhaghant-î. Guḍâ Mîâñ Rânjhâ gwashta, "Nî maiñ dastâ bil dai, chhamâñ phaṭ." Chhamâñ phaṭî gindî ki mañ Samîn Shahr lâfâ oshtâṭhaghan. Jihânâ dîṭha ki 'Abdu'llâh Shâh âkhta. Kumbhâr âkhta greâna gwar 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ ki, "Philâñ handâ Drâkâne logh duzâñ bhorentha, rand ârtho maîñ logh pahnâḍhâ gwâzenthaish; 'Nî Sarkâr gushîṭh ki chyârgîst rûpîâ chaṭî phur khan dai.' Mañ be-gunâh âñ. Huḍhâî wâstâ manâñ choṛain." 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta ki "E chatî maîñ choṛainagh neñ," ki huzûr dîsaânâ thaî chakhâ basthiyeñ. Baro phur khan dai."

TRANSLATION.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Sayyid lived at Samîn. He started on a pilgrimage [to Mecca,] and went on board a ship. Going on he proceeded, when the ship stopped. The crew exerted themselves, but the ship did not move.

A flock of birds were sitting on the seashore. The ship's master said: "Is there any such man here, who, for the sake of God, will risk his life* and alight from the ship, and go and make those birds fly away? If the birds fly away the wind will reach the ship, and the ship will go on." 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "I will risk my life for God's sake." He alighted from the ship, and went and made the birds fly away, the wind reached the ship and the ship went on.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh (left alone) on the edge of the sea started off along the land. He came to a certain place, and there he saw tracks of buffaloes. He took up these tracks, and following and following them he went on and saw a smoke rising.† There was a buffaloes' grazing station (*jhok*) there. A red-headed woman was seated there. When 'Abdu'llâh Shâh approached the woman rose and said, "In the name of God, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh of Samîn, you are welcome!" He asked her, saying, "Mother, who art thou?" The woman said, "I am Hîr; Mîâṅ Rânjhâ is with his buffaloes. For the present sit down and rest. In the evening Mîâṅ Rânjhâ also will come." In the evening the buffaloes returned to the station, and a red-bearded man came with them. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh asked (of Hîr) "Who is this man that is coming in the track of the buffaloes?" Hîr replied, "This is Mîâṅ Rânjhâ." When he came 'Abdu'llâh Shâh rose. The man said, "In the name of God, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh, you are welcome!" 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "All is well, Mîâṅ Rânjhâ." Rânjhâ asked him for his news. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh told him all that had happened to him. Rânjhâ said, "Thy pilgrimage is accepted at the (divine) threshold. In the evening I shall take some milk, and bring you into the presence (of the Prophet)."

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* *Lit.*, give his head. † *Lit.*, a smoke smoking.

Then having filled an earthen pot with milk and lifted it on to his head, he took 'Abdu'llâh Shâh by the hand, and said "Shut your eyes." He shut his eyes. Then Rânjhâ said, "Now, open your eyes." When he opened his eyes he saw the Apostle of God sitting on his throne. The Prophet saluted him, and his pilgrimage was accepted.

There he saw a certain Kumhâr (potter), an inhabitant of Samîn, on whom (the Prophet's court) imposed a fine of eighty rupees. After this the Prophet gave this command: "Mîân Rânjhâ, thou art ordered to conduct 'Abdu'llâh Shâh back to his own town." They went out and returned to the station. Mîân Rânjhâ said, "Stay here for two days, and drink my buffaloes' milk. Then I will take thee to thy own place." For two days he stayed there: the third day Rânjhâ said, "Now give me your hand and then shut your eyes." He gave him his hand and shut his eyes. Then Rânjhâ said, "Now let go my hand, and open your eyes." He opened his eyes and found himself standing in the town of Samîn. The whole world saw how 'Abdu'llâh Shâh came. The Kumhâr came weeping to 'Abdu'llâh Shâh saying, "At such and such a place thieves have broken into the house of a certain carpenter. They brought the track and made it pass by the side of my house, and now the Government says, 'Pay up a fine of eighty rupees.' I am innocent, for God's sake get me off." 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "It is not for me to get this fine remitted, for it was imposed upon thee in the court of the Prophet's Majesty. Go and pay it."

No. XXIX.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ JAGDEO,

AS TOLD BY A BARD OF THE MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[It is probably hopeless to find out who Râjâ Jagdeo the Panwâr was in the flesh, as the ancient Râjpût tribe of the Pramara, Panwâr or Panwâr, have so long lost all vestiges of royalty that nothing but vague tradition remains of their former grandeur. There is not a name in the legend among the several mentioned of Jagdeo's family that gives any clue to his identity. Dhârânagarî or Dhârâ, his home, is meant by the bard to be Pâkpaṭṭan, but, I think, it is more probably a confused recollection of the real Dhâranagar of the old Pramaras in the Vindhya mountains. The scene of his exploits with the demon is laid at Dipâlpûr, once an important place, but now an obscure village in the Montgomery District, and affords no clue to chronology. The scene of his second exploit is laid in the modern city of Jaipûr and referred to modern times.]

[The legend is pure folklore of the ordinary sort, and what history crops up is, of course, confused and contradictory. The story of Jagdeo's birth is referred to the time of the Emperor Salîm Shâh Sûr, who flourished 1545-1554 A.D., and one of his exploits to the days of the great Jai Singh Sawâî, founder of Jaipûr, who died in 1743 A.D.]

[I have not thought it worth while to give the prose portion of the legend in original, but much of the language of the verses is archaic.]

The Story of Râjâ Jagdeo Panwâr of Dhârânagarî.

There was once a Râjâ of the Dwâpar Jug* whose name was Udâdît and who was a Panwâr by caste. From him was descended Râjâ Karan, the Panwâr.

Now Râjâ Udâdît had no son, and one day, as he was out hunting, he chanced upon a *faqîr* sitting in the wilds. The Râjâ got off his horse and paid his respects to the holy man and made all his followers do the same. The *faqîr* was much pleased at this and also at the Râjâ's humility in standing in his presence while he himself remained sitting, so he asked him what he wanted, and the Râjâ replied that he had no son. On this the *faqîr* stretched out his hand and gave him two

* A random statement to give an air of antiquity to the legend.

apples which he told him to give his wives, who would then bear him two sons, and the Râjâ did accordingly.

About five months after this Salîm, the Emperor of Dehlî, demanded tribute to the extent of two and a half *lâkhs* of rupees (250,000), but as the Râjâ could only pay one and a quarter *lâkh* he was detained in Delhî. When he had been there four months a bard was sent to congratulate him on the birth of Jagdeo, his eldest son, and four days after a Brâhman was started off to congratulate him on the birth of a younger son, Randnaur. The Brâhman outwalked the bard and reached Dehli first, so the news of Randhaur's birth reached before that of Jagdeo's and Randhaur was recorded as the successor of Udâdît by the Emperor. When the true facts were explained to the Emperor he refused to alter the succession and so it came about that Randhaur was treated as the elder son.

Now the Emperor had refused to receive the one and a quarter *lâkh* offered by Udâdît, as it was only half his demand, so the Râjâ still had this sum with him, and when he explained to the bard why it was he was detained in Dehlî the bard explained to him that he had better spend what he had on an entertainment in honor of the birth of his two sons and see what would appen. Whereupon the Râjâ ordered an entertainment to the public on a scale never before seen even in Dehlî and made all the people very happy. The Emperor and his wife, of course, heard of it and she persuaded her husband to forgive the Râjâ who had spent his all in delighting the Emperor's subjects. Next day when the Emperor was seated in his hall of audience he sent for Râjâ Udâdît and he not only remitted all the revenue due from him, but gave him a dress of honor (*khil'at*) and let him go home free.

Afterwards when the boys grew up Randhaur was appointed successor to the throne and all the people went to pay their respects, but when Jagdeo went to the audience he thrust his spear into the ground and went away, saying in his heart that he himself was the lawful heir. The ministers and courtiers observed this and told Râjâ Udâdit that Jagdeo was a strong

man and had envy in his heart and would some day slay the Râjâ Randhaur. Râjâ Udâdît informed Jagdeo of what the people said, and Jagdeo, thereupon, resolved to leave his country and started off to seek his fortune with his horse and one servant.

As he wandered on he came to the country of Râjâ Kankhâr and put up at a Brâhman woman's house, who lived with her son next door to Râjâ Kankhâr's palace. She was a widow and the Râjâ paid her five gold pieces* for accommodation for the night only.

At that place a demon (*deo*) had been in the habit of coming at night and killing and eating three or four of the people, so the Râjâ had built a fort of a mile square for him to live in and into it he sent as a sop to the demon twelve loaves and some meat from his own table and one human victim from the city daily. This demon's name was Maṛhâ,† and his city of Maṛhâ still stands near Dipâlpûr‡ about 30 miles from Mungamrî (Montgomery). While Râjâ Jagdeo was staying with the old woman the chief constable came to her to say that it was her son's turn to go as the victim next day, whereon she fell to weeping and said:—

"*Je mujh ko hotî sâr chhoṛ nagarî uṭh jâtî;*
Kisî dharm vilâyat baiṭh jâ, mushqat kar khâtî.
Yehâṅ baiṭhan jî dahâio;
Jarmû pût sapût, nîr nainî bhar âio.
Ab kî rât kaṭâṅ afsos karâṅ:
Is rât kâ is nagarî meṅ kyûṅ rahâṅ?"

"Had I my will I would leave this city,
And go to some more favored land and earn my living.
Here I bewail my life;
I have a duteous son, for whom my eyes are filled with tears.

* Five *mohars*, = 80 rupees. † In Panjâbî, a corpse.

‡ An ancient site in the Montgomery District and in former times an important city second only to Lâhor and Multân as late as the 16th Century. It is not far from Pâkpaṭṭan.

I pass this night in sorrow:
Ah, why do I stay this night in this city?

And while she was still weeping the chief constable went his way, and seeing her in great distress Jagdeo's heart was moved with compassion, as he was a pure, chaste, earnest, austere and generous-hearted* man, and he said to her:—

"Ná ro, mánganhár:† sis maiṅ apná desáṅ.
Desáṅ Nám Khudáe ke, sobhá do jag meṅ lesáṅ.
Tumhárá pút chhoṛáusáṅ; Rajpút bát sáchí kare!
Sís desáṅ maiṅ apná, jo pút tumhárá ná mare."

"Weep not, Brâhmanî: I will give my head.
I will give it in the Name of God and secure a good name in both worlds.
I will release thy son; and Râjpûts speak the truth!
I will give my head that thy son may not die."

Saying this he lay down to sleep and the old woman was content with the pledge. Meanwhile the chief constable came and said, "Give your son, mother." When Râjâ Jagdeo heard this he bethought him of his pledge and taking his sword in his hand went up to the chief constable and asked where the demon dwelt. The chief constable began thinking to himself who he could be, as he did not look like a Brâhman or a servant, so he said to him:

"Kis des ká dhaní? kaun hai gáúṅ jo thárá?
Kis báp ká pút? kaun hai ism tumhárá?
Kis des tum chale? suno ik 'araz hamárá!
Áj kál thárá dise. Woh áfát balwant hai, jí: lákh khún kíe use."

"What lord's son art thou? where is thy house?
What father's son? what is thy name?
Whither goest thou? Hear a word from me!
Thou hast met thy fate to-day. The monster is very strong and has slain thousands."

* *Jatí, satí, hatí, patí, sakhí.*
† *Mánganhár, lit.* beggar, used towards Brâhman women when addressed.

Replied Râjâ Jagdeo:

"Kahe Ráo Jagdeo, kul sab fání hosí.
Maidán purú Rajpút sith de kadhí ná desí.
Kyún bát jhúṭí kaho?"
Jagdeo kahe Koṭwál ko, "tum hí lok thir hí raho?"

"Saith Râjâ Jagdeo, all are mortal.
Once on the field of battle the Râjpût never turns his back.
Why dost speak terrifying (false) words?"
Saith Jagdeo to the chief constable, "will you people remain where you are?"*

Said the chief constable, "I will take him to the demon as he is willing to be destroyed, but as the people will accuse me of offering up a stranger I will take witnesses with me."

Liá sáth Jagdeo, púnch sát aur buláe.
Gae Rásak† ke pás, já khulá darwáza láe.
Baṛe dhaní Panwár, "Rám Rám"‡ mukh se kare.
Soch piá us log ko; Rajpút náhín hargiz ḍare.

He took Jagdeo with him, calling four or five (others).
He took him to the demon and opened the door.
The brave lord, the Panwâr, said adieu with his lips.
Thought the lookers on, a Râjpût will never fear.

Then the chief constable went to Râjâ Kankhâr and told him the news.

Giá pás Kankhár koṭwál ik bát bakhání:
"Ik dekhá Rajpút, ján us kí thí fání.
Us tumháre nagar men achraj bát dekhí thí,
Is Dwápar Jug men Rajpút dekhá sakhí."
Suní bát Kankhár ánkhon se nír palaṭṭe,
Giá hos farmosh bál pát pát saṭṭe.
Kankhár kahe koṭwál ko, "tumhán bát áge kyún na kare?
Rakh leo Rajpút ko, jo pút Bráhman ká mare."

The chief constable went to Râjâ Kankhâr and told the story:

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* *i.e.*, will you not die too?

† For *Rákshasa*, and so all through this legend with the allied words *Rákas*, *Rákchas*, &c.

‡ *Rám Rám*: the usual salutation on coming and going.

"I have seen a Râjpût, who puts no value on his life.
I have seen a wondrous thing in thy city.
I have seen a (truly) generous Râjpût in this Dwâpar Jug."
Hearing this Râjâ Kankhâr's eyes dropped tears,
And being disturbed in his mind he tore off his hair.
Said Râjâ Kankhâr to the chief constable, "Why didst thou not say this before?
Spare the Râjpût and let the Brâhman's son die."

Said the chief constable:

"Ham barjo lakh wár bát, us ik na máni.
Us shish diá Rabb Nám; mard ki yeh hi nisháni.*
Solán kalán shapút hai, chaudah bidyá nidhán.
Súrat sairat us ki, jo sundar 'aqal jawán."

"I tried a thousand persuasions, he would not listen to one.
He gave his head in the Name of God; this is the sign of a true man.
He has the sixteen (good) qualities and knows the fourteen sciences.
Beauteous is his form and beauteous his mind."

And the chief constable said to the Râjâ, "he was not out of his senses and fully understood the risk he was running, but he said he had given his pledge in the name of God and would not draw back."

Meanwhile, Râjâ Jagdeo was sitting inside the closed door, and said to himself, it was well that he had given his head in the name of God.

Kiá soch Jagdeo daur darwázá áyá:
Dúe háth ki jhoshí tor darwázá dháyá.
Báhar áyá koṭ toṅ jo wáṅg sher bádal gajeṅ.
Deve fatah Khudáwand, shabásh log mastak sajeṅ.

Jagdeo thought over it and ran towards the door:
He pushed it with his hand and tore down the door.
He came out of the Fort as doth a roaring lion.

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* Observe the Muhammadan words for God all through this legend.

God gave him the victory, and the people bent their
heads in admiration.

And coming suddenly out of the door the Râjâ awaited the coming of the demon.

Gaî gharî do rât thî, woh Rákshas áyá.
Chalá ágáo ho Ráo Jagdeo buláyá:
"Pûjî pair Pañwár ke do háth hamre chhaken.
Lagne háth Pañwár ke, tú tadáṅ nám hamrá japeṅ."

When two watches of the night had passed the demon came.
When he came in front of him Râjâ Jagdeo called out to him:
"Try the strength of thy hands and feet with the Pañwâr,
When the hands of the Pañwâr touch thee, thou wilt take his name."*

When the demon heard this he said:

Bole Rákchas, "bale shábásh! Rajpút piáre!
Já, bakhshî thârî ján; jáo tum apne dwáre.
Aise jodhe balî, kyúṅ kaṭhan maidán meṅ gaho?
Ham kahá; tum samajh já; jo bár bár phir na kaho."

Said the demon, "bravo, friend Râjpût!
Go, save thy life; go to thy own house.
Why should so brave a warrior face this fatal field?
I have said it: do thou hearken; I will not say it again and again."

Replied Râjâ Jadeo:

Bole dhanî Pañwár, mukhoṅ ik sakhan á lâe:
"Ik máí ke pút, ike tum golí jáe?"
Kamar bandh ran baṛe, oh Rákchas, oh Jagde;
Doveṅ sher jodhe lareṅ.

Then out spake the bold Pâñwâr with his lips:
"Art thou thy mother's son or the child of some slave-girl?" †

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* *i.e.*, acknowledge his superiority.

† The taunt here is in the insinuation that he is illegitimate.

Jagdeo and the demon girded their loins and entered
the field of battle,
As two lion-like warriors fight.

And as they fought God gave the victory to Râjâ Jagdeo.

Bali prákn bán zor bhuj dohen lúe.
Pakar pachhárá deo dant dharni-dhar dúe.
Lão Nám Naranykár ká to kíní deo pukár.
Nim rát páchhe rahe to páe fatah Panwár.

The brave hero used the might of both his arms.
He seized the demon and dashed him to the trembling
earth.
The demon called out to him in the name of God.*
It was after midnight that the Panwâr obtained the
victory.

When Râjâ Jagdeo overthrew the demon and sat on his breast, the demon began praising the Râjâ and said to him: "I was born in Lankâ† (Ceylon) and I noticed that my parents always prayed that I should be protected from a virtuous man. I used to laugh at them, as mankind is our food, and I could not understand why we should fear a man. When I grew up I left Lankâ and have lived on human beings for the last fifteen years. Even at very sight of me they die and I devour them at leisure, but nevertheless my parents' fear of mankind has never left them."

"*Jo suná hai kanní, asán ajj ankhán dekhá.*
Desán tudh soghát jo sangrámí uthá.
Bakhsh morí ján, Jagde, Lank chhor Brij wasáwán;
Jit Khag Amí Singh doven terí nagar padháwán."

"What I had heard with my ears I have to-day seen with
my eyes.
I will give thee presents if I escape from fighting thee.
Grant me my life, Jagdeo, and I will leave Lankâ and
live in Brij,‡

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* To spare his life.
† The fabled home of the demons.
‡ A holy land of the Hindûs and, of course, the very opposite of Lankâ.

And bring before thee both Jît Khag and Amî Singh."*

And the demon said that Jît Khag had been given to his father by Sulaimân (Solomon) the Holy and that he had the power of scaring off the seventy hundred evils. "And in addition to this I will give you Amî Singh Bîr, and if you will spare my life, I will leave Lankâ and go to Phalankâ† and never come here again." But Râjâ Jagdeo refused to spare his life.

Kiá áfat ko zer, háth shamsher uṭháe.
Mukh se japke Nám, tegh Rásak ko wáe.
Áfat ká sir kátá, do jahán shábásh lakhí.
Dhárán dhaní Paṅwár hai, kar balî mard Jagdeo sakhí.

Putting the demon under him, he took his sword in his hand.
Taking the (Holy) Name he brandished his sword over the demon.
Cutting off the demon's head he won glory in both worlds.
The bold Paṅwâr of Dhârâ, the high-spirited Jagdeo, hath put on the garland of manhood.

When Râjâ Jagdeo had cut off the demon's head he determined to go back to his bed in the city, but Râjâ Kankhâr had placed 15 soldiers and 5 guns at each gate from which a continuous fire was kept up to keep off the demon. However Râjâ Jagdeo went on.

Áfat ká sir káṭ, zor Jagdeo dikháe.
Líá háth ke bích dast sajje se cháe.
Áfat ká sir kaṭke jiwáe dar par khará:
"Búá khol kiwáṛ ká, ham ghar Báhman ke chalá."

Jagdeo showed his prowess and cut off the demon's head.
He took it in his right hand.
He cut off the head of the demon and stood at the city gate,

* The allusion here is to the very little understood subject of the *Bîrs* or warrior godlings, who seem in India to correspond to the *Pahilwâns* of Persian fable. Their name is legion and they are worshipped as gods, the cult of any particular *Bîr* being strictly local.

† Explained as another and a distant Lankâ.

(And said) "Open the leaves of the gate, I would go to the Brâhman's house."

And the Râjâ said to the door-keepers:

Chár chíz achhí nahín hotí, háthíwán, sárwán, gáṛíwán, darwán. Wán ká lafz achhá nahín hotá.

Four things are evil, elephant-driver, camel-driver, cart-driver, doorkeeper. *Wán* is a bad ending to a man's name.*

And then the Râjâ said to the door-keepers:

"*Ai mánas darwán, tumheṅ dar kuluf utáro!*
Ai mánas darwán, kyá hai chálá tháro?
Hamrá kahá mán le, jo yeh bhaloṅ kí rít:
Ham to khás Rajpút haiṅ, jo tum se rakhúṅ prít."

"O friend door-keepers, open the locks of the gate.
O friend door-keepers, what is your intention?
Hear my words, as good men should:
I am a real Râjpût that is your friend."

"Open the doors and I will repay you the obligation." But said the door-keepers:

"*Ham kyá jáneṅ prít? Kaun hai mánas bandá?*
Us te áio bhág, kam tú kiá mandá?
Bhágáṅ se túṅ Rásakoṅ, ná shish apná díá.
Achraj húá is Shahr meṅ, jo burá kám tum ne kiá!"

"What know we of friendship? Who art thou?
Hast run away (from the demon), and done an evil thing?
Thou hast run from the demon and not given him thy head.
It is astonishing to this city that *thou* shouldest do evil!"

And said the door-keepers, "it is against our orders that we should take you in." Then thought the Râjâ in his mind that

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* This is a well-known *bon-mót* thrown in for effect. The play is on the termination *bán* and there is properly an answer—"*Háṅ, miharbán*: Just so, kind sir." *Miharbán*, kind sir, having also this objectionable termination *bán* (or *wán*).

he had better tell them of his success, as their fear of the demon was so great. So he said to them:

"Jis áfat ká khauf tumhen, hamen woh áfat márí.
Us se líá khos sang kinháṅ do dhárí.
Áfat ká sir káṭke, jo áyá dar par khaṛá.
Búá khol kiwáṛ ká, ham ghar Báhman ke chalá."

"I have slain the demon whom ye fear.
I have taken his two-edged sword that he had.
I have cut off the demon's head, that stand at your gates.
Open the leaves of the gate, I would go to the Bráhman's house."

Said the door-keepers:

"Khole wohí kiwáṛ jo balkárí hove:
Yá kholwásí kiwáṛ, joṛá ṭopáṅ dhove.
Áfat ká sir káṭiá, to balí taráṅ apná karo.
Búá khol kiwáṛ ká, to bhi áṅ andar waro."

"Let him open the gates that is mighty:
Or let him open the gates that hath the guns with him.
If thou hast cut off the demon's head, show now thy strength.
Open the leaves of the gates (thyself) and enter."

Râjâ Jagdeo perceived that they were mocking him, and being furiously angry and a man of miraculous power, he pushed open the door and overthrew the fifteen soldiers and the five guns together.

Bahan phoṛ, jo tajeṅ so ráti uthe:
Toṛe qufal zanjír, jo darbáne káṭhá.
Darwáze díe ṭoṛ moṛ, kar phhiche dháre.
Jitne báns patí ke pát, utne Panwár ke akháṛe.
Dekhe log saráe ke, "na ját pát páchho bhalo:
Dhárá dhaní Panwár hai, jo Maṛhá jhág Jagde chalo.

Throwing down all that were passing the night there,
He broke the bolts and bars and slew the door-keepers.
He broke open the gates and strewed about the pieces.
The Panwâr's battlefields were as many as the leaves of the bamboo.

The people saw and said in admiration, "ask nor clan nor caste :
He is Jagdeo the bold Panwâr of Dhârâ that hath slain the Demon."

And all the people cried out that the demon had broken loose and burst into the city, so they took to flight. And the news reached Râjâ Kankhâr who collected his forces, mounted all the guns on the Fort and entered it. But Râjâ Jagdeo went to the Brâhman's house and lay down to sleep. Meanwhile Râjâ Kankhâr's soldiers found the rampart of the Fort broken down and the demon lying dead with his head severed from the trunk and they told him of it. Admiring the bravery of the hero who could slay such a demon the Râjâ returned home.

Páe fateh Pañwár pichháñ hat dere áio.
Suní bát Kankhár, usí ko turt mangáio.
Kul amír bhaje sabhe, Kankhár kahe wazír ko, "Wahí jawán abhí láio."

The Pañwâr gained the victory and went home.
As soon as Kankhâr heard of it he sent for him.
He sent all his nobles and Kankhâr said to his minister, "Bring the young man here at once."

When Râjâ Kankhâr's officials came to Râjâ Jagdeo and told him that the king had sent for him, he angrily cried out, "I am not your servant. I will go to the king when it suits me, and that is to-morrow morning. Even then I will merely make over the demon's head and go back to my home." So then the Râjâ sent his minister to Jagdeo who said:

"'Áqil bare amír Rái Kankhár buláe:
'Áqil bare amír melkar kul ko láe."

"The wise and noble Râjâ Kankhâr calls thee :
He hath sent all the wise and noble (of his people) together (to thee)."

And then he asked him his name and home :

"Kis des ká dhanî? Kharí bát tum hí kaho."
Wazír kahe Jagdeo ko, "Tumheñ sher ithe raho."

"Of what land art Lord? Tell me truly."

Said the minister to Jagdeo, "So lion-like a man must remain here."

So Râjâ Jagdeo bathed himself, put on golden sandals, took the demon's head in his hand and accompanied the minister to the Râjâ's palace. On the way the minister asked him to explain fully who he was to the Râjâ. Presently they reached the king's presence and Râjâ Jagdeo said to him:

"Údádít ká put hún, Pirthí ká Rájá.
Pánchoṅ phaṛ hathiyár, nahíṅ maiṅ ráti bhájá."
Bích kachahrí áeke sab salám majlis kare:
Kankhár Jagdeo ko jo áp háth máth dhare.

"I am the son of Udâdît, the Lord of the Earth.
Wearing the five arms I did not run away in the night."
As he came into the assembly all saluted him:
Even Kankhâr himself put his hand to his forehead for Jagdeo.

Then Râjâ Jagdeo sat beside Râjâ Kankhâr on the throne with the demon's head before him.

Now Râjâ Kankhâr had long ago promised that whoever should kill the demon should have half his kingdom and his daughter Phûlmâde to wife, whatever his caste might be. So the king said to his minister that, as he had made the promise, and as the person who had fulfilled the conditions was a Râjpût of high descent, a Hindû, and pious, devout, earnest and austere, there was nothing left to him but to carry it out at once.

Khushí húe Kankhár, khufia ik bát sunáí:
"Tainúṅ ḍolá dewáṅ." Shitáb Ráje kíní kuṛmáí,
Hukm hásil sáre díe, Kankhár kahe wazír ko: "Jo nek kám Sáhib kíe!"

Pleased was Kankhâr and said privately:
"I will give thee my daughter." Quickly the Râjâ made the betrothal.
And gave all the necessary orders. Kankhâr said to his minister: "How well hath God done!"

So Râjâ Kankhâr married his daughter to Râjâ Jagdeo.

About a month afterwards Râjâ Jagdeo acquainted his wife with his intention of making a journey, and on her entreating him to take her with him he started off with her, taking also his servants, her maid, and the necessary following.

Ik mahîne ba'd Râjâ ne kî aswârî,
Ik Rânî Phûlmâde, nâl ghulâm piârî,
Majlî majlî pahunchhe ant âe nagarî barî,
Mahilie Jagdeo ne kiwâr khol andar oare.

After a month the Râjâ started forth
With Rânî Phulmâde and a trusty servant.
At the end of each stage they came to a great city,
And Jagdeo opening the gates of a palace went within.

At Jaipûr the Râjâ rented a house and rested there. After four days had passed the maid said that there was no more oil left for the lamps, so the Râjâ ordered her to go and buy some in the *bâzâr*. The maid went accordingly, but was refused at every shop, so she had to return without any oil, and when the Râjâ told her to light the lamp she said:

"Hukm nahîn is des matâ koî dîwâ bâle.
Sunî bât Jai Singh usî ko pakar mangâ le:
Ghar nîlâm us kî kare," ghulâm kahe Jagdeo ko, "jo dîwâ mandar bâle."

"It is against the laws of this land that any man light a lamp.
As soon as Jai Singh hears of it he seizes (the delinquent)
And sells his house," said the servant to Jagdeo, "who lights a lamp in his house."

The fact was that Râjâ Jai Singh had strictly forbidden any one to keep a light in his house and allowed no lamp except in his own palace in all his territories. All that the people could tell Râjâ Jagdeo about it was that it was the Râjâ's order So Râjâ Jagdeo gave his servant five gold pieces (*mohars*) and

told him to get some oilman to give him oil in return on the ground that they were travellers.

Kahe Râo Jagdeo nafar ko, "tel le âo:
Jo koî kare gumân usî ko pakaṛ mangâo."
Nafar khol mihrân dhare, nâm leve jab tel kâ, to woh kalâm telî kare.

Said Râjâ Jagdeo to his servant, "bring oil:
If any refuse, seize and bring him here."
The servant brought out the gold pieces, but when he mentioned the name of oil the oilman spake as before.*

Being refused the oil the servant went back, and when Râjâ Jagdeo demanded the oil he said, "hear what the oilman said:

Kaun terâ Jagdeo, jisî ne tel mangâyâ?
Aisâ kare gumân kyûn Jai Singh te âyâ?
Is Râjâ Jai Singh ke jo lâkh khâe ṭukrâ gâe!
Jâîye kaheṅ Jagdeo ko jo yeh kalâm telî kahe."
Thoṛî âî bât nafar ne kîâ pasârâ:
Telî kare kalâm, "kaun Jagdeo tumhârâ?"
Phaṛ kaṭâr Jagdeo gîâ telî, telî mârke sabhî tel Jagdeo lîâ.

"Who is thy Jagdeo that desires oil?
Who is it that has come thus to mock Jai Singh?
This Râjâ Jai Singh whose gifts thousands enjoy!
Go and tell Jagdeo what the oilman saith."
The servant magnified a small matter:
The oilman had (really) said, "who is thy Jagdeo?"
Jagdeo took his dagger and went to the oilman, and slew him and took all his oil.

When Râjâ Jagdeo reached the oilman's house the latter remarked that a short time before a stupid fool had been at his house, and now that he had come in a rage, whereon the Râjâ slew him at once with his dagger, and as his wife began making a disturbance, he slew her too. He then took all the oil there was in the shop and lit up his house.

Râjâ Jai Singh heard in the morning that a man, calling himself Râjâ Jagdeo, had killed an oilman and his wife and had lit

* *i.e.*, refused to give it.

up his house with their oil contrary to orders, but he took no notice of it at the time.

Now Râjâ Jai Singh had a moon of his own* which he hung up in the sky to give light to his people and, of course, when Râjâ Jagdeo was in the city it was lighted up as usual, and this made him ask about it, and he learnt that it was an artificial moon made by Râjâ Jai Singh. As soon as he learnt this he determined to play a practical joke, and found out where the moon-makers lived, and sent his servant to fetch them in order to make him a moon like Jai Singh's. The moon-makers had heard of what had happened to the oilman for refusing oil, so they were afraid to refuse also, and accompanied the servant to Râjâ Jagdeo's house. When they arrived he asked them how much they wanted for a moon. They replied, whatever he wished to pay, so he gave them 500 golden pieces and ordered a moon like Jai Singh's.

Kahe Ráo Jagdeo kárígar turt mangáe,
Biná tel ke chánd Rájá pharnalak charháe.
Sabhî Shahr ghanghá kare.
Jai Singh kahe wazîr ko, "isî waqt Sûrij charhe!

Calling them quickly spake Râjâ Jagdeo to the moon-makers,
And had a Moon put up in the heavens (that burnt) without oil.
All the City cried out at it,
And Jai Singh said to his minister, "the Sun hath risen!"

As soon as the moon-makers had raised up a second moon Râjâ Jai Singh heard of it and asked who had done such a thing. His officials told him that it was by the order of the man who had killed the oilman. "Very well," said Râjâ Jai Singh, "tomorrow morning we will test his strength," and he began collecting his army. Meanwhile Râjâ Jagdeo reflected that he was a mere traveller and had better pay his respects to Râjâ

* This story is a most curious reference to the astronomical proclivities of Jai Singh Sawâi, his scientific feats having in 150 years given rise to such pure folklore as this!

Jai Singh and depart. So next morning after bathing he put on his golden sandals and splendid raiment and went off to see Râjâ Jai Singh. It was the day of the Salonâ festival,* and before Râjâ Jagdeo arrived at Jai Singh's palace, Kankâlî, the bard's wife,† had been to Râjâ Jai Singh to congratulate him on the day and receive her customary present.

Sûrij ditṭí chásh Rájá ne kí Kachahrí:
Pánchoṅ phaṛ hathiyár Rájá áyá hankárí.
Bích Kachahrí áeke sab salám majlis kare:
Jai Singh Rájá Jagdeo ko jo áp háth máth dhare.

When the sun rose the Râjâ held his Court,
Wearing his five arms bold Râjâ (Jagdeo) came there.
He came into the assembly and all saluted him:
Even Jai Singh put his hand to his forehead for Râjâ Jagdeo.

Then Râjâ Jagdeo went and sat beside Râjâ Jai Singh on the throne and all the nobles of the Court were silenced for awe of him and none durst ask him who he was or whence he came. Then up came Kankâlî,‡ the bard's wife and said.

"Jab jágo parbhát pirtham Ṭhákur ke dveṅ;
Karke mát ḍaṇḍáwat bhat charní chit láveṅ;
Gauní kare ashnán dhyán pújá kár rákheṅ;
Kathá bártá hot paṭ gítá gun bácheṅ.
Jithá sakat ko dán hai,' Bed páṭ Paṇḍit paṛheṅ.
Púraṅ sukab kab láj ko, achal ráj jug jug kí kareṅ."

"When ye wake at dawn first go to the God (*Ṭhákur*);
Making the circuit, bend your hearts to prostration and obeisance;
Sing your hymns, bathe, meditate and worship;
Read your religious books and sing your hymns.
'Give of your ability,' teach the Doctors from the Scriptures,

* This account of the proceedings at the Râkhî festival of the Râjpûts is worth noting. Salonâ is the last day of Sâwan and falls about the 15th of August.

† *Bhátní*: this is the regular custom.

‡ Kankâlî or Kankâlinî, means a witch or sorceress.

It is the prayer of the perfect poet that ye may rule for
age upon age."

Then Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went up to the Râjâ to bind on the *râkhî** and put a veil over her face. First she raised her right hand and put the *ṭîkâ*† on the forehead of Râjâ Jagdeo and then with her left hand she put it on the forehead of Râjâ Jai Singh. After this Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went away and so did Râjâ Jagdeo.

When he had gone the nobles said to Râjâ Jai Singh "he seems to be some great Râjâ, but we do not know who he is. We are, however, much struck with the doings of the bard's wife. First she acted improperly in reciting the verses veiled, and then in putting the *ṭîkâ* on the stranger's forehead with her right hand and on your Majesty's with the left." "When she comes again," said Râjâ Jai Singh, "we will ask her what she meant."

In the afternoon, when the Râjâ again held an audience, Kankâlî, the bard's wife, came again to recite verses, but the Râjâ stopped her and demanded of her who it was on whose forehead she had placed the *ṭîkâ* first in the morning so improperly. To which she replied :—

"*Dhanî Dhârâṅ kâ dhanî, des pirthî jag jâne :*
Dhanî Dhârâṅ kâ dhanî, des pirthî âṇ mâṇe.
Maiṅ Kankâlî kandalî, sâf bât mukh se kahâṅ :
Maiṅ Kankâlî kandalî, dhâp sîs gale kahâṅ."

"Lord of the lordly Dhârâ, all the earth knows him :
Lord of the lordly Dhârâ, all the earth acknowledges him.
I, Kankâlî, am true and speak truth with my lips :
I, Kankâlî, am true and veiled my face and spake."

The Râjâ then asked her why she had veiled her face and marked the stranger first with the *ṭîkâ* with her right hand and then himself with the left. "I veiled myself before him," she replied, "because in him I saw a true man." Then said

* A bracelet bound on the wrist to avert the evil-eye at this festival. Tod, *Râjasthân*, orig. ed., Vol. I., pp. 242 and 457, gives elaborate accounts of the ceremony.

† The mark of royalty.

the nobles, "she never veiled before us, so if she veiled before him because he is a true man she must take us all for women." Said Râjâ Jai Singh to her, "what are the signs of a true man?" Replied she, "purity, chastity, earnestness, austerity, generosity,* all these I saw in him." Then said the Râjâ, "you say you saw generosity in him, let us then test this first. Go and ask him for a present, and whatever you get I will give you eleven-fold hereafter." "Swear this with an oath of the Hindûs," said she. Then said the Râjâ:—

"*Indar bât baram bâch bâtoṅ ṭale nichar gale!*"

"By Indra I say, that if I go back on my word may I rot in the nether world!"

In the old days this oath was so powerful that he who foreswore it was annihilated in the next world. So next morning Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went to Râjâ Jagdeo's house to beg. Said Rânî Phûlmâde, "he is not at home, you will find him at the bathing place." Kankâlî went there and found Râjâ Jagdeo returning from bathing with his towel in his hand and his *loṭâ*† and telling his beads. Kankâlî went up to him and said:—

"*Gaṇpat Ganesh mangal kare!*"
Râjâ Jagdeo ne kahâ, "*hukm, mânganhâr?*"

"May Gaṇeśa, Lord of Hosts, bless thee."
Said Râjâ Jagdeo, "thy will, thou beggar (of alms)?"

Said Kankâlî, "I am (the Angel of) Death and slay by chance or by disease."

"*Ik khaṭ ċhaṛh mareṅ, ik sote nahîṅ jageṅ.*
Ik âg dah mareṅ, ik dang bhû bhajeṅ.
Ik pânî dum mareṅ, ik sâun ghun ghajeṅ.
Har bidh marnâ jâio nâ; suno, Râjâ, mâtâ yûṅ kahe,
Sis kâṭ de bhaṭ ko jo kîrat jag men rahe."

"One dieth in his bed, one sleepeth and waketh not.
One dieth in the fire, one falleth by a serpent's bite.

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* See *ante*, p. 185.
† A brass cup or pot used for drinking and bathing purposes by Hindûs.

One is drowned in the water, one dieth bold and roaring.
All must die in some way; hear, Râjâ, thus saith the mother;
Give thy head to the bard's wife, if thou wouldst have a good name in the world."

Said Kankâlî, "Râjâ, thy head is the boon I crave. Said he, "My head is His that gave it me: thou cravest it—here it is."

Jas jîwan, ajas maran hai, jas ke kîjiye kâm.
Kahe Baitâl, "sun, Bikarmâ, jo sufal bât hai dân."*

Goodness is life, evil is death, so do good works.
Saith Baitâl, "hear, Bikarmâ, charity is the deed that prospers."

Then said the Râjâ to the bard's wife, "cut off my head." But said she, "I am no murderess that I should cut off thy head in the *bâzâr*. Go to thy house and cover thy head with jewels that all may know it to be a Râjâ's and not a goat's head. Then take a platter in thy left hand and with thy right hand strike off thy head into it with thy dagger and then shall I know thee for a truly generous man. I take only freely given alms. I am no oppressor." The Râjâ went home and told his wife Rânî Phûlmâde of what the bard's wife had asked and what he had promised. Then said Rânî Phûlmâde:—

"*Main to torî dâs hûñ, woh mâtâ bhagwân.*
Jo kuchh mâtâ pitâ kahe, soî gal parwân."

"I am thy slave, she thy blessed mother.
What thy father and mother say is incumbent on thee."

Said the Râjâ, "the head is His who gave it, not father's nor mother's" Then the Rânî covered his head with jewels weeping, and when she had finished, the Râjâ called out to Kankâlî: "Here, thou beggar-woman, come and take thy alms," and Kankâlî presented herself. Whereon the Râjâ taking the platter in his left hand and his dagger in his right struck off his head

* This is a characteristically confused allusion to the variant of this very legend by which Bikarmâ (Vikramâditya) becomes possessed of Ujjayinî from the demon or ogre Agwâ Baitâl. The story is told at length in Mrs. Postans' *Cutch*, 1839, pp. 20-22, and is alluded to in *Panjâb Notes and Queries*, Vol. I., note 832.

and his body fell to the ground. Then spake Kankâlî to Phûlmâde :—

> "*Maiṅ Kankâlî kandalî Des Dakhan se âî.*
> *Sis deio Rabb Nâm, mard kî phirî dohâî.*
> *Maiṅ, Kankâlî kandalî, sâf bât mukh se kahnâṅ.*
> *Tum, Rânî Phûlmâde, suhâg tumhârâ sufal rahâṅ.*"

> "I am the true Kankâlî from the Southern Land.
> His giving his head in the Name of God is the deed of a true man.
> I, Kankâlî, am true, I speak truth with my lips.
> Rânî Phûlmâde, thou shalt live in prosperous wedlock."

"Now let us pray to God (*Khudâ*), for He will mysteriously restore thee to wedlock, and have a care that no fly touches his body."

In the morning Kankâlî took the head in the platter and went with it to Râjâ Jai Singh, to his hall of audience and demanded eleven such heads. The head, however, was so covered with jewels that the Râja thought it was merely a platter of jewels and offered her fifteen such, but Kankâlî took out the head in the hall of audience and said :—

> "*Jas kâran Jagdeo jûṅ dhar jag meṅ âio :*
> *Jas kâran Harî Chand haṭh pur jâe vikâio :*
> *Jas kâran Bal Bain jîb kâ lobh na kîno :*
> *Jas kâran Jagdeo sîs Kankâlî ko dîno.*"

> "For honor came Jagdeo thus upon the earth :
> For honor Harî Chand sold himself (as a slave) :
> For honor Bal Bain* gave up worldly lusts :
> For honor Jagdeo gave his head to Kankâlî."†

When he heard this, Râjâ Jai Singh asked Kankâlî to wait awhile and went to his nine queens and asked them for their heads, but they refused, saying, "we came into the world to enjoy ourselves, not to give up our heads." Then he went to his seven sons who also refused, saying, "if this is what

* Reference to the well-known classical legends of Hariśchandra and Bali.

† *i.e.*, for a good name.